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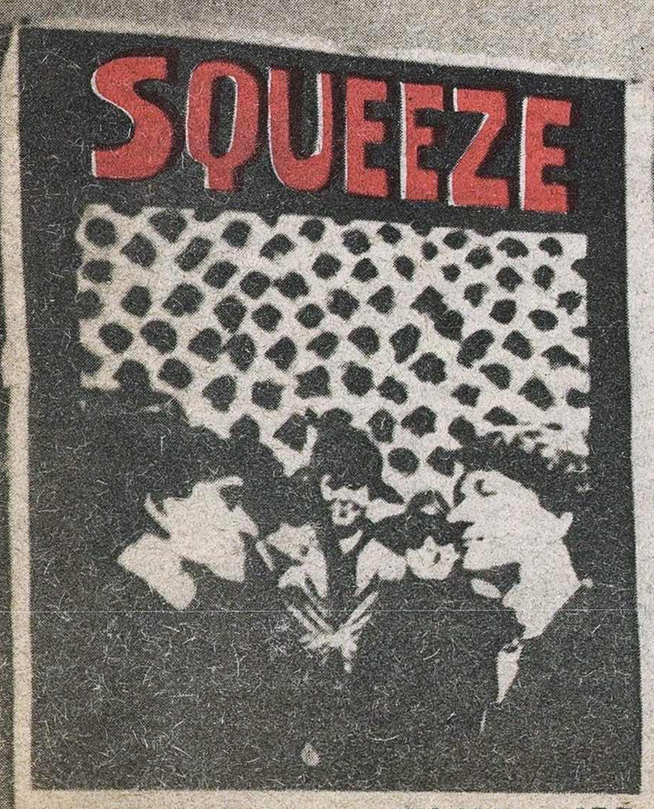

Glenn Tilbrook and Chris Difford give each other a friendly Squeeze. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

Social Realism And Dirty Jokes

P.30/2

CHARTS

Week ending July 21, 1979.

uk singles

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(3)	**Silly Games**	Janet Kay (Scope)	4	1
2	(1)	**Are Friends Electric?**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	8	1
3	(7)	**C'Mon Everybody**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	3	3
4	(4)	**Light My Fire/137 Disco Heaven**	Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	5	4
5	(10)	**Good Times**	Chic (Atlantic)	2	5
6	(22)	**Lady Lynda**	Beach Boys (Caribou)	4	6
7	(8)	**Living On The Front Line**	Eddy Grant (Ice Ensign)	5	7
8	(5)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	6	5
9	(15)	**Babylon Burning**	Ruts (Virgin)	4	9
10	(2)	**Up The Junction**	Squeeze (A&M)	6	2
11	(17)	**Girls Talk**	Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	2	11
11	(—)	**Wanted**	Dooleys (GTO)	1	11
13	(11)	**The Lone Ranger**	Quantum Jump (Electric)	7	5
14	(12)	**Maybe**	Tom Pace (RSO)	3	12
15	(20)	**My Sharona**	Knack (Capitol)	3	15
16	(19)	**Space Bass**	Slick (Fantasy)	5	16
16	(21)	**Go West**	Village People (Mercury)	5	16
18	(6)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward (TK)	8	1
19	(24)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	2	19
20	(29)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp (A&M)	2	20
21	(23)	**Do Anything You Want To Do**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	3	21
22	(—)	**Chuck E's In Love**	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	1	22
23	(16)	**Cavatina**	John Williams (Cube)	6	7
24	(—)	**Can't Stand Losing You**	Police (A&M)	1	24
25	(25)	**Death Disco**	Public Image Ltd (Virgin)	2	25
26	(—)	**If I Had You**	Korgis (Rialto)	1	26
27	(30)	**Born To Be Alive**	Patrick Hernandez (Gem/Aquarius)	2	27
28	(—)	**H.A.P.P.Y. Radio**	Edwin Starr (RCA)	7	11
29	(—)	**I'm A Sucker For Your Love**	Tina Marie (Motown)	1	29
30	(—)	**Angel Eyes/Voulez Vous**	Abba (Epic)	1	30

UP AND COMING: Get Another Love — Chantal Curtis; **Playground Twist** — Siouxsie and the Banshees (Polydor); **Bring The Family Back** — Billy Paul (Philadelphia); **Since I Don't Have You** — Art Garfunkel (CBS); **We Don't Talk Anymore** — Cliff Richard (EMI); **Kid** — Pretenders (Real).

years 5 ago

Week ending July 16, 1974

1 She — Charles Aznavour (Barclay)
2 Kissin' In The Back Row — Drifters (Bell)
3 Rock Your Baby — George McCrae (Jay Boy)
4 The Bangin' Man — Slade (Polydor)
5 Band On The Run — Wings (Apple)
6 Young Girl — Gary Puckett & The Union Gap (CBS)
7 I'd Love You To Want Me — Lobo (UK)
8 The Wall Street Shuffle — 10CC (UK)
9 One Man Band — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
10 The Six Teens — Sweet (RCA)

10

Week ending July 16, 1969

1 In The Ghetto — Elvis Presley (RCA)
2 Something In The Air — Thunderclap Newman (Track)
3 Honky Tonk Woman — Rolling Stones (Decca)
4 Hello Suzie — Amen Corner (Deram)
5 A Way Of Life — Family Dogg (Bell)
6 Break Away — Beach Boys (Capitol)
7 Give Peace A Chance — Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
8 Ballad Of John And Yoko — Beatles (Apple)
9 That's The Way God Planned It — Billy Preston (Apple)
10 Proud Mary — Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)

15

Week ending July 17, 1964

1 A Hard Day's Night — Beatles (Parlophone)
2 It's All Over Now — Rolling Stones (Decca)
3 House Of The Rising Sun — Animals (Columbia)
4 Hold Me — P. J. Proby (Decca)
5 I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself — Dusty Springfield (Philips)
7 On The Beach — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8 You're No Good — Swinging Blue Jeans (HMV)
9 Someone — Brian Poole and the Tremeloes (Decca)
10 Kissin' Cousins — Elvis Presley (RCA)

uk albums

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(5)	**Replicas**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	5	1
2	(4)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	6	2
3	(3)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	7	1
4	(11)	**Bridges**	John Williams (Lotus)	3	4
5	(7)	**Voulez Vous**	Abba (Epic)	11	1
6	(17)	**Love Killers**	Queen (EMI)	2	6
7	(1)	**Parallel Lines**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	40	1
8	(9)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp (A & M)	17	2
9	(5)	**Last The Whole Night Through**	James Last (Polydor)	13	3
10	(8)	**Back To The Egg**	Wings (Parlophone)	4	4
11	(6)	**Communique**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	20	3
12	(10)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	6	10
13	(29)	**Best Disco In The World**	Various (WEA)	2	13
14	(15)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	4	14
15	(12)	**Reach For It**	Sky (Ariola)	6	9
16	(14)	**Lodger**	David Bowie (RCA)	6	6
17	(13)	**Manifesto**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	17	4
18	(19)	**Do It Yourself**	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	9	2
19	(16)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	18	2
20	(—)	**The World Is Full Of Married Men**	Original Soundtrack (Ronco)	1	20
21	(—)	**Rust Never Sleeps**	Neil Young (Reprise)	1	21
22	(20)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	5	16
23	(—)	**The Best Of The Dooleys**	(GTO)	1	23
24	(—)	**Candy O**	Cars (Elektra)	1	24
25	(25)	**This Is It**	Various (CBS)	7	5
26	(27)	**Outlandos D'Amour**	Police (A & M)	10	9
27	(—)	**The Warriors**	Original Soundtrack (A&M)	1	27
28	(—)	**Morning Dance**	Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	1	28
29	(—)	**Repeat When Necessary**	Dave Edmunds (Swansong)	1	29
30	(23)	**Black Rose**	Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	12	2

UP AND COMING: Street Life — The Crusaders (MCA); **Mingus** — Joni Mitchell (Asylum); **Tribute To The Masters** — Steel Pulse (Island); **The Tourists** — The Tourists (Logo); **Bombs Away** — John Stewart (RSO); **Duty Now For The Future** — Devo (Virgin).

'Dirty Dai' Edmunds: "I just wanna hear 'Girls Talk', boyo." Debbie: "My girdle's killing me."

Hard to credit, but it seems the ol' NME's been repeating itself lately! In particular — last week's UK singles chart, which bore a peculiar resemblance to the previous week's listing. Yeah, we went and printed the same lot twice. So for Messrs Gillett, Guinness, Gambaccini and all other documenters of Ye Charte Ephemerae, here's what we should have said last week:—

1 (1) Are Friends Electric Tubeway Army (Beggars Banqet); 2 (2) Up The Junction Squeeze (A&M);3 (19) Silly Games Janet Kay (Scope); 4 (15) Light My Fire/137 Disco Heaven Amii Stewart (Atlantic / Hansa); 5 (6) Night Owl Gerry Rafferty (United Artists); 6 (3) Ring My Bell Anita Ward (TK); 7 (17) C'mon Everybody Sex Pistols (Virgin); 8 (8) Living On The Front Line Eddy Grant (Ice Ensign); 9 (5) The Lone Ranger Quantum Jump (Electric); 10 (—) Good Times Chic (Atlantic); 11 (4) Boogie Wonderland Earth Wind & Fire With The Emotions (CBS); 12 (27) Maybe Tom Pace (RSO); 13 (16) Who Were You With In The Moonlight Dollar (Carrere); 14 (10) Dance Away Roxy Music (Polydor); 15 (18) Babylon Burning Ruts (Virgin); 16 (7) Cavatina John Williams (Cube); 17 (—) Girls Talk Dave Edmunds (Swan Song); 18 (9) We Are Family Sister Sledge (Atlantic); 19 (26) Space Bass Slick (Fantasy); 20 (30) My Sharona Knack (Capitol); 21 (20) Go West Village People (Mercury); 22 (22) Lady Lynda Beach Boys (Caribou); 23 (28) Do Anything You Want To Thin Lizzy (Vertigo); 24 (—) Bad Girls Donna Summer (Casablanca); 25 (—) Death Disco Public Image Limited (Virgin); 26 (14) Sunday Girl Blondie (Chrysalis) 27 (11) Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia); 28 (12) Theme From The Deerhunter Shadows (EMI); 29 (—) Breakfast In America Supertramp (A&M); 30 (—) Born To Be Alive Patick Hernanadez (Gem/Aquarius).

us singles

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
2	(1)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward
3	(3)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge
4	(6)	**I Want You To Want Me**	Cheap Trick
5	(4)	**Chuck E's In Love**	Rickie Lee Jones
6	(9)	**Makin' It**	David Naughton
7	(8)	**Shine A Little Love**	Electric Light Orchestra
8	(10)	**Gold**	John Stewart
9	(5)	**Boogie Wonderland**	Earth Wind & Fire with The Emotions
10	(12)	**When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman**	Dr Hook
11	(11)	**Hot Stuff**	Donna Summer
12	(13)	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now**	McFadden & Whitehead
13	(15)	**You Can't Change That**	Raydio
14	(25)	**Good Times**	Chic
15	(17)	**Mama Can't Buy You Love**	Elton John
16	(16)	**Does Your Mother Know**	Abba
17	(20)	**I Was Made For Lovin' You**	Kiss
18	(18)	**I Can't Stand It No More**	Peter Frampton
19	(19)	**Heart Of The Night**	Poco
20	(26)	**The Main Event/Fight**	Barbra Streisand
21	(24)	**Getting Closer**	Wings
22	(22)	**Days Gone Down**	Gerry Rafferty
23	(23)	**Do It Or Die**	Atlanta Rhythm Section
24	(7)	**She Believes In Me**	Kenny Rogers
25	(28)	**One Way Or Another**	Blondie
26	(29)	**Is She Really Going Out With Him**	Joe Jackson
27	(27)	**Shadows In The Moonlight**	Anne Murray
28	(30)	**Lead Me On**	Maxine Nightingale
29	(—)	**My Sharona**	The Knack
30	(14)	**The Logical Song**	Supertramp

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

us albums

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
2	(2)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
3	(3)	**Cheap Trick At The Budokan**	
4	(4)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire
5	(5)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra
6	(8)	**Candy O**	The Cars
7	(11)	**Back To The Egg**	Wings
8	(6)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	
9	(12)	**Teddy**	Teddy Pendergrass
10	(10)	**Dynasty**	Kiss
11	(9)	**Monolith**	Kansas
12	(7)	**The Gambler**	Kenny Rogers
13	(16)	**Communique**	Dire Straits
14	(13)	**Desolation Angels**	Bad Company
15	(17)	**Where I Should Be**	Peter Frampton
16	(26)	**The Kids Are Alright**	Who
17	(14)	**Songs Of Love**	Anita Ward
18	(18)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge
19	(23)	**Million Mile Reflections**	Charlie Daniels
20	(20)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty
21	(—)	**Get The Knack**	The Knack
22	(19)	**Van Halen II**	Van Halen
23	(22)	**Minute By Minute**	The Doobie Brothers
24	(27)	**Bombs Away Dream Babies**	John Stewart
25	(15)	**Winner Takes All**	The Isley Brothers
26	(—)	**Live Killers**	Queen
27	(—)	**One For The Road**	Willie Nelson & Leon Russell
28	(24)	**Look Sharp!**	Joe Jackson
29	(30)	**Streetlife**	Crusaders
30	(21)	**Spirits Having Flown**	Bee Gees

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

disco

Available as both 12" & 7" singles. * denotes import.

1 Silly Games — Janet Kay (Scope)
2 Good Times — Chic (Atlantic)
3 Bad Girls — Donna Summer (Casablanca)
4 Space Bass — Slick (Fantasy)
5 Bring The Family Back — Billy Paul (Philadelphia)
6 Sucker For Your Love — Tina Marie (Motown)
7 Midnight Groovin' — Light Of The World (Ensign)
8 Make My Dreams Reality — GQ(Arista*)
9 Get Another Love — Chantell Curtis (Pye)
10 Why Leave Us Alone — Five Special (Elektra*)

Chart supplied by CC Records, 21 Deptford High Street, London SE8

reggae

12" released and pre-released singles.

1 Never Can Say Goodbye — Jacob Miller (Greensleaves)
2 Natty Dread A Weh She Want — Horace Andy/Tapper Zukie (Stars)
3 Barnubus Collins — Lone Ranger (GG's)
4 What A Great Day — Locksley Castell (Sufferers Heights)
5 Stop Them Jah — Hugh Mundell (International Rockers)
6 Sitting In The Park — Dr Alimantado (Greensleeves)
7 Earth Wind Fire — Paul Blackman (Int Rockers)
8 Conversation — Al Campbell (Sofreno B)
9 No One Can Tell I About Jah — Rod Tayler (Hit/Run)
10 Jah Children — Locksley Castell (Hungrey Town)

Chart supplied by Greensleeves Records, 44 Uxbridge Road, Shepherds Bush, London W12.

NEWS

Numan's Army set their battle plans

EARLY AUTUMN concert dates for Gary Numan and his band Tubeway Army, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME two weeks ago, have now been confirmed. The itinerary takes in 14 major venues around the country, including a major London appearance at the Hammersmith Odeon. And a significant departure is that the show will be billed as by Gary Numan — and not by Tubeway Army.

The dates are Glasgow Apollo (September 20), Newcastle City Hall (21), Bristol Colston Hall (24), Liverpool Empire (25), Manchester Apollo (26), London Hammersmith Odeon (28), Birmingham Odeon (30), Guildford Civic Hall (October 1), Southampton Gaumont (2), Ipswich Gaumont (3), Brighton Dome (5), Aylesbury Friars (6), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (7) and Sheffield City Hall (8).

One or two more gigs may be added, including the possibility of a second show at Hammersmith. Ticket prices have been kept as low as possible, and with a top of £3.75 in London and £3 elsewhere — they go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at theatre box-offices and all usual agents.

For the tour, Tubeway Army will consist mainly of the same musicians who backed Numan on his recent TV appearances — Paul Gardiner (bass), Chris Payne and Billy Currie (synthesisers and keyboards), Ced Sharpley (drums) and another guitar-synthesiser player still to be named.

A spectacular monochrome stage set is being built for the shows, featuring twin 20-foot towers for the keyboards, radio controlled robots, laser guns and direct focus lighting effects.

Numan's next single, the follow-up to the chart-topping 'Are Friends Electric?' but still untitled, is set for September 7 release — as is his new album 'The Pleasure Principle' — and in both cases, the labelling will be simply 'Gary Numan'.

Meanwhile, Beggar's Banquet are making available all early Tubeway Army material, previously deleted but suddenly in great demand. The first LP 'Blue Album' is reissued on August 4 — together with the singles 'That's Too Bad' and 'Bombers', which will be marketed as a double pack selling at £1.60.

TRB SPLIT SHOCK

IN A SHOCK announcement this week, it was revealed that the Tom Robinson Band have broken up. They played their final gigs earlier this month at two festivals in Belgium, and already have officially ceased to exist.

Explaining the surprise move, Robinson said: "I've been on the road since January, and now I want to spend some time concentrating on new songs and catching up on things. After 2½ years, the band had become a bit tame and predictable. It was time to move on and try something fresh."

Robinson is now working on a third album, and he has plans for a new TRB line-up early next year — though whether it will retain the same name and similar format remains to be seen.

Of the other members of the band, both organist Ian Wood and drummer Charlie Morgan will undertake session work for the time being. Guitarist Danny Kustow is currently playing a few gigs with Glen Matlock in a band called The Jimmy Norton Experience, and this could well become full-time.

Lizzy give Gary Moore the boot

GARY MOORE, one of Thin Lizzy's two lead guitarists (Scott Gorham being the other), has been sacked by the band — their London spokesman announced on Monday. The official statement said Moore had been dismissed because he was "unreliable", having missed two dates on Lizzy's current U.S. tour — resulting in one cancellation, and the band subsequently having to appear as a three-piece.

It's stressed that no further dates will be called off, and Lizzy's appearance at the Reading Festival on August 25 is unaffected. Midge Ure, former Slick and Rich Kids guitarist, is on his way to the States for talks with the band with a view to standing in for Moore temporarily. The position regarding a permanent replacement will be decided later.

The sacking comes soon after Moore spent a holiday with Phil Lynott in Jamaica, where he also recorded a follow-up to his recent hit single 'Parisienne Walkways'. In view of his solo success on record, the chances are that he will now opt for a solo career.

RON WOOD & BARBARIANS: KNEBWORTH BONUS

RONNIE WOOD and KEITH RICHARD

RON WOOD's band The New Barbarians — whose line-up includes his fellow Rolling Stone, Keith Richards — make their British debut next month as special guest attraction in two concerts by Led Zeppelin at Knebworth on Saturdays, August 4 and 11.

This is the second-on-the-bill spot which promoter Frederick Bannister has had so much difficulty in filling. He contacted practically every big name in the business but, for one reason or another, all were unavailable. Then suddenly last week three big attractions offered their services, and Bannister opted for the Barbarians in view of the obvious interest surrounding them — and following the sell-out success of their spring tour of North America.

Wood and Richards will interrupt Rolling Stones recording sessions in Paris to play the Knebworth dates, and have Mick Jagger's full approval. Indeed, there must now be speculation as to whether Jagger will himself turn up at either or both gigs, and possibly participate. Bannister remains non-committal on this — "I'm not going to boost people's hopes unnecessarily", he says.

Besides the two Stones members, the Barbarians' personnel for the U.S. tour comprised Stanley Clarke (bass), Joseph Modelliste of The Meters (drums), Bobby Keys (tenor sax) and Ian McLagan (keyboards) — and Wood has told Bannister that this same line-up will play Knebworth.

Chas & Dave will now open the show only on the August 4 concert. The opening spot on August 11 will feature Fairport Convention, playing their last major date prior to their disbandment.

Minnie Riperton dies

MINNIE RIPERTON has died aged 31, after a long fight against cancer. One of the most evocative of contemporary singers, she will be best-remembered for her 1975 chart-topper 'Loving You', which was taken from her Stevie Wonder-produced album 'Perfect Angel'. She had recently moved from Epic to Capitol, for whom her last releases were the album 'Minnie' and single 'Memory Lane'.

VAN McCOY — the American singer, composer, arranger and producer, best-known for his multi-million seller 'The Hustle' — has died in New Jersey after a heart attack. He was 38, and also worked extensively with The Stylistics, David Ruffin and Aretha Franklin.

● **See page 19 for fuller obituaries**

Lomond rumours persist

RUMOURS STILL abound in Scotland that there is to be another one-day Loch Lomond Festival on Saturday, August 25. Suggested names are flying around like wildfire, with The Who as favourites — they've been mentioned in three newspapers, including last weekend's Sunday Mail. *But in London, both promoter Harvey Goldsmith and The Who's official spokesman said that plans for the band to play any provincial open-air shows have now been dropped.*

Buzzards disown Leyton

THE LEYTON BUZZARDS have decided to drop their East London home district from their name, and in future they will be known simply as The Buzzards. The reason is that Chrysalis are mounting a big campaign to launch the band in the States, including an autumn visit to America — and of course, the name Leyton has no significance over there. The first release to carry their abbreviated name is a single titled 'We Make A Noise' — it's due out at the end of August, and had a cover design by Terry Gillibum, who was responsible for the Monty Python graphics.

Stranglers plan their comeback

THE STRANGLERS have their first single in more than a year released by United Artists on August 10 — titled 'Duchesse', it's a foretaste of the band's new album, due out during the first half of September. The B-side is 'Fools Rush Out', which is not on the LP, and both tracks were recorded last month at the Pathe-Marconi Studios in Paris.

As previously reported, The Stranglers — already set for Wembley Stadium on August 18 as special guests of The Who — will be starting an extensive UK tour in September, coinciding with the album's release. Dates are currently being finalised by promoter Harvey Goldsmith, and are expected to take in most of the major venues throughout the country.

● Plans for The Stranglers to headline a big open-air concert at Ellesmere Football Club, near Liverpool, on August 17 were abandoned this week. Although arrangements for the show were well advanced, it was discovered that their contract for Wembley the following day prevents them from playing other dates so close to The Who's gig.

JEAN JACQUES BURNEL of The Stranglers has apparently been converted. He's pictured in London's Oxford Street in ecclesiastical garb (left). Bless you, J.J.

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RITCHIE BLACKMORE

RAINBOW LP, TOUR PLANS

RAINBOW have their first album for over a year issued on August 3, titled 'Down To Earth' and with a limited edition pressed in clear vinyl. It's also their first set to feature the new line-up of Ritchie Blackmore (guitar), Don Airie (keyboards), Graham Bonnet (vocals) and Roger Glover (bass). It was also confirmed this week that Rainbow will be headlining a British concert tour in October.

● Ronnie James Dio, Rainbow's former vocalist, is now recording a new album in America with Black Sabbath — whom he joined recently to replace Ozzie Osbourne.

● Following last week's news of **Eddie Cochran** singles releases, United Artists are now putting out 'The Eddie Cochran Singles Album' on July 27. It features all his best-known tracks including 'Three Steps To Heaven', 'C'mon Everybody', 'Somethin' Else' and 'Summertime Blues'.

● September 21 has been set by RCA as the release date of **UK Subs'** debut album, with their name as its title. It contains 16 studio tracks.

● Charisma have signed singer **Lee Curtis** who goes into the studio shortly to cut an album and single. Of Polish extraction, Curtis (real name Leszek Konopelski) was discovered and is managed by Derek Bowman, manager of David Essex.

● **Punishment of Luxury's** new single 'Secrets' is issued by United Artists this weekend. The band are currently working in a new album, and will be going out on tour to coincide with its autumn release.

MOTORS ROAR IN

THE MOTORS are back in action on August 10, the release date of their new Virgin single 'Love And Loneliness'. It was penned by Nick Garvey, and all the instruments were played by Garvey and Andy McMaster, except drums which were contributed by Rockpile's Terry Williams. They are now working on a new Motors album for release — say Virgin — when they finish it and feel like it!

Record News

NOW — THE £3 ALBUM

ARISTA are fighting the rising price spiral by introducing the £3 rock album, devoted mainly to its new rock acts. The price is made possible by the artists accepting a reduced royalty, the retailer's margin being cut and Arista's profit margin being trimmed. The price will be maintained for a six-month period for every LP involved after which it will be deleted and reissued at the normal price. Zones' recently released album 'Under Influence' is being reduced immediately to £3 to become the first LP in the new series, followed in August by a debut LP from reggae band Native.

● Midsong International are considering legal action against **John Travolta,** who was contracted to the company for three albums, but has so far only recorded two — with the third long overdue. A spokesman for the label's British outlet, Polydor, said that Travolta was thought to be living the life of a recluse on his Californian ranch.

● **Heatwave's** new single 'Therm Warfare' is out this week, and **Billy Ocean's** first single for over a year 'American Hearts' is issued on July 27, both on GTO Records. In each case, the first 15,000 copies are 12-inch disco versions.

● Carrere Records have signed a three-piece disco vocal team called **Desire.** They debut on August 3 with the release of their first single 'Boogie Airlines'.

● Following the resurgance of interest in the late Buddy Holly, Decca release an album of the best known tracks by **Ritchie Valens,** one of the singers who was killed in the plane crash with Holly. It carries his name as its title.

● A new band called **Twist,** just signed by Polydor, are currently recording their debut album at Nick Lowe's studios for autumn release. Meanwhile their first single 'This Is Your Life' comes out on August 3.

● Distribution of the Bristol-based label Fried Egg Records will in future be handled by Pinnacle, though quantities will still be available through Rough Trade and Bonaparte. Next release at the end of this month is the single 'Minimum/Maximum' by local band **The Wild Beasts.**

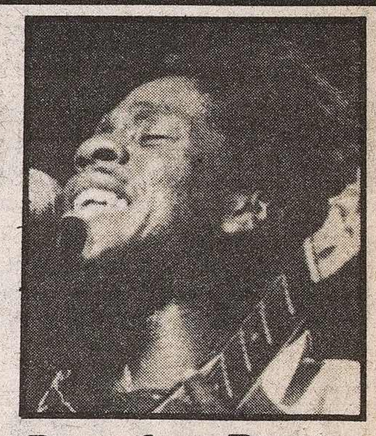
● Ex-Mickey Jupp and Lew Lewis guitarist **Pete Zear** has his single 'Tomorrow's World'/'Fast Food' out on his own label. He's backed by Vince Segs and Dave Ruffy of The Ruts, and the tracks were produced by Rat Scabies. Cheques and POs for £1.25 (made payable to "Nicholas") to 72 Kellington Road, Canvey Island SS8 000.

● **Rocky Sharpe & The Replays'** latest Chiswick single is 'Love Will Make You Fail In School', released tomorrow (Friday). Out the same day are 'When I'm Alone' by **Lee Kosmin** and 'Living In The Sticks' by **The Flys** both on EMI. And to tie in with his UK concerts later this month, **Grover Washington Jr.** has his version of Billy Joel's 'Just The Way For You' issued by Motown.

● Out this weekend on Logo Records is a new **Streetband** single titled 'One Goof Reason'. It's a new song, produced by the band themselves.

Harrison issues charity single

GEORGE HARRISON this week releases a charity single titled 'Faster', dedicated to the Formula One circus and in memory of racing driver Gunnar Nilsson, who died from cancer last year. All proceeds from the single will be donated to the Gunnar Nilsson Charity Fund.



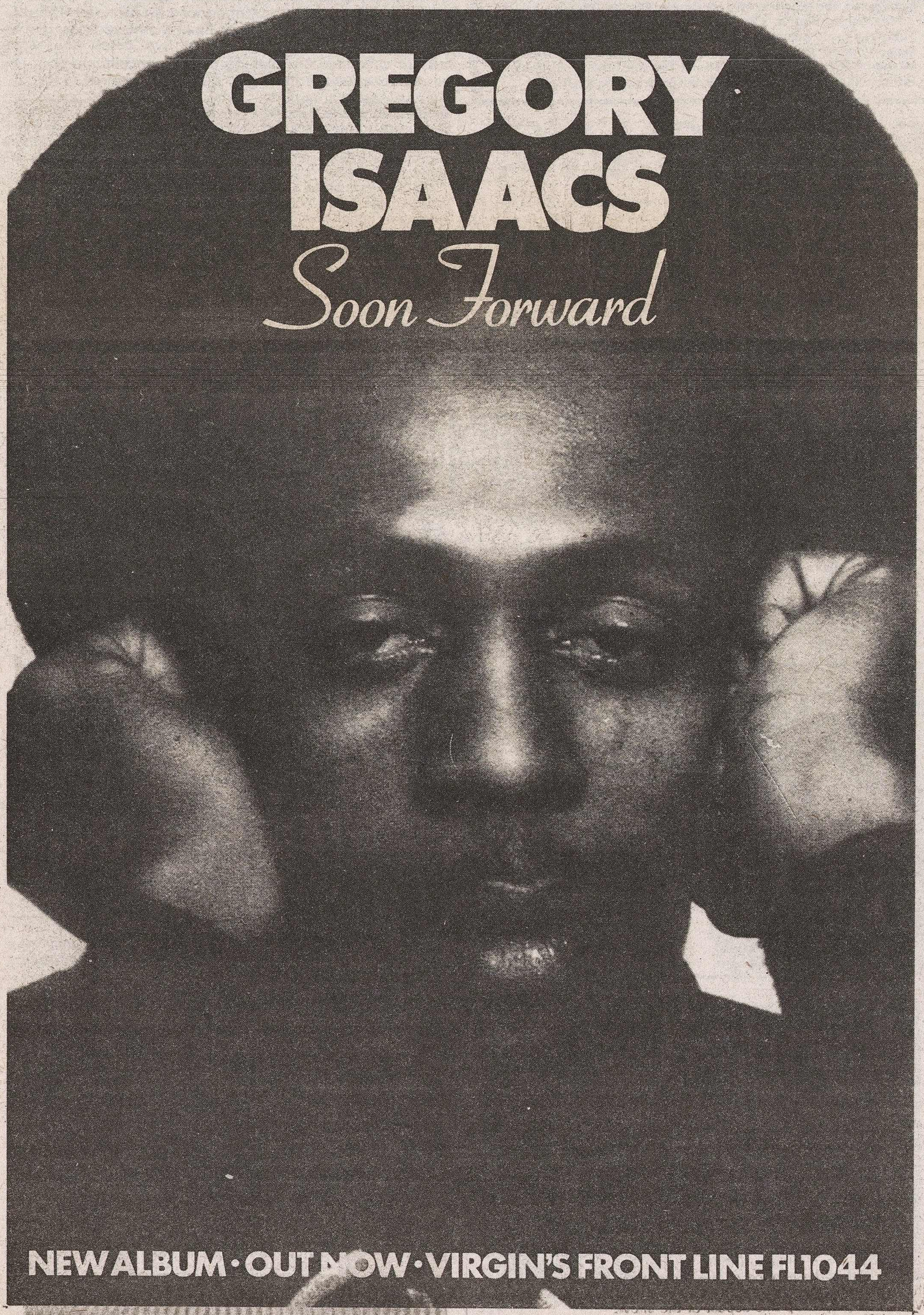
Dennis Brown live with Tosh

DENNIS BROWN, who recently hit the charts with 'Money In My Pocket', has a live album due out next month on Laser Records (distributed by WEA). Titled 'Dennis Brown Live At Montreux', it was recorded at this year's jazz event in Switzerland, and features a finale in which he is joined on stage by Peter Tosh.

● Hertfordshire band **The Astronauts,** who supported Here & Now on their last UK tour, have released a four-track EP on Bugle Records, 59 Heath Road, Little Heath, Potters Bar, Herts. Available by post priced £1 (including p&p).

GREGORY ISAACS

Soon Forward



NEW ALBUM · OUT NOW · VIRGIN'S FRONT LINE FL1044

NEWS WAVES

SIOUXSIE TOUR SOON

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees are being lined up for a major British tour in September, their most important to date, their manager told NME this week. Full details of their itinerary are currently being finalised, and will be announced in a week or two. The tour will tie in with the release of their new Polydor album, due out in late August. After their UK dates, the band set out in October for tours of America, Japan and Australia.

Although the Deeply Vale People's Free Festival organisers have named the band as confirmed for the event, they insist that they have never at any time agreed to appear there, nor will they be able to.

PATRIK FITZGERALD has a couple of dates this weekend — at Hastings Pier Pavilion (tonight, Thursday) and Bath Walcot National Theatre as part of the Bath Festival (Saturday).

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS headline at London Hammersmith Palais on Sunday, August 5, supported by The Vapours and other acts still to be named — tickets are £2.50 (advance) and £3 (on the doors). Prior to this, Fingers play Liverpool Eric's on Saturday, July 28.

999, just back from a successful U.S. tour, are spending the next month writing and recording. A new single is due for release in late summer, and they'll be promoting it by way of a British tour through September and October, before returning to America later in the autumn.

THE UNDERTONES are to headline a four-night season at London's Marquee Club at the beginning of next month — from August 1 to 4 inclusive. By so doing, they're interrupting their fishing holiday in Ireland. Support act is Wakefield band The Donkeys.

BITCH — newly signed by Hurricane Records with their debut single 'Big City' out this week — play Retford Porterhouse (tomorrow, Friday), Ipswich Tracy's (July 24), Leeds Fan Club (26), Nottingham Sandpiper (28) and Sheffield Penthouse (30).

PROTEX are supporting Adam & The Ants on their previously-reported national tour, which opened this week — and are headlining two London gigs in their own right, at Deptford Albany Empire (July 24) and Islington Hope & Anchor (August 8). At the end of the tour in mid-August they start work on their debut Polydor album.

THE B-52s have added yet another date to their upcoming provincial tour — at Manchester The Factory on July 28.

SIOUXSIE

Busy Toyah

TOYAH have their first-ever single released by Safari next week titled 'Victims Of The Riddle (Vivisection)', and previewing their debut album due out in three weeks. Fronted by Toyah Willcox, the band are currently rehearsing for a major tour starting at the end of August, prefaced by two London gigs at Kensington Nashville (August 4) and Camden Music Machine (17). Toyah herself, who appeared in the film 'Jubilee', will shortly be seen in the same producer's movie 'The Tempest' as well as in The Who's 'Quadrophenia'.

EW&F postpone

EARTH WIND & FIRE have postponed their British tour, planned for the autumn, due to recording and production commitments in the States. It had previously been announced that they would be here around October for an extensive gig series. They now say that they'll be here in the New Year, though they can't yet pinpoint a precise period. Meanwhile, the second single from their hit album 'I Am' is released by CBS this week — it couples 'After The Love Has Gone' and 'Rock That'.

Three nights at Rainbow

BOSTON DUE IN OCTOBER

HUGELY successful American band Boston, who have been rumoured for upcoming British dates for some considerable time, are now confirmed officially for appearances here in the early autumn.

Their visit comes at the tail end of an extensive European tour, opening in Scandinavia, and subsequently taking in Denmark, Germany, Holland, France and Switzerland before coming to this country in October.

Precise details of their dates are still being finalised, and are expected to be announced next week. But it's already known that Boston's itinerary will include at least three nights at London Rainbow and a concert at Stafford Bingley Hall. Their new album will be issued to coincide with their visit, as well as a single taken from it.

Crusaders on the UK trail

THE CRUSADERS return to Britain in September for a seven-date tour, including two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon. Their visit comprises the first leg of a European tour, subsequently taking in Norway, Sweden, Germany, Holland and France.

One of America's leading jazz-funk bands, The Crusaders appear at Dunstable Queensway Hall (September 6), Birmingham Odeon (7), London Hammersmith Odeon (8 and 9), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Liverpool Empire (12) and Manchester Apollo (13). Promoter is Derek Block.

Tickets will be available at all venues by August 1, priced £4.25, £3.75, £3.25 and £2.75 (Hammersmith); £4 only (Dunstable); and £3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25 (all other venues).

Support act is likely to be girl singer Randy Crawford, who is featured on the title track of the band's newly-released MCA album 'Street Life'. An edited version of this track will be issued as a single on August 3.

The Crusaders are now a three-piece comprising Nesbert 'Stix' Hooper (drums), Joe Sample (keyboards) and Wilton Felder (tenor sax), and for the tour they'll be joined by Barry Finnerty (lead guitar) and Lou Fisher (bass).

Massive Invaders outing

THE INVADERS have added a further string of dates to their extensive summer tour. Last week 18 gigs were confirmed, and now an additional 16 have been set, including an appearance at London Lyceum — and at least eight more are still being finalised. During the course of the tour, Polydor will release the band's new single 'Best Thing I Ever Did'.

The new dates are Edinburgh Tiffany's (August 6), Swindon Brunel Rooms (14), London Islington Hope and Anchor (15), Milton Keynes Craufurd Arms (20), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (21), Retford Porterhouse (24), Halifax Good Mood (25), Leeds Fforde Green (26), Newport Stowaway (29), Dudley J.B.'s (September 1), London Strand Lyceum (2), London Crackers (6), Chester Smartyz (9), Bristol Trinity (13), Burton 76 Club (14) and Liverpool Eric's (15).

Three date changes are the Deeply Vale Festival, where they now appear on August 7 instead of the previous day; Port Talbot Troubadour (August 30 instead of 2) and Birmingham Barbarella's (31 instead of 30).

HERE & NOW PLAYING ANOTHER FREE TOUR

HERE AND NOW are going out on yet another free tour in the late summer, this time together with The Good Missionaries. Dates already confirmed are at Yeovil Ham Hill Festival (August 26), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (30), Liverpool Eric's (September 3) and Norwich The Barn (4), with many more still being finalised.

They are planning to record a live album during the course of the tour, for budget-price release on the Charly label in October. Meanwhile, the Missionaries' new LP 'Vibing Up The Senile Man Part II' is due imminently on Deptford Fun City, also at budget price.

Asked how they continue to manage playing free tours and issuing cheap records, a Here And Now spokesman commented: "If unfashionable groups can play and record so easily and economically, so can everyone else — if they really want to. The Free Music Movement has been active for the past few years, and is healthier today than ever. All it needs is more support in not giving in to greed."

● Here And Now also play at the three-day free Severn Vale Celebration starting this Saturday (21), being held at Pickwick Farm, Berkeley Heath, near Dursley in Gloucestershire (on the A.38 north of Bristol). Among many other bands taking part are The Pop Group, Dangerous Girls, The Astronauts, Blank Space, Throbbing Gristle, The Mob, Zounds, The 012 and The Survivors Of Mu.

NEWS ROUND-UP

VOYAGER have extra dates at Cromer West Runton Pavilion (tomorrow, Friday), Oxford Westminster College (25) and Manchester Pembroke Hall (26). During August they'll be appearing in festivals in Germany and Belgium.

ERUPTION are losing their lead singer Precious Wilson, who has announced plans for a solo career, although she will remain with the group until a replacemnet is found. She will also continue to record for Hansa.

HARRY BELAFONTE returns to London in the late summer for his first visit in two years. He plays three nights at the Royal Festival Hall from Thursday to Saturday, September 13-15. Promoters are MAM, and tickets are prices £8.50, £7.50, £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50.

JOHN STEWART has cancelled his two sell-out shows at London Victoria The Venue this Saturday and Sunday, as he is still recovering from an operation on a throat ailment. RSO Records say that the dates will be re-scheduled as quickly as possible.

BONEY M have added another date to their late summer tour of Britain, reported a month ago. It's at Portsmouth Guildhall on Sunday, September 9, and tickets are on sale now.

TRADITION have been forced to cancel their scheduled gig at Birmingham Rialto on July 27 as the management has refused entry to drummer Tony Matthews because of his dreadlocks. By way of compensation, they now play Birmingham Thursdays Club on August 27.

MARVIN RAINWATER, Jim Glazier with Colorada, The Hillsiders and Frank Jennings Syndicate are among many acts already lined up for a week-long country festival being staged at Pontin's Hemsby Holiday Village in Norfolk from October 20 to 28. Price is £45 plus VAT for up to three people, including fully-furnished apartment. Enquiries: 0493 730264.

WOODSTOCK II — the massive American festival planned for next month to mark the tenth anniversary of the original Woodstock event, and on the same site — has been called off, as the site owners have withdrawn permission for its use.

JETHRO TULL and **YES** have been commissioned to provide scores for a new ballet work called 'Underground Rumours', a triple bill with the third score consisting of Duke Ellington's music. It's being performed by the Scottish Ballet Company at London Sadler's Wells Theatre on August 21 and 22 and September 1.

GANG OF FOUR, The Delta Five and The Spoiltsports play a 'Rock Against Sexism' concert at London Camden Electric Ballroom on Saturday, July 28. Tickets on sale on the night at £2 (£1.50 for the unwaged), doors open 7pm.

STUFF have cancelled their concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on July 24. Although NME has already printed this, the promoters have asked us to repeat it, as very few ticket holders have so far claimed their money back.

SLAUGHTER RETURNS, SWEETHEARTS KILLED

SLAUGHTER And The Dogs are back together again, a year after they broke up. Wayne Barrett and Muffet Grantham have rejoined Mike Rossi and Howard Bates in London, where they are now in rehearsal for upcoming gigs and recording sessions. Following the Dogs' break-up, Rossi and Bates formed Studio Sweethearts, who released their first single only five weeks ago — but now that project has been scrapped.

Explains Rossi: "There were no suitable gigs for a new band, though plenty of venues were prepared to book Slaughter. We couldn't continue to subsidise Sweethearts — it was simply a matter of survival." The reformed Slaughter play Nottingham Sandpiper (July 28) and Manchester The Factory (August 11), and more dates — as well as a recording deal — are being finalised.

MIKE ROSSI

Coyne show controversy

THE TWO performances of the sing cycle 'Babble', which Kevin Coyne and Dagmar were to have presented at London Stratford Theatre Royal last Sunday and Monday, were cancelled at short notice when Newham Council — who were to have promoted the shows — withdrew their support. The reason is that the lyrics contain passing references to Moors murderers Myra Hindley and Ian Brady — and, although these were originally accepted by the council within the context of the score, they felt obliged to drop their support after recent reports in *The Sun* and London's *Evening News* had played up this aspect of the show.

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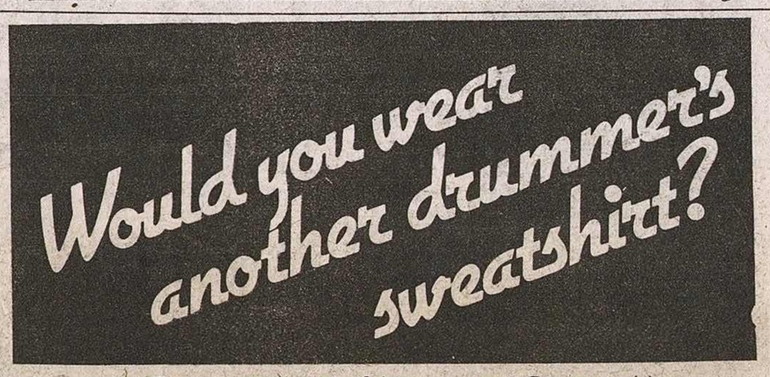

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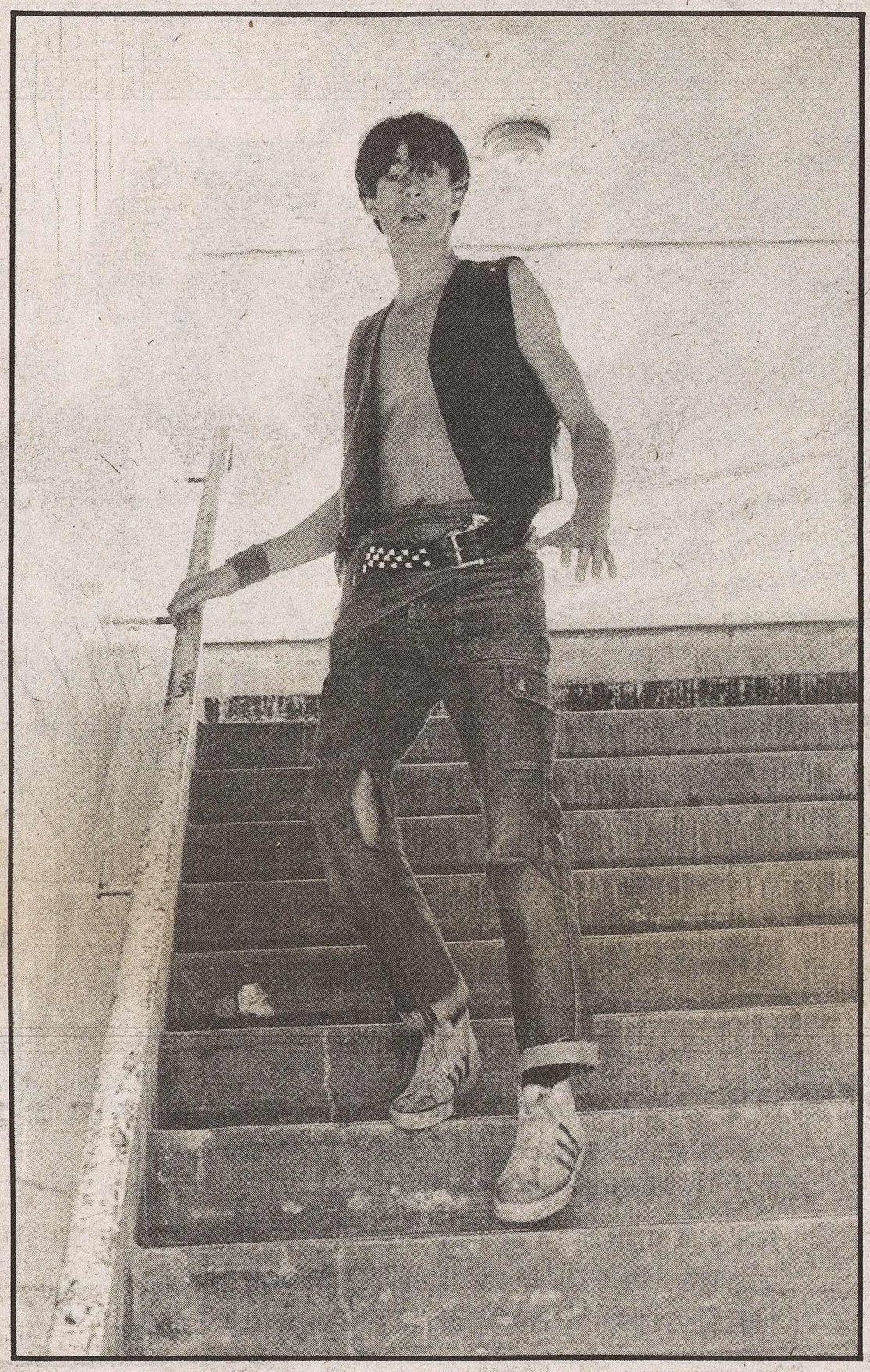
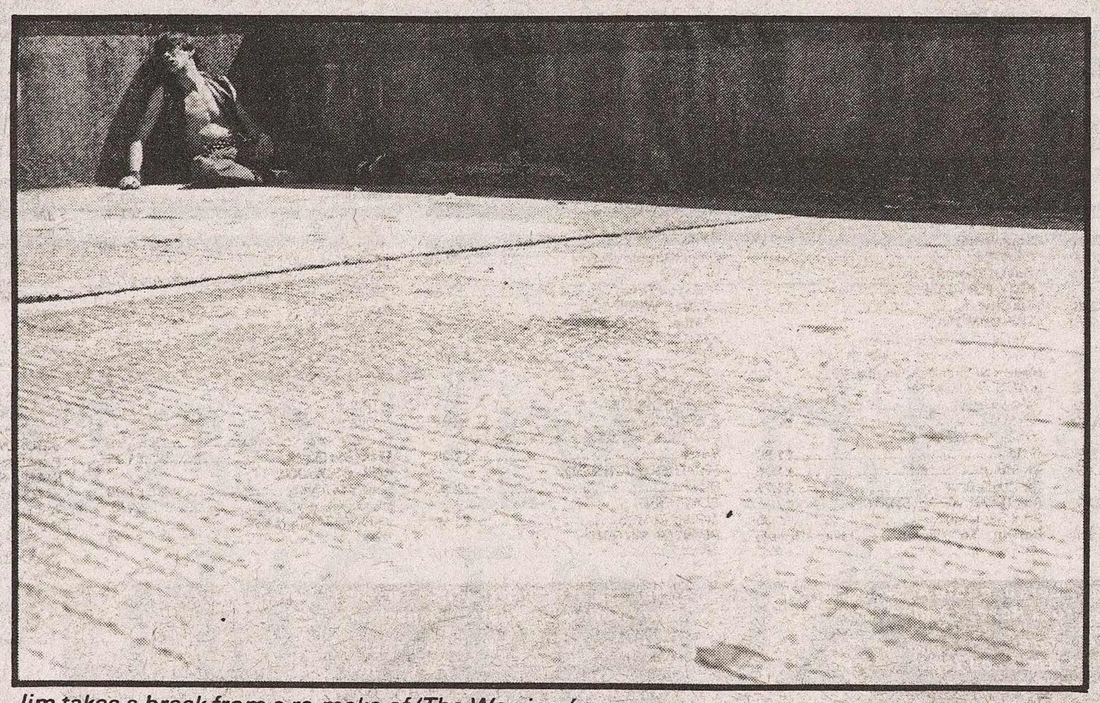
Has Pursey Pistol Over Sham?



And will greyhound racing ever be the same again?

JOHN HAMBLETT winds up the rabbit

PENNIE SMITH records a photo finish



Jim takes a break from a re-make of 'The Warriors'

SHAM 69 are virtually no more. Last weekend's gig at a Finnish festival only leaves the farewell to London planned for the Rainbow. I will try to be there because there must be slim chance that it will come close to the Glasgow gig, and that was one of the most moving rock'n'roll concerts I've ever seen in my life.

In Glasgow the audience gave Jimmy Pursey the break he deserved, and Sham gave everything. I'm not trying to be glib, that's just the way it was.

Sham had a lot to offer: 'Borstal Breakout', 'What Have We Got', 'Angels With Dirty Faces' — essential and fragile anthems that always balanced precariously and more often than not got knocked clean over. Tensely articulate music that sounded like inconsequential chat from the sidelines, unless you were prepared to throw away the bound volumes, lose some of the answers, open your eyes and leave your watch at home. Angry and dogmatic music that breathed life into the simple lyric; lyrics that meant exactly what they said — and may have expressed more were we not so frightened and too cynical to occasionally grant credence to desperate, rather than sophisticated, simplicity. Sometimes it's more than just relief to believe.

Pursey is proud of the things he feels he has achieved. He is quite sure, however, that he has achieved all he can with Sham 69 — although he insists that there is still much he can do within the framework of the basic rock'n'roll he promotes. He feels the need to create a fresh environment within which to work.

Toward that end Pursey has joined forces with Paul Cook and Steve Jones. Together with soon-to-be-ex-Sham bassist Dave 'Kermit' Tregenna they intend to sally forth under the Sex Pistols banner.

Why do you want to play with Cook and Jones?

"Because I think they're the best rock musicians in the country. I honestly believe that there's nobody to touch them. I think Steve'll really prove himself as a guitarist this time round, and not as a yob . . . though he might do that as well. Once a yob always a yob, that's what I say." (Laughs)

Doesn't that aspect worry you?

"Doesn't worry me at all. People still call me a foghorn, loud-mouth idiot, but I'm still trying to do things they couldn't even dream of doing."

Why are you calling the band Sex Pistols? Surely people associate that name with certain people in a certain period of time?

"Yeah, people still associate it with Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious. Exactly.

Don't you thing that it's a crazy way to start off a new band?

"Yeah, I do. I realise all these things. I've thought about the whole thing a lot, and I think it will give me something to fight for. Besides, it's an internationally known name, people still don't like it."

But what can you do with this band that you couldn't do with Sham?

"International credibility for punk — that's my ultimate ambition. I want the new songs to be a warning, and I want them to be the best songs to come out of the '70s. I also want 'If The Kids Are United' to be a totally international song."

QUITE RECENTLY Jimmy Pursey moved home, but only as far as a flat above a betting shop, which he shares with a mild, accommodating friend called Nigel. The flat is mad and obviously bachelor. In a comfortable front room dominated by a loud, varied exhibition of film posters, Pursey lies stretched out on the floor munching Opal Fruits or some such chewy confection. Eagerly, and, with gourmet-relish nurtured through long association, he watches a video recording of the Sham 69 documentary filmed for the BBC-2 arts programme *Arena* last year.

On camera a middle-aged couple bicker over breakfast in a cramped kitchen. Their son hasn't got up yet, and will be late for work, again. The woman bellows out into the brief hall and shouts to her son. In a dark bedroom he hears her, looks at the clock, swears, dresses quickly, and runs down the stairs two or three at a time. *ANYWAY WHO GIVES A DAMN . . .*

"As long as you're doing it, as long as you're trying your best, then nothing else matters," explains Pursey. *ANYWAY WHO GIVES A DAMN, I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN . . .*

"This is a great bit here. He gets to work and he knows he's late, but he's going to pretend there's nothing wrong. Takes off his coat, goes straight to his bench and starts work. Any minute now the boss is going to come over."

The boss demands to know why the youth is late. The boy explains that his mother forgot to set his alarm. An argument follows; the boy, at first apologetic, becomes increasingly aggressive and is finally dismissed.

"Y'see you've always got to say sorry to the boss, but he never comes to you and says thanks. It's always sorry for this, sorry for that."

Chatting to Jimmy Pursey is disarmingly easy. He's an enthusiastic, animated listener, and an instinctively talented talker in his own right. He's an easy person in many respects. The open-handed friendliness he offers almost everybody is warm and reassuring, the sparkling and infectious conviction with which he approaches everything he undertakes to do is difficult to ignore. In fact, for the role he plays, experience and circumstances have moulded him almost perfectly.

Everything about him seems to be just right. His smile is warm, but not overly so; his hair is neat, but not pampered; he's tall, but not lanky; he appears to be sincere, and often openly emotional, without creating embarrassment; he moves easily, laughs generously; He's an idealist, but a sharp one.

Are you shrewd?

"I think I'm very wise to the facts of what this world's about, yeah. I think I've got this world sussed a little bit."

Has it taken you a long time, or did you have a clear picture of what you wanted from the onset?

"I think I've learned everything through being in the music business. I was just an ordinary bloke before . . . well, maybe not that ordinary — if I'd have been completely ordinary I wouldn't have formed a band, or written the songs I did."

Do you manipulate people?

"Yeah, I manipulate people, but only as far as manipulating them to think for themselves."

On the screen isolated images and bits and pieces of soundtrack are welded together in an uneasy coalition. The soundtrack continues: *I'm the baby that kept on crying and his dad said LEAVE HIM ALONE . . .* "In other words, leave him alone, he'll be alright" . . .

I'm the kid with the stick who wants to grow up . . . "The kid with the stick is like saying, okay, I'm violent, but I want to get where I want to be, quick."

I'm a jumper on the wrong way with the label sticking out . . . "In other words, you can see the type of bloke I am by the way I look. Somebody's been trying to tell me what to do, but the dirt just won't wash out. No matter what you try and do to me I'll still be the same person . . . It's no good dreaming if what you want is out of reach, go out and get it, it's up to you."

PURSEY HAS always lived in Hersham. As a young kid he would divide his leisure time roughly between the local cinema, the local dance, walking his father's greyhounds, and the occasional gang fight. Ask him about those days and he will reel off a scrapbook of anecdotes brutally comical and vividly articulate.

"Actually they were very heavy times. There was a period of about two months, after I'd had a really bad going over, when I wouldn't go out of the house at all. I couldn't — I was too scared. And then one day I just thought, 'fuck it', and I wasn't scared anymore.

"Those days, the things I learned, have really given me something to fall back on. For instance, one time in the early days of Sham we were playing this small club when all of a sudden this National Front skinhead pulled me off stage, right into the middle of his mates. 'You're marching through Brixton with me tomorrow,' he said. He was pointing this bleeding carving knife at me, and I looked at it and thought, aye aye, any minute now. I really did think that he was going to stick that knife in me.

"I said to him, 'What do you want from me? I'm a rock'n'roll singer, and I'm up there doing it for you. What more can I do?' Then he dropped the knife and shook my hand. . .

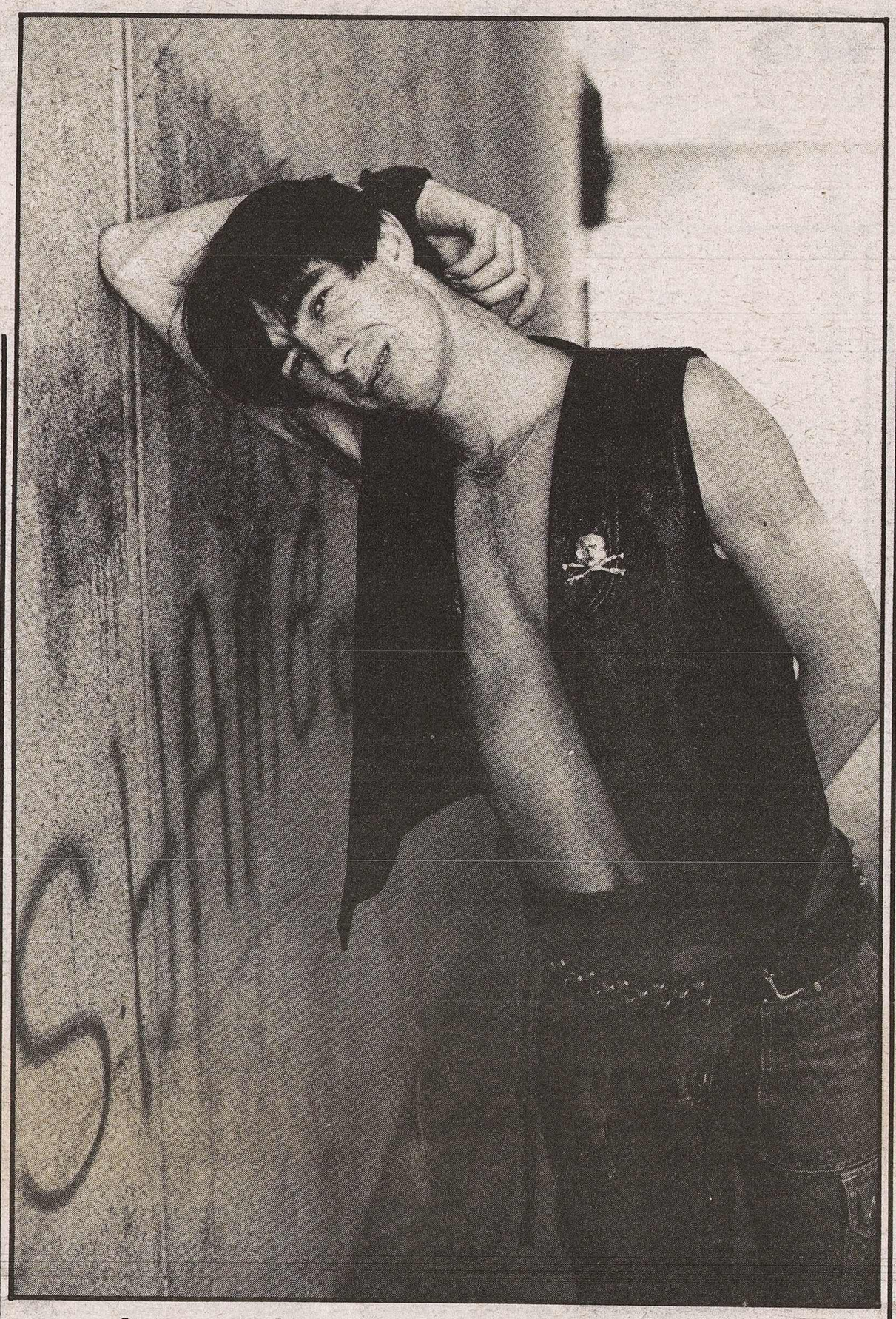
"His mates beat him up. They really kicked the shit out of him. I don't know why they did that, I've thought about it a lot."

There is no need to dig deep into Pursey's life in order to discover that it is webbed with strange and unsettling cross-references.

Continues over page

Pursey's Progress

From previous page



"I went absolutely mad in the head trying to stay Joe Public. Joe Public don't come to see Joe Public. Joe Public come to see someone they're not — someone they'd like to be."

Hersham is a small town with a village green. Pursey lives on one side of it opposite the pub. The landlord and bar staff are friends of his; so are most of the locals. For these people Pursey is very much the local boy who made good, and although he claims to be perfectly comfortable in the town he is obviously well aware of his status.

As you've progressed do you feel that you've put much distance between yourself and your audience?

"Yeah, course I have. I'm not going to pretend to be Joe Bloggs off the street any more. The reason that punk was destroyed was that people wouldn't admit to what they were. Look, if you go on stage every night and say, 'I don't want to be a star, I don't want to be a star', then you're going to become a star. . . I've accepted the position they've put me in.

"I went absolutely mad in the head trying to stay Joe Public. Joe Public don't come to see Joe Public, Joe Public come to see someone they're not — someone they'd like to be. One of the most important things in a kid's life is wanting to be a hero. . .

"I used to try and live three lives at once; one on stage, one off stage, and both at the same time, and it drove me mad. And I used to worry about all the hangers-on: 'Why are these people here? Why do they want to know me? I don't want to be a star.' Now I've got it sussed. I still go down the Nashville, still go to the local youth club, *and* I can do the Rainbow bit. So if I can do it the rest of them can.

"I'm not saying I'm a star in the same way that Bob Geldof or Debbie Harry is, all I'm saying is that I've learned to accept. I'm Jimmy Pursey, a cardboard cut-out, I'm a picture on a TV screen. Nightmares and mindgames for rock'n'roll puppets to laugh at, that's what it's all about."

ON THE coloured TV screen the youth who we last saw getting sacked is now seated in a cafe explaining to his friend that he doesn't want to go on the dole. He is trying hard to look dejected; his friend is struggling to appear indifferent.

"Y'see I purposefully put that in because I didn't want all them people watching to look at these kids and say ah, fucking scroungers, straight on the dole. I don't care what anybody says, no kid wants to go on the dole. At the end of the week they all want to come home with a few bob in their pockets."

A change of location is effected with typical TV slickness. Inside a concert hall with no seats Sham 69 are playing. *They say that's life, I'm taking the blame/they say that's life, but I'm the one taking blame. . .*

"It doesn't matter what you do, there's always somebody trying to put you down. . . A pub rock band, that's all we were."

Do you believe in Fate?

"Yeah I do. I believe in God, and I think that the world will end on Christmas Day. I believe that when you understand God and the Devil you understand yourself. Your mind is owned by the Devil, and your heart is owned by God. I believe that your mind is temptation and your heart is love, and when you can learn to control the greed in your mind and the love in your heart you understand yourself, because you understand all the people around you. That's what 'If The Kids Are United' is all about."

As we return to the plot the youth's story unfolds predictably. He is stood in a betting shop with a friend staring at the figures chalked up on the blackboard. Behind the two friends, slightly out of focus, two old men mutter fuzzily at each other.

"See this, I tried to show these two kids against these two old men. I was trying to say, 'This is what you could end up like'."

Speedily we are returned to the inside of the concert hall. Fighting is about to break out in the audience. *Whattawe got. . . fuckall/whattawe got. . fuckall/I'd like to buy a shot gun and shoot them in the knees/the National Front the Communists you're all a shower of shit. . .*

"Can you imagine, there's National Front kids out there and I'm telling them what I think of them. It's not like standing up in front of a lot of nice people who all live in nice places, and who all hate the National Front anyway. I'm singing to kids who are *in* the National Front, and I'm telling them that it's a load of bollocks."

DURING THE Glasgow Apollo gig the band devoted a section of the show to material from their forthcoming album. This album will surprise people. Some of it is good, and some of it is bad; the good and the bad drift out of focus, unremarkable, almost memorable. But some of it is great, great like the bands powerful interpretation of The Beatles' 'Day Tripper'.

The album will also contain the two songs originally penned by Sham for inclusion in the *Quadrophenia* movie ('Money' and 'Cold Blue In The Night' — a song about speed, originally titled 'Pills'), and will come complete with a giveaway single: a ten-minute version of 'Borstal Breakout', originally recorded as the soundtrack for *Scum,* the one-time proposed TV drama, now a wide screen celluloid project. For reasons unknown the persons responsible decided against using it. It's cacophonous and cruel; full of guitars that sound madly brittle, and keyboards that dive in on long, breathless notes that linger like an acid perfume. Its viciously sustained anger is carried through on full-blooded and infectious repetition; repetition that works because nobody had to think twice before going through with it.

What do you feel about bands who have grown out of punk, bands like Magazine and . . .

"I think they're shit."

But it's progression.

"Well, that's the kind of music that I think is going to send everybody crazy. Johnny Rotten's Public Pisstake or whatever it is, y'know to me that just sounds like a public convenience. They're all a shower of shit, and they're going to send everyone crazy. That's not advancement, anybody can do that. People are going to listen to it and think, 'Yeah, that's punk, because anyone can do it, and that's what it's all about', but what they don't realise is they're messing their brains up. The brain is a very funny thing that can be set on a different pattern just like that."

That's a reactionary attitude.

"That's right, I agree with you, but I'm just stating my point of view. I'm not saying they shouldn't do it, they should. It's good for me to say that their music's shit, it's good for them to say my music's shit. It means that there's an argument going on, and any argument is great. It's freedom. If we didn't have Boney M we wouldn't have The Sex Pistols, if we didn't have The Smurfs we wouldn't have Magazine."

THE CAMERAMAN has picked up on Jimmy Pursey backstage. He is sitting behind a bare wooden table in a large woollen jumper. Occasionally sipping at a bottle of beer, he is explaining why Margaret Thatcher should build more youth clubs.

"I'm talking about Margaret Thatcher there right, because none of the kids trust her, because she doesn't trust them. The kids have never had anybody on their side, they've never had anybody to do things for them, which means when somebody like me comes along and says they do want to do something for the kids, they don't trust them."

The interviewer/presenter, who up to this point has remained anonymous, can now be heard asking questions of several young Sham fans, who are posing with charmingly self-conscious belligerence for the camera. He asks if any of them have ever been to Borstal. They laugh. He asks if any of them live in tower blocks.

"You don't have to live in a tower block to go to Borstal," one replies. Everybody laughs, except the interviewer. Back in the live situation Jimmy Pursey is wet with exertion. The stage is full of people. Pursey takes the microphone. *This next number's for kids like you and me, y'know what I mean. . . Angels with dirty faces. . .*

Pursey has been rehearsing with his new cronies. He claims that the band has ten numbers down pat — seven originals and three old songs — and will be ready to go out on some kind of tour by September.

Try as I might, I can't convince myself that this partnership will prove as successful as Pursey is adamant it must. But, unlike some, neither would I question his right to play with whoever he may choose. As for resurrecting The Sex Pistols, well, that's a blatantly ridiculous notion — in fact it's so ridiculous the sod might just pull it off.

Like the man said: "I've been using my head all the time." Pursey's critics would do well not to underestimate the man's instinctive intelligence, or the shrewd grip he has on what underprivileged and dissatisfied youth expectd from working class heroes. Because, besides being one of this country's most underrated vocalists, Jimmy Pursey is crafty as hell. And, like John Lydon, he is an Aquarius, and we all know what that means . . .

Do you relate to heroes?

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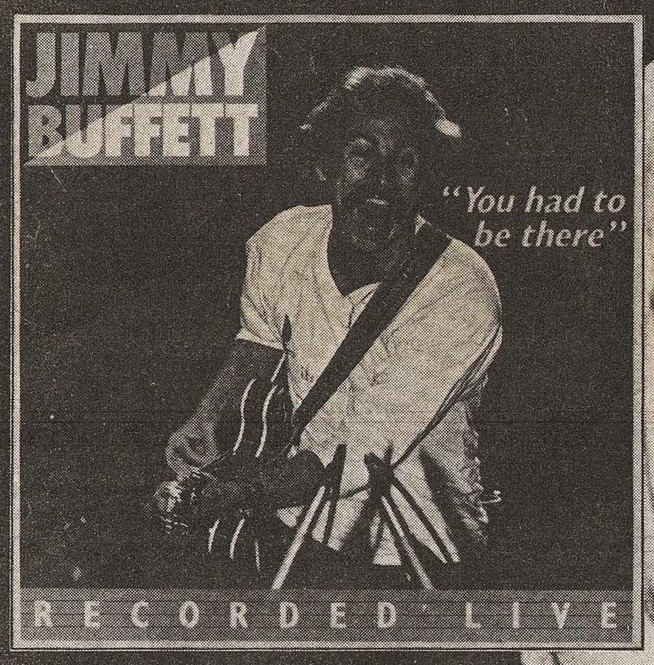

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Your chance to change the face of rock'n'roll.
We supply the plastic surgery — page 16.

Meanwhile, back in the wonderful world of shock, horror, outrage and Virgin Records...

Last year's winner Slim Clive Pain

KEVIN COYNE SHOW BANNED THANKS TO THE SOARAWAY SUN

"MOORS MURDER SHOW STORM" screamed *The Sun* headline last Tuesday, in an oblique reference to Kevin Coyne's song-cycle 'Babble' — due to be performed at the Theatre Royal Stratford in London's East End last weekend, but cancelled instead thanks to *The Sun's* "expose".

Quite how the "storm" arose is a matter for conjecture. A small piece on the show had appeared in the 'Ad Lib' column of London's *Evening News* the day before the *Sun* story. Irresponsible people may speculate that *The Sun* noted this and went on to harass members of Newham Council — who were sponsoring the show — until they found one silly enough to protest about this "sick" blah blah musical. And that's how you create a news "sensation" in the silly season.

The excuse for this "shock horror" scam is Coyne's comment — which appears in the programme notes for the performance — that 'Babble' was inspired partly by Moors murderers Ian Brady and Myra Hindley.

"Brady and Hindley seem to be gruesome examples of how far loneliness can make you resentful," Coyne told the *Evening News*. "But it's not just a story about them, it's about the dilemma of communicating and trusting people." Strangely, *The Sun* ignored this section of the News story.

Newham Council had in fact approved the text of the song-cycle months ago — it was the reference to Brady and Hindley in the programme, they say, which caused them to cancel. But they also admit that they'd had copies of the programme for several weeks and it wasn't until the *Sun* story appeared that one councillor, Edwin Ray, began a campaign to stop 'Babble'.

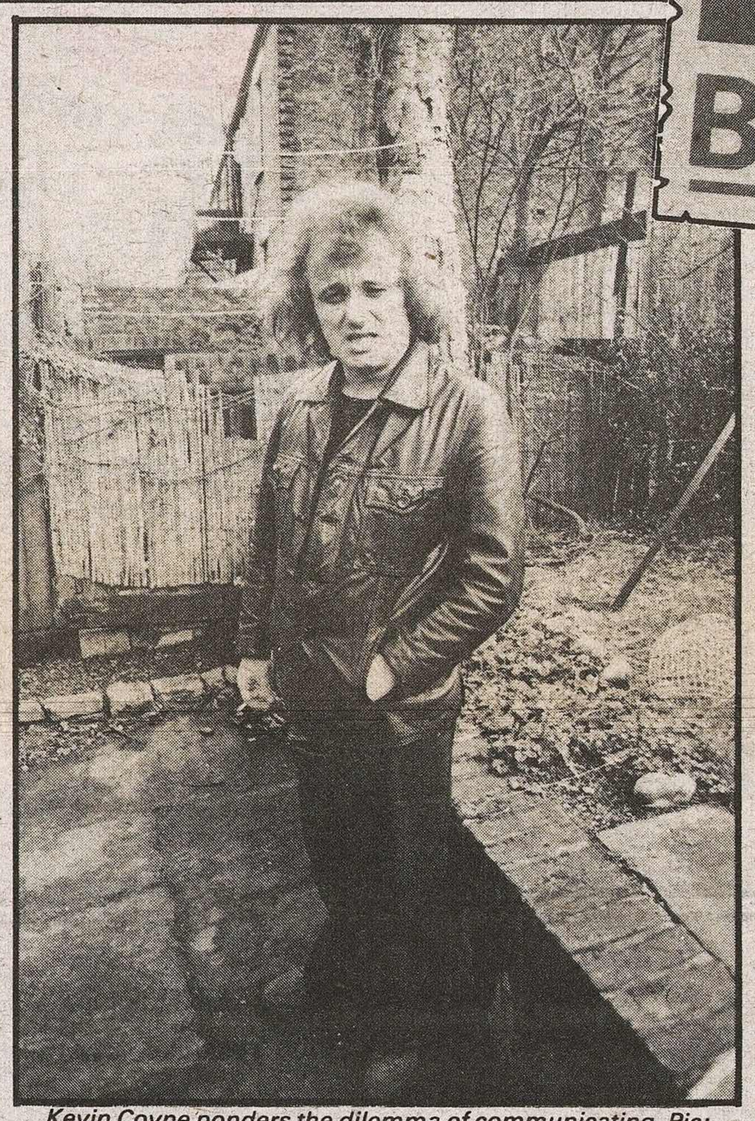
Bob Ward, Coyne's manager, tried to step in and promote the show himself, but the Theatre Royal declined on the grounds that they're licensed by Newham Council and need to protect both that relationship and the grants that finance them. By which time, it was too late to find an alternative venue.

Last week, before the "storm" broke, Coyne (described in the ever-accurate *Sun* as "rock-singer Kevin Coyle" — was quoted in *Time Out* as saying 'Babble' was really a moral tale for the times. "I just hope people see it as that and not as a glorification of the Moors Murderers or fascists or anything. Because I think people are very loathe to admit they have a capacity for hatred inside them. They're quite hypocritical really. They don't face the realities in themselves."

Meanwhile, back on Page Three . . .

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS



Kevin Coyne ponders the dilemma of communicating. Pic: Pennie Smith.

BARRY ANDREWS ADVERT PROTEST BY RSPCA

HAVING FREQUENTLY raised its voice in protest at crimes perpetrated against animals, *NME* was a trifle disturbed to receive a disapproving letter from that august body the RSPCA (President: Dr D Coggan, Archbishop Of Canterbury) complaining about an advert in our pages for Barry Andrews' 'Town And Country' EP on Virgin. The ad depicted a mouse caught in a break-back trap — which was described by the RSPCA as "a prime example of gratuitous violence".

While apparently condoning the use of such traps to combat vermin, the RSPCA contends that "the use of such a photograph . . . is not conducive to the idea that animals are worthy of protection."

Come in, David Marlow, Virgin press person . . .

"The photo is part of the sleeve concept. On one side you have an idealised, gift-card picture of a mouse, representing the country, and on the other a trapped mouse representing town life."

Pretty symbolic — but you couldn't guess that from the advert, which shows the latter side only. For why?

"The other side would have been more difficult — and more expensive — to reproduce."

Andrews (formerly purveyor of keyboard bleeps and burps with XTC) did not, it turns out, engineer the demise of the rodent himself. A friend of his knew a place where traps were set and simply photographed the results.

"Our trump card," continues Marlow, "is that Barry is a vegetarian. He'd like to know how many of the RSPCA are."

Barry Andrews lives in Swindon.

HARRY GEORGE

THRILLS

"Grrrrr..."

'Your minicab's here, Mr Cowie . . ."

UPSTART UPSETS ROTTEN ON TV SHOW

SHOCK! DISGUST! Horror! Outrage! So what and who needs it? Certainly not Public Image.

Even so, it seems that just the sort of 'filth and fury' babbledom that reclusive John Lydon is trying to escape from, is dogging him nevertheless.

Up in the land of Tyne Tees Television a new show is causing a fuss. You may recall that Tyne Tees are the network that produced and then hoarded what is reputed to be the airwaves' sharpest rock show in *Alright Now*. Well, a new youth magazine programme has taken off and gets aired each Tuesday at 11 pm called *Check It Out*.

Last week it featured clips from *The Warriors* followed by a discussion on teenage cults/fashions over the last 25 years. Next up came a rant against Mods by Sting of The Police, himself a native of Geordieland, numbering amongst the regressives The Jam themselves. It was after the adverts that the 'fun' began, with a Public Image slot.

The band performed live versions of 'Death Disco' and a new number, 'Chant'. After this little set-ette came interview time and the trouble for both Tyne Tees and PiL. The interviewer, Lynn Spencer, met with little response as she ran through her opening questions and then the production team up in the control room ran a film of The Angelic Upstarts' Mond Cowie really tearing strips off Lydon.

"Johnny Rotten is an old man," frothed Cowie. "He's finished."

When the cameras returned JL was clearly incensed. Tearing off his mike from his lapel he strode off the podium and, according to TTT, hurled Lynn Spencer's clipboard across the studio and proceeded to 'squat' in one corner of the studio, threatening to stay put until the recording stopped.

Producer Andrea Wonfor promptly sent for the studio security to escort the band off the premises. Wonfor later commented: "We genuinely wanted to know where Johnny Rotten and his music was going. As it happened he went right through the studio doors . . ."

***Thrills* contacted Jenette, who is one of the non-playing but still integral parts of PiL. She gave us the incident through the group's eyes.**

"At first we were only to do a live set, but later we said an interview was on provided they didn't just want more prattle about the Pistols — which, as you know, they are all absolutely sick to death of re-living. Well, Tyne Tees said they only wanted to talk to John so we kind of guessed the type of thing they were hoping for, and said it wasn't on. Eventually they consented to interviewing the whole band but still only posed the same old questions to John.

"Then the real insult was when, without warning, they cut to a split screen half of John's face and half of this film of this Upstarts guy spouting all these insults. The whole thing was in the hope of another Grundy. That was when they'd had enough of being set-up and John stormed off.

"There was no question of being 'escorted out' — in fact they became pathetic and couldn't apologise enough, saying how they'd get us a cab and buy us a drink. You can understand that the whole cheap affair was an attempt to goad John into doing his nut and giving the show a great deal of publicity. It was sickening."

True enough, Tyne Tees were not slow off the mark in mailing out reports on the incident, whilst PiL would rather forget the whole thing.

A final point of interest. Also in the Tyne Tees complex at the time of the filming was one William Grundy (hic). Strange but true . . .

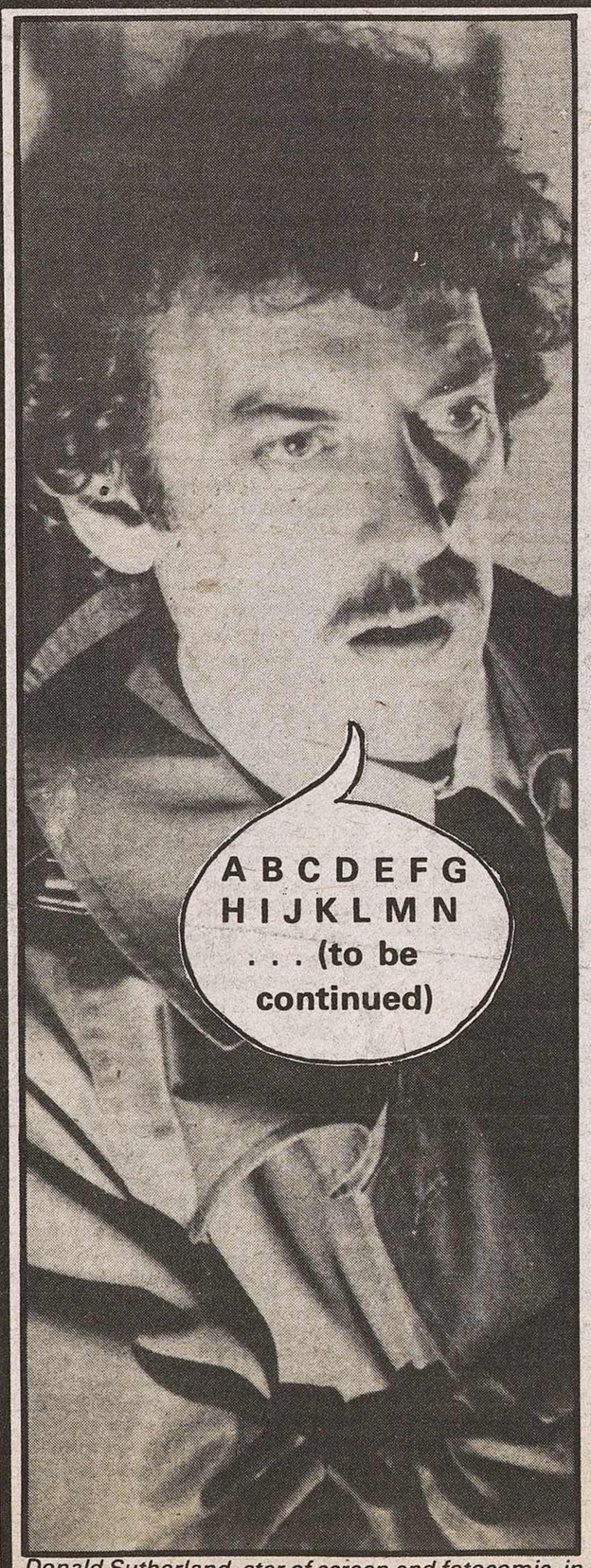
DANNY BAKER

THRILLS

It's all at the Virgin Megabore — the most tasteless record company in Europe.

GOOD NEWS FOR ILLITERATES

(Remember where you tried to read it first)



Donald Sutherland, star of screen and fotocomic, in 'Invasion Of The Body Snatchers'.

FOR YEARS now people have been telling us that our brains are going down the pan. First it was comic books, then it was television. When drugs came into the picture, all hell broke loose, with billions of brain cells allegedly popping every second of the day.

True or not, an American called Herb Stewart seems to believe some of the horror stories. Certainly he seems geared up to make a truckload of money out of those of us whose minds don't work as well as they used to.

Mr Stewart's invention, on which he is pinning all his hopes (and for which he even abandoned a career as a classical guitarist) is something that he calls the fotonovel. Not to put too fine a point on it, a fotonovel is a paperback story book with lots and lots of pictures and not too many words.

Of course, this kind of publication isn't strictly a new invention. The Spanish and Italians have had similar publications for most of this century. The formula for these *fumetti* was very simple. You cooked up a basic plot with plenty of passion, revenge, violence and murder. You found a cast of three or four out of work actors and actresses (Sophia Loren got her first show-biz break in the Rome *fumetti)* and shot a sequence of still photographs that followed the loose plot. After that, all you had to do was paste on speech bubbles, airbrush in a little extra blood and you were in business.

Fumetti were not only simple, they were cheap.

Herb Stewart, however, is definitely not thinking cheap. His original plan was to produce Italian style *fumetti* with major Hollywood stars posing for the pictures. His first idea was to employ people like John Wayne and Clint Eastwood, but on discovering that the average *fumetti* production budget wouldn't even pay for Duke's lunch, he had to think again.

It came to him in a flash. If you couldn't use real movie stars, perhaps you could use real movies. He began beating on the gates of the major studios, asking if he could turn their top box office pictures into fotonovels.

The first to crack was Paramount. They leased Stewart 78 episodes of *Star Trek,* and the first of these is already on the stands in this country in glorious full colour.

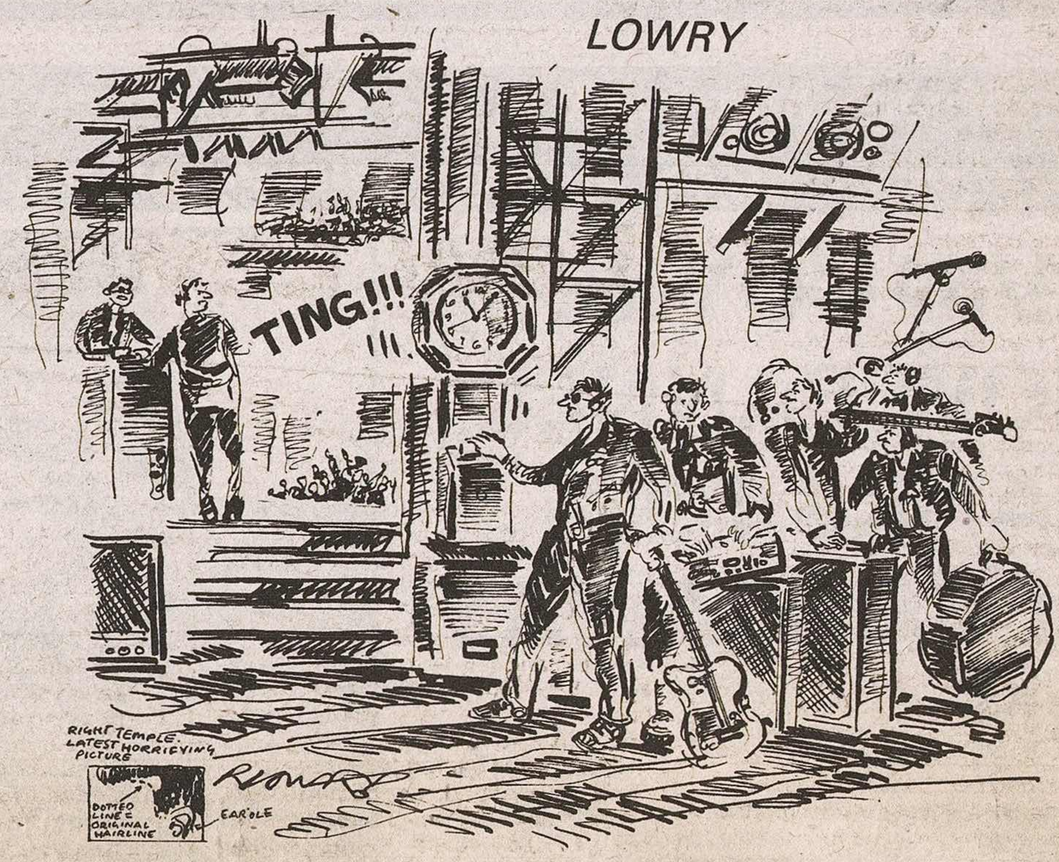
The big breakthough, though, was when Stewart landed the rights to both *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease.*

Stewart's fotonovels became instant best sellers in America and are expected to do the same here.

Right now, on the fotonovel stocks, are an impressive array of titles that include *Invasion Of The Bodysnatchers, Hair, The Champ,* and *Incredible Hulk* series, a *Mork & Mindy* series, *Rocky, Alien* and even *Lord Of The Rings,* direct from the Ralph Bakshi cartoon epic.

So there you have it. Are fotonovels the shape of semi-literature to come? Remember that you read it here first. That's if you can remember how to read.

MICK FARREN



"They're incredibly anxious not to lose their working class image and street credibility so they clock in and out for every show".

Lew Lewis (left) and Paul Jones with blues haters' nightmare — Pic: Tom Sheehan.

Whales start 'Save Lew Lewis' campaign

MY FIRST taste of the Lew Lewis experience was very definitely sour-to-rancid. After 'Boogie On The Street' (September 1976) and some dream press coverage, the set he turned in at the Feelgoods' Hammersmith Palais show that Christmas was sheer nightmare.

Shambling around in his greatcoat, Lewis seemed to be sinking in a morass of leaden banality. I resolved on the spot to lead a Lew-less existence, succeeding effortlessly till a Feelgoods reception earlier this year.

When the bemused-looking harpist reached for his trouser-front, I reached for the exit.

But what emerged was Lew Records' first-born, the composer's own version of 'Lucky Seven'. An amiably laid-back excursion on the Feelgoods' 'Sneakin' Suspicion' album, in Lewis' hands it emerges as a tearing, high-speed repeater, his harp trading lightning jabs with Rick Taylor's guitar.

The flip? Johnny Squirrel's 'Night Talk': great names these old bluesmen have, eh? Another fiery, jumping performance, it's topped by a tough, reedy vocal from. . . Johnny Squirrel, bass pulse in Lew's Reformer.

To find out that this was the mere iceberg-tip and that all four Reformers (come in, drummer Buzz Barwell) were grossly over-endowed with personal charm was one of life's nicer surprises.

Enter Stiff on a white charger (now deleted) and — hiyo Silver — we got the recent double first of an album, 'Save The Wail', and a Lew-centred harp bonanza at the Hope And Anchor — of which more later.

On the afternoon before the latter event I cornered Lew in the pub next to Stiff for some exclusives on his life and harp times. Deceptively vague, he proves both funny and perceptive. For starters, his account of the Palais travesty makes it plain that he was a victim of cruel circumstance.

"The Feelgoods manager said 'This is your dressing room for tonight, Lew'. Gave me a broom cupboard stacked from floor to ceiling with bottles of wine, cans of lager. I thought 'If I don't drink none, there'll be none left by the time I come off. (Helpless giggles from Squirrel.)

'So I drunk about four bottles of wine before I went on.'

Where did your career lurch next?

'I kept Pete Zear (guitar) and Bobby Clouter (drums) and added Johnny Squirrel on bass and we went out and did a load of gigs — about 80 — which didn't really ever take off. We were piss artists all the time, never rehearsed, nothing.

Then, after Feelgoods manager Chris Fenwick had negotiated a deal, Track Records inconsiderately went bust. 'Out For A Lark' emerged under a one-off deal with UA, the band being paid session fees. Lew was happy enough — "Fifty quid for the day was nice" — but what if it had made number one?

"I'm sure someone would have made sure we was seen alright for a backhander." Please, Lord, keep this boy from shark-infested waters.

Between this band and Reformer, there was a hefty lull: "I did a bit of graft, a bit of roof-tiling."

Having met Rick at a local musicians' workshop and persuaded Buzz to join him full time, it was off to Stiff's China Shop Mobile, parked at The Dog Kennels "somewhere in Essex". 'Lucky Seven' resulted, designed to get the agencies interested.

The Kennels sound ultra-conducive to speedy recording: "Really stunk down there. . . It was a 20-acre field and right down the bottom they made food out of boiled-up horses' feet. Lovely place, I'd recommend it to anyone."

Lew also plays sax and once provoked a neighbours' petition. Which instrument does he write on?

"I usually think of an idea for a song, a situation, a catchphrase. . . I use the harp just to get worked up into writing more words, right? Pacin' up and down the room blowing fast harmonica seems to get the words flowing."

The drive and character of the band's originals (50% of 'Wail') more than vindicates the Lewis Composing Method. Recorded in three days at Kingsdown Farm, Sussex, the album renders slightly ludicrous the bellyaching of others granted a mere three weeks or so.

And so to the Hope, where all known mouth organists were invited, to the mutual benefit of Reformer, Hohner Harmonicas and the Save The Whale fund. Whose idea was the tie-up, Lew?

"I saw a picture of a whale and said 'Save the wail wah wah wah' and Paul Conroy liked it. And it's done some good in the end, because two weeks later all these Friends Of The Earth people were having a demonstration about saving the whales. It all tied up really good and everybody was saying 'That was a clever move, Lew, very shrewd, and it was a coincidence, totally. I said, 'Seeing as we're using the name, why can't we do something to help them as well.' So we did that."

A few superstars failed to show — Bryan Ferry, Denny Laine, Blast Furnace — but no-one fretted overmuch. Given a packed cellarful of goys, it was hard to tell who was playing what — not that it really mattered.

Stand-outs were Paul Jones, rhyming *"Save the whale"* with *"Get me some ale"* like the old pro he is, and Johnny Mars slicing open a few crania with a long siren burst. Also contributing were Will Stallybrass, Skid Marx (ex-B. Furnace And. . .), Steve Smith (ex-SALT, Ramrod), an unrecognizable bleach-blonde Peter Hope-Evans (ex-Medicine Head) and a surprisingly impressive Julian Diggle (The Movies).

With the bridge blasted by hot air and saliva, Rick, Johnny and Buzz gave a masterly performance below decks, faltering only when the latter, a victim of the notorious Islington swell, took a spew-break.

So far, so fine: I'm enchanted, but the biggest R&B bands have trouble shifting vinyl. Is there a future for the form, Lew?

"I don't see why not. Kids are understanding not so much the rhythm as the blues, they know what that means now. . . it means making a good feeling out of a load of shit. If you wanna hear dream music, go and live on another planet — or d'you wanna get back down to some more dirt. . . shit. . . roots?"

Lew Lewis Reformer are hardly the temperance four, but as the seriousness of their leader's answer indicates, commitment currently has it over the pissing about of yore.

And when there's no new black music to give the white man inspiration? "That's the end."

HARRY GEORGE

THRILLS

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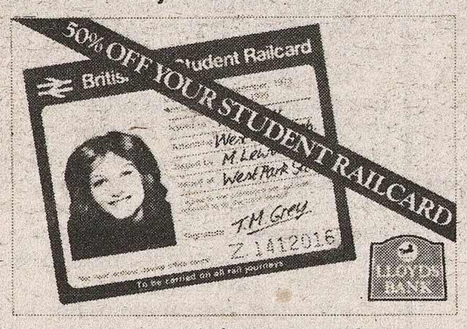

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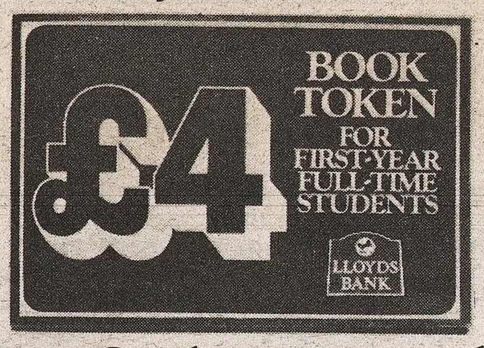

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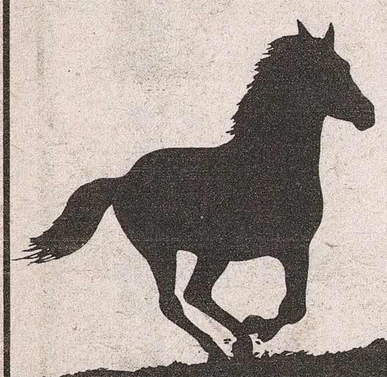


At the sign of the Black Horse

LLOYDS BANK

How much is that Korgi in the window?

Korgis (L-R): Andy Davis, James Warren — Two Stackridge's in Costello's clothing . . .

I'VE ALWAYS reckoned *Top Of The Pops* to be little more than a variant of *Opportunity Knocks:* Approximately a dozen acts are showcased each week, and image is just as important as a nifty hookline in securing a majority vote. By the look of them, The Korgis have yet to decide which facet is the more important.

As they rehearse for their *TOTP* debut, they give the distinct impression of having one foot cemented in the '60s, the other furtively seeking a '70s toe-hold — their argument for this being that the sound of the '80s might possibly prove to be a fusion of the past two decades.

However, 'If I Had You' — the reason for them being on *TOTP* in the first instance — offers absolutely no support for this theory. For what we have is Take Six togged Modern Men woefully bleating out the most reactionary big beat ballad of the year. Progressive it is not. Neither is it remotely original, the hook being based on Rachmaninoff's variation on a theme of Paganini's and laced with the saccharine sentimentality once favoured by the Marino Marini Quartet. *(Oh yeah. Right. — Thrills Ed.)*

In their defence, The Korgis might confess an almost schoolboy penchant for contradiction and confusion, but the schizophrenia of their stance looks more likely to befuddle the unsuspecting public. Anyone buying their album on the strength of its modernistic jacket will not find enclosed the kind of music it suggests. Furthermore, those influenced by their hit single won't find the album filled with cloying chocolate-box commerciality either. Primarily, it's a mishmash of Beatle and Kraftwerkian influences which, more often than not, submerge whatever originality The Korgis possess.

Though they intend to augment for live appearances, The Korgis is basically a two-man project, comprising former Stackridge sidemen.

James Warren plays bass and sings lead on 'If I Had You'. He's small, neat, Dickensian and articulate. Andy Davis who wrote 'If I Had You' is a tall, redheaded multi-instrumentalist with a preoccupied air.

The Korgis, they both insist, was born out of Stackridge's shortcomings. Though they prefer to avoid any lengthy discourse on their previous employment, Warren will admit that Stackridge's demise was partly as a result of "unwittingly becoming a cult". That band, he claims, rapidly lost both direction and form. "We wanted to be a pop group", he says, "but we ended up indulgent and pretentious."

As it happens, Davis claims that when he and his sidekick commenced recording the album from which 'If I Had You' was extracted, "we didn't have a clear vision of the end result. As with Stackridge, we had a proliferation of ideas and the problem of trying to refine the material into one solid body. Hence the diversity."

Hence, also, the confusion!

The very first single to be lifted from The Korgis' album of the same name was 'Young 'n' Russian' — an oblique attempt at easy-listening electro Euro-rock. It was promptly rejected by both the BBC playlist panel and the Great British public and sank without trace. Nevertheless, Davis claims it to be far superior to 'If I Had You', before stating he isn't in any way perturbed that their current hit will forever typecast them as the Sultans Of Schmaltz.

"We'll always be a band full of surprises," Warren chirps confidently. "And if *they* have any preconceptions about us, *they'll* be quickly disillusioned!"

But who precisely are *they?* The people who rejected 'Young 'n' Russian', but are buying 'If I Had You' in sufficient quantities to place it at No. 26 on this week's *NME* singles chart?

The Korgis haven't the faintest idea.

ROY CARR

THRILLS

Don't look now, but here comes . . .
THE NEW PROTEST MUSIC

BOB GELDOF's appearance at the recent Trafalgar Square Whale Rally was just one of a number of links currently being established between the new wave bands and the animal liberation and anti-nuclear protest movements.

For the record, Geldof's speech may have been "rambling", as reported in *T-Zers,* but he made some good points.

Our Bob said he never usually came to such events as he didn't much like the sight of a bunch of liberals slapping each other on the back. However, when he was a journalist in Canada he had been out on the Greenpeace boat, and obviously still felt strongly involved in the Save The Whale movement.

The fact that he was there at all, coupled with the large number of new wavers in the audience, showed how far the movement has spread since last year.

It should be noted that so many direct action activists were expected at the rally that the police kept two coachloads of reinforcements handy up Northumberland Avenue in case of trouble — another significant development from the namby-pamby attitude of past years.

In another sector of the animal liberation movement, Tom Robinson and other bands have given tacit support to the anti-bloodsports issue over the past couple of years, and this link has now been strengthened by the establishment of Rock Against Bloodsports, which hopes to share the success that RAR had in creating a wider awareness of a political issue.

Established by three animal activists in Southampton — Greg Harris, Mark Tilison and Dave Singer — Rock Against Bloodsports began by planning to hold a large open-air festival in Southampton this summer. All was arranged, but stubborn resistance from Southampton City Council meant that the scheme had to be dropped at the last moment.

Monsieur Geldof addresses the masses. He later went on to auction his jacket and sunglasses. Pic: Mikki Rain.

At present, while developing plans to hold a festival in London next year, they are currently building up a contact list of bands and venues throughout the county with a view to holding a number of RAB gigs in the hear future.

Local organisers and bands wishing to get involved should contact RAB at 26 Denzil Avenue, Newtown, Southampton. Tel: Totton 4010.

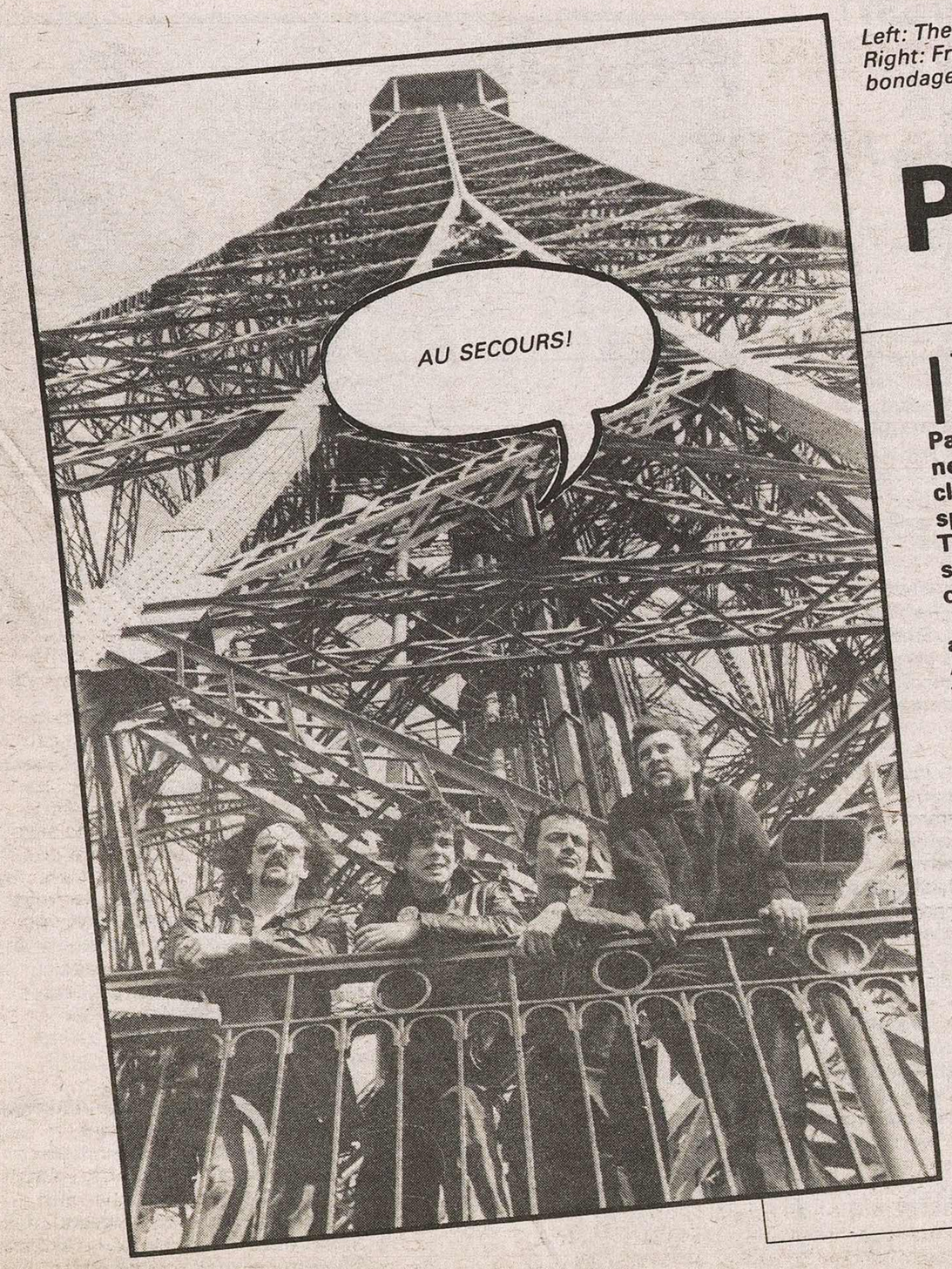
On the anti-nuclear front, things are moving in this direction too.

In 1978 Virgin Records put out one of the first anti-nuclear singles entitled 'Nuclear Waste' by Fast Breeder and the Radio Actors. This year a new band called A.D.1984 recently issued 'The Russians Are Coming', an anti-nuclear warhead number, available on Voyage International Records, distributed by Pye, and they have plans to release another track entitled 'Whitehot - Meltdown'. A spokesman for the band confirmed their intention to get further involved in the movement wherever possible. They can be reached on 01-648 5967.

Local Operator , The Members, The Edge and The Stranglers are among other bands who have so far played for the movement. All the signs are that this kind of cooperation between musicians and activists is going to grow and fast. More news as it happens.

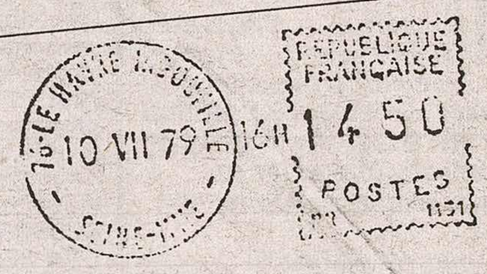
DICK TRACY

THRILLS



Left: The Eiffel Tower — scene of bondage atrocity. Right: French Thrills scribe Monsieur Manoeuvre in bondage gear. Both pix: Claude Gassian.

Postcard From Paris



IT WAS all Jean Jacques' idea, of course. "Let's go to Paris to record our new album, we'll be closer to the kindred spirit of Simone Veil, The Eurowoman supreme" — that kind of shit.

D'accord ... the new album, great one, mate! After we'd cleaned up the mess left by the engineers in Pathe Marconi studios (one of them was pretending to record while wearing Texan boots) things went down nice 'n' sleazy. It's called 'Raven' and comes out in September; titles include 'Genetics', 'Baroque Bordello', 'Dead L.A.', 'Duchesse' and top of the tank, the hideous 'Men In Black', guaranteed to offend macho listeners.

Yesterday we climbed the Eiffel Tower and strapped some innocent French writer to the railings. We left him there, bondaged to death; he's probably still there.

The next plan is to mix the album and give a free concert somewhere in this city (the Pompidou Art Centre refused 'cos we aren't arty enough, ha! ha!) so we might go down to the Bastille metro station n'est ce pas?

Anyway, must dash. The Rolling Stones have started on their new polka dot disco effort in the Pathe studio next door and Jean Jacques says he's going to practise some karate on them.

Jean Jacques, Dave, Jet and Hugh.

Marley tension at Mudsplash

REGGAE SUNSPLASH, a tourist mudbath — or so it looked to be hours before the first night of this five-day extravaganza. The Montego Bay Cricket Club at Jarret Park had turned into a glutinous mess, the turf carved up by vehicles wallowing helplessly in the mud.

The unseasonal storms in Jamaica which tore down bridges, houses, roads, leaving dead and homeless only weeks ago had in fact threatened to wash out this event, heavily publicised in the US to fill the off-season Montego Bay hotels.

Now in its second year Sunsplash is the concept of a group of individuals with wide business experience who formed the organising company, Synergy, with the aim of bringing a greater degree of professionalism to the reggae scene and making live shows far more a part of the Jamaican scene than they have been to date.

In the event, Sunsplash did transcend rich man's playground location in Montego Bay and the obstacles of weather and equipment which never turned up to become an experience of great variety.

The mood built over the five days and reached a peak of tension on Friday night when The Wailers played to a vast audience, 95 per cent Jamaican, who poured in from all over the island.

That tension gave way to relief and uncomplicated fun on the last night with The Mighty Diamonds and Third World.

Marley's set couldn't be described as fun. The pressure was tangible and the crowd packed close to the front of the stage were unresponsive to repeated police attempts to clear the area.

For the rest of the festival there was an open-ness and good feeling, but on that night it seemed each individual was only aware of him or herself and the band on stage.

And the Wailers' sound was different to anything I've heard from them before — lean and more menacing, with all the emphasis on the lighter, rhythm guitar up-beat. Despite all the stage antics there was a feeling of power and authority that's been missing in the last few European appearances.

The audience was caught in a mood of aggression.

Those at the back of this largest crowd of the week were frustrated by those standing in front, and plates of ital food were hurled in an attempt to find a sightline. Unlike the Third World party the next night, everyone was alone, drawn by Marley's presence.

'Rastaman Vibration' was slow and heavy, as were most of the songs, with brief relief provided by a few up beat numbers like 'Jamming'.

Some of the time I hated the set for its anger and aggression and other times was totally carried with it, but at all times entirely held there. At the end people stood stunned as a wave of pickpockets bludgeoned their way through the stagefront area.

The pressure snapped that night at the Sunsplash disco. An argument arose, a policeman pulled a gun, and some shots were fired in the air. Nobody was hurt but it scared the shit out of a lot of people. Despite the inevitable hustling, however, there seems to have been minimal violence throughout the whole event.

The day after The Wailers' show new band The Native did an afternoon set together with Byron Lee and The Dragonaires, on a beach in the heart of the tourist hotel area.

The first night had opened with a talent competition, with a few guest stars. Security was loose and despite the thick coating of mud the feeling was good.

Ras Michael opened the second night and set the mood with a sharp set of Nyabinghi music and chants.

Headliner Toots powered immediately into 'Famine', from 'Pass The Pipe'. His voice was superb and his scats ecstatic, but in the middle he slowed down for far too long, with an extended version of 'Daddy' during which he testified at length and implored understanding and teaching for those who used razors on their beards. Then back with a fast and powerful "54-36 Was My Number", a testimony to his suffering at the hands of the law.

It was three a.m. before he closed the show.

The Abyssinians, who opened the next session, were 300 per cent better than I had feared, with a moving beauty of a set including a memorable 'Satta Massa Ganna'. Then, for me — the man of the event — Burning Spear,' as mesmerising as at his last London performance at the Rainbow two years ago.

The much delayed film crew arrived and crawled under his feet but he seemed totally oblivious, in total communication with his material and extending wadada to all, the most charismatic stage performer I've ever seen.

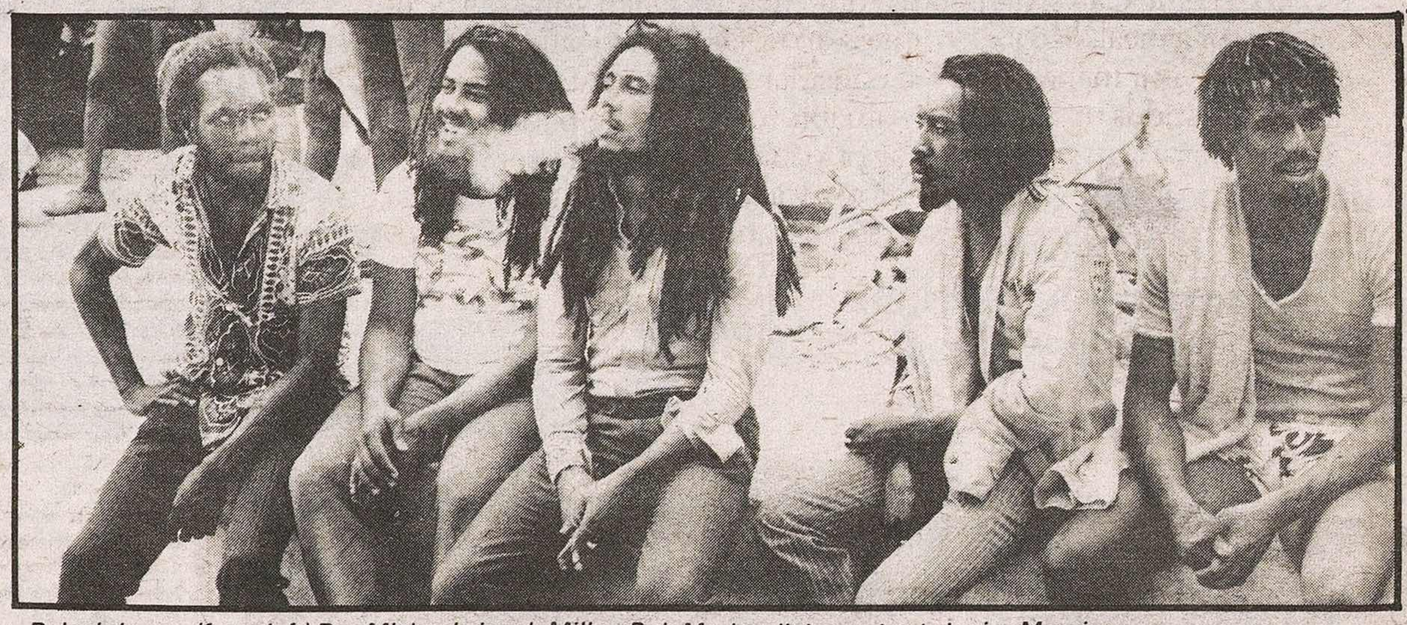
The last night was a party, a smaller crowd than for The Wailers and much more relaxed. The Mighty Diamonds, though not pushing out as much energy as I've seen before, put the crowd in a good mood and Third World built on that to end the festival on an ecstatic note of good vibes.

PETER MURPHY

THRILLS

Burning Spear: wadada for all, apparently.

Murphy/Hershman.



Relaxin' . . . . (from left) Ras Michael, Jacob Miller, Bob Marley, Ijahman Levi, Junior Marvin.

Both pix

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Last year *New Musical Express* and **Ian Dury** were proud and privileged to add another contest to this illustrious pantheon, that of **ALL-BRITISH BLOCKHEAD!**

The response was overwhelming. *NME*'s offices were flooded with star-struck contestants hopeful of winning such a unique title.

Competition was close, but eventually Ian Dury — for it was he who picked all the winners — chose 'Slim' Clive Pain, the Adonis from Alton.

Overnight, Slim became a much-feted celebrity. The most beautiful women in the world swooned in his presence, the defeated males in the pack stood him drinks. Starlets jostled to be photographed with him. Superstars invited him backstage. It is even rumoured that Warren Beatty sought the secret of Slim's magical power over women.

To coin a phrase, the effect of being voted Blockhead Of The Year was shattering. Last week, contacted aboard his 70 foot sloop Dead Pig Nose, anchored off Monte Carlo, Slim said: "This is what we find!"

Having held onto the title for a year, a reluctant Slim is about to hand over his crown — actually a knitted woolly hat — to whoever is lucky enough to win this year's final.

Yes, this is your chance! If you believe that *your* face is *your* fortune, then be prepared to enter the 1979 finals of the **ALL-BRITISH BLOCKHEAD OF THE YEAR CONTEST.**

Well, you've read what was in it for Slim Clive Pain. Now here's what's in it for you:—

● **1st Prize** is a set of ten personally autographed copies of Ian Dury's current hit album 'Do It Yourself, each LP being sleeved in a different Crown wallpaper design jacket. You *won't* receive the album through the mail. Instead, Ian himself will invite you (expenses paid) to the Ilford Odeon on Wednesday, August 15, when the (musical) Blockheads will give the final performances of their sell-out UK tour.

After the gig you'll be invited backstage to meet Ian and whilst corks and flashbulbs pop, Slim himself will hand over his title. Be warned: last year it took ol' Slim almost three days to recover from a similar ordeal!

● **2nd Prize** comes in two parts, the first being another ten pack of Crown-pattern 'Do It Yourself' albums. For the second part the infamous Kosmo Vinyl-led Blockheads Interior Decorating team will storm your bedroom and re-paper the walls in a pattern similar to one of the LP sleeves. Better forewarn yer Mum!

● **3rd Prize** also comes in two parts, the first being yet another 'Do It Yourself' ten pack, whilst the second part is, according to Ian, "a bit of a mystery". And that's all we're saying for the moment.

● Meanwhile, up to the first 500 runners-up will each receive a special exclusive-to-you Blockhead-design poster. And there are also rumours of a few bonus prizes being dished out here and there!

HOW TO ENTER:
Cut out the official entry coupon and complete it, not forgetting to add your signature certifying it to be the genuine article. Write your name and address on the back of your photograph (a lot of you forgot to do that last year) and attach it to the coupon; *only one photograph per coupon.* Send the entry to the following address:

ALL-BRITISH BLOCKHEAD COMPETITION 1979,
55 EWER STREET,
LONDON SE99 6YP.

All entries received on or before August 3 will be examined by *NME* and Ian Dury and the first prize will be awarded to the sender of the most hideous, pathetic and Blockheaded likeness of themselves. Remaining prizes will be awarded for those considered next best (or worst) in order of merit. All entries *must* be photographic, must *not* have been published elsewhere and *must* be of the accredited entrant. In the event of any entrants being judged equally hideous, their "Reason To Be Cheerful" will be used to decide the winner(s) or winning order.

NO photographs will be returned.

The All-British Blockhead Competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle Of Man and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd., the printers of *New Musical Express* and the staff of Stiff Records. The Editor's decision is final and the result will be published in a future issue of *NME.*

THRILLS

THE NME ANNUAL ALL-BRITISH BLOCKHEAD COMPETITION 1979.
55 EWER STREET, LONDON SE99 6YP.

.cut around dotted line.

NAME.....
(Block letters)
ADDRESS .....

.....

Tel. No. (if any) .....

In no more than 30 words, offer your "Reason To Be Cheerful" .....

.....

.....

I confirm that the enclosed photograph is of myself, and I hold the copyright on it. I agree to abide by the published rules.

SIGNED: .....

Last year's Blockhead Of The Year Ian Dury of Upminster meets world famous rock singer Slim Clive Pain after Slim's sell-out show at Lewisham Odeon. Slim chose Ian from literally thousands of young hopefuls. "He's all right," said Ian later. "Just like an ordinary geezer, y'know?"

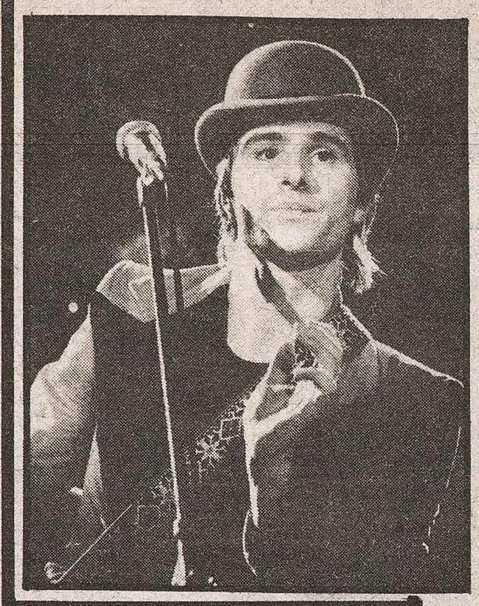
Ella breaks the glass. We smash the price!

You've heard the Memorex commercial. Now see the Memorex special offer showing at your local W.H. Smith! While stocks last, we're selling a special double pack containing two MRX3 C90's for £2.95. Bought separately, they'd cost you £3.70. That's 75p you can keep in your pocket. To buy a new glass...

WHSMITH

WELCOME

Branches throughout England and Wales. Merchandise subject to availability where you see this sign and also at selected British Rail bookstalls and airport branches. Prices correct at time of going to press.



IS IT TIME TO BRING HOME THE BREAD?

See Pages 56 & 57

"This is fashion corner, isn't it? Part of an occasional *Thrills* series — in the *NME,* right? So what happened to the special spread on bowler hat chic that you promised for this week? You what? It's going to appear next week because you forgot about it. What do you mean you *forgot!* How dare you forget! I was wearing bowler hats long before that whatsisname, U Roy bloke. I saw *A Clockwork Orange* too, you know? Oh alright then. You keep this space free and I'll be back next week."

THRILLS

HARVEY GOLDSMITH BY ARRANGEMENT WITH TRINIFOLD LTD PRESENTS

The Who

AND FRIENDS ROAR IN!

with Special Guests (In alphabetical order)

AC/DC

NILS LOFGREN

THE STRANGLERS

WEMBLEY STADIUM

SATURDAY 18th AUGUST Gates open 2pm – Concert ends 10pm

Tickets £8 inc. VAT in advance

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BRISTOL
Hippodrome Box Office
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Cardiff 0222 390356

CROYDON
Virgin Records
Suffolk House 12a George Street
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Fairfield Halls Box Office
Park Lane
Croydon 01-688 9291

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Barkers
91 Headrow
Leeds 0532 33099

LIVERPOOL
Empire Theatre Box Office
Lime Street
Liverpool 051 709 2548/1555

OXFORD
New Theatre Box Office
George Street
Tel: Oxford (0865) 44544

SOUTHAMPTON
Gaumont Box Office
Southampton
0703 29772

SWANSEA
Holts Hi-Fi
8 Portland Street
Swansea 0792 41032

Daily Mail in reefer madness shock horror probe!

ONE OF THE music trade papers was calling it "perhaps the most serious allegation to date of industry connections to illegal drug trade."

Truth was, the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) threw a scare into the music industry quite unintentionally. The story goes like this . . .

U.S. music industry veteran Quentin Perry, regional and national promoter working with the Atlanta-based Taurus Productions, was indicted as a key suspect. Federal investigators linked him and five other men to a major cocaine ring, allegedly trading in the big cities of South America and the Eastern United States.

Agents estimate that this ring was turning over $8 million a month, and enough finance was going through the system for them to get $50 million worth of credit from an unnamed bank in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

They also claim the ring was planning to set up its own cultivation and processing sites in Africa when they were arrested. (Presumably that means they were in the marijuana market, too).

The DEA broke the case in Detroit, where Perry used to live, and tracked him to Atlanta.

Operation Julie chemist Richard Kemp.

Then, less than 25-hours later, another music industry veteran, Sepp Donahower, who recently retired from concert promotion, was arrested during a siezure of 26 pounds of cocaine in Los Angeles. The drugs were valued at $6 million.

A DEA spokesman told *Record World:* "I don't think there's a connection." But the magazine still hinted darkly at what it terms "federal interest in illicit traffic within the music community."

Fresh developments are awaited with interest.

● For the record: The 15 accused in the "Operation Julie" trial, who received a total of 130 years in prison, came up on appeal recently. Their sentences were upheld and their leave to appeal was refused. The three judges were not impressed by the argument that LSD was less harmful than other Class A drugs.

● The pro and anti forces in the cannabis battle have been hard at it over the last couple of months. Selected highlights:

May 16: After two years of deliberation, a Royal Commission inquiry in South Australia came to the same conclusions as other similar inquiries had reached previously in other countries. Namely that the possession of marijuana should no longer be a criminal offence but that commercial dealings in the drug should remain illegal. As usual, these findings will be ignored.

May 18: At their annual conference in Llandudno, the National Association of Probation Officers (NAPO) passed a series of motions calling for the full legalisation of cannabis and resolving that NAPO should affiliate to the Legalise Cannabis Campaign and support their aims and policies.

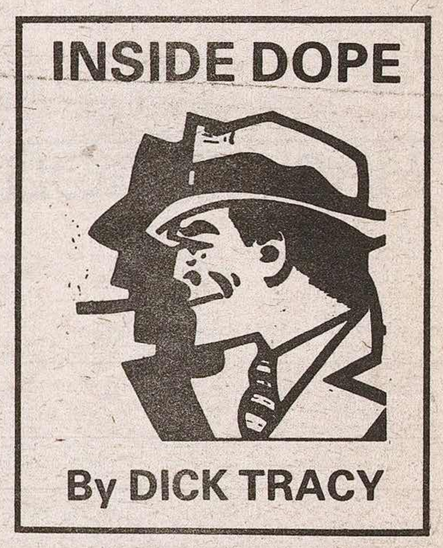
June 9: Peter Burden, Chief Crime Reporter for the *Daily Mail,* wrote a classic anti-cannabis story, with a high quota of myths per inch, and an opening paragraph that read: "The acceptance of cannabis by middle-class parents is producing a lost generation of children, a top American drug detective warned in Miami."

He continued: "There is an urgent need to counteract the Playboy philosophy that cannabis is a harmless giggle weed." Unfortunately, at this point the *Mail's* compositors dropped a brick. The next line reads: "We have a lot of kids growing down the drain." Where else?

June 26: Hard on the heels of other major publishers Robert Maxwell of Pergamon Press has announced his intentions of fighting the evil weed. His first act has been to publish *Keep Off The Grass* by Professor G. G. Nahas, a fine example of reefer madness journalism. In this book African warriors turn into "savage beasts who had lost all sense of danger" under the drug's influence.

The question seems to be whether we're heading forward into the '80s or backwards into the '30s.

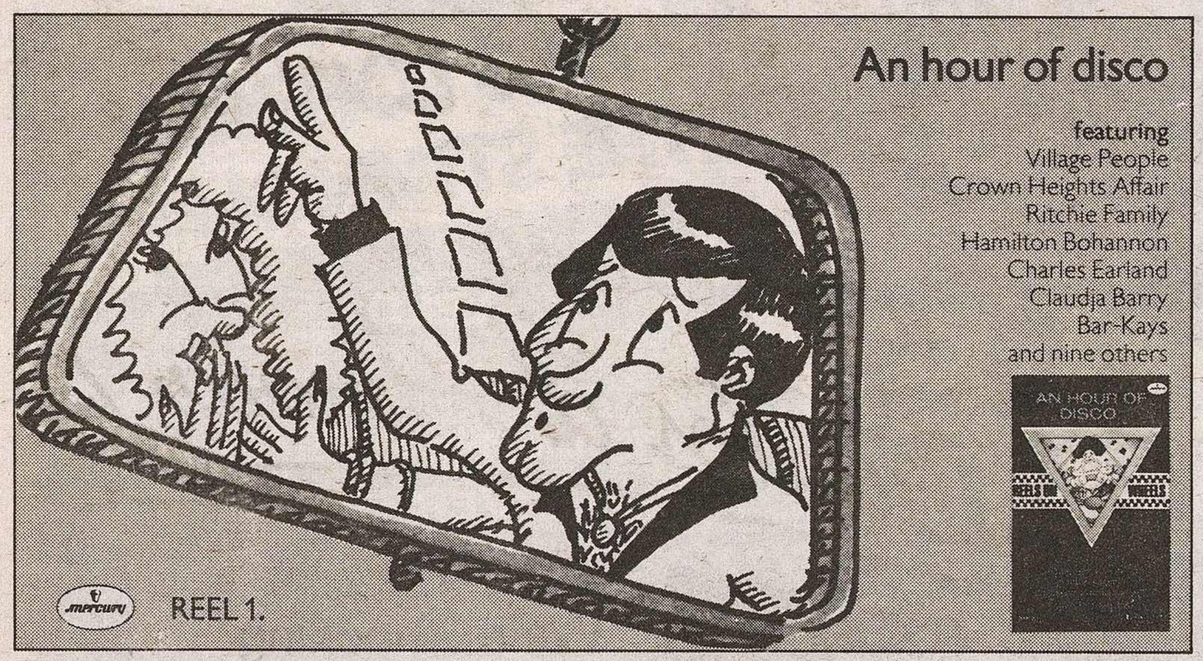
THRILLS

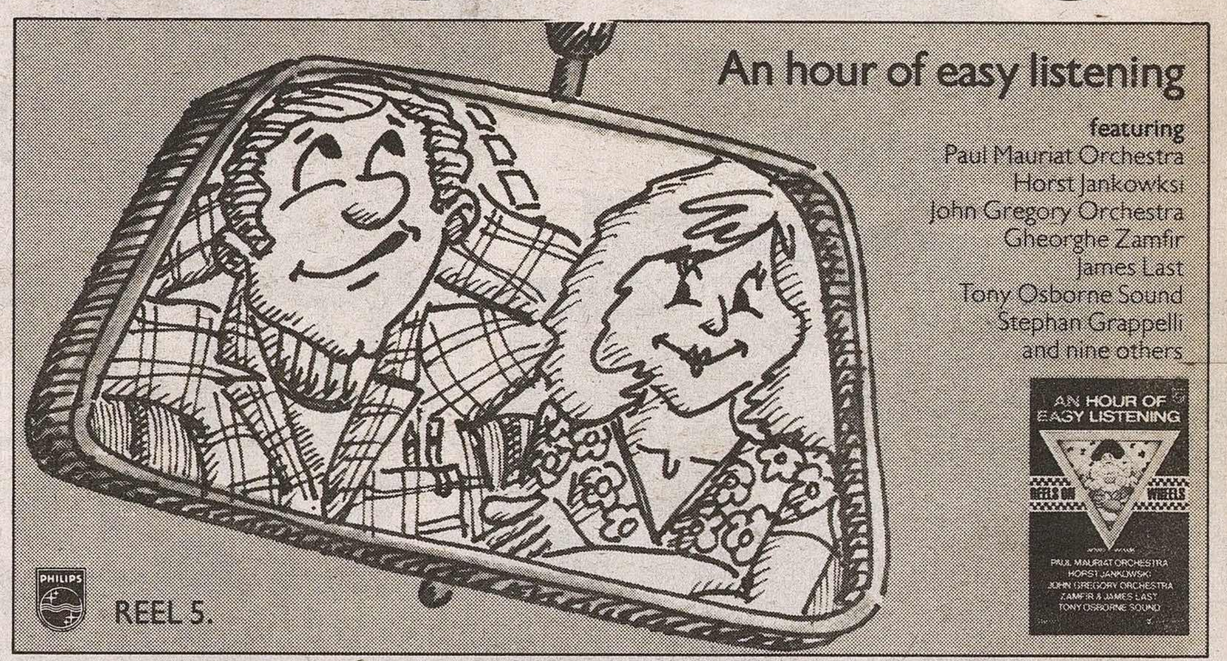


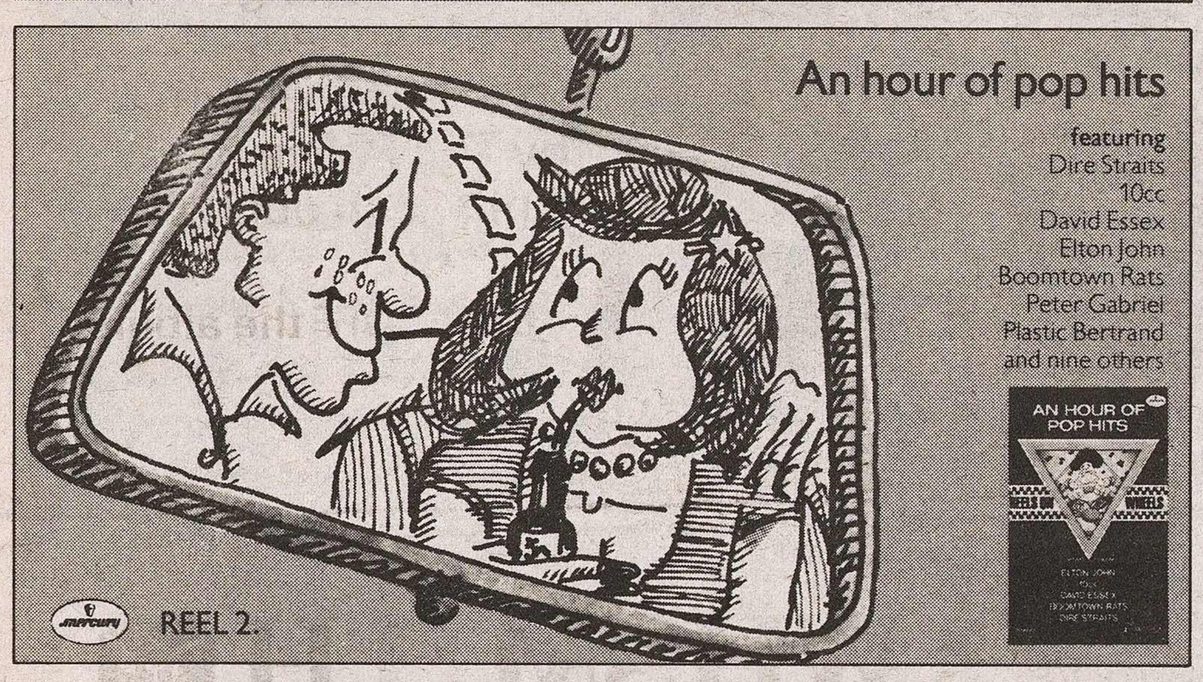
The Lone Groover — *Benyon*

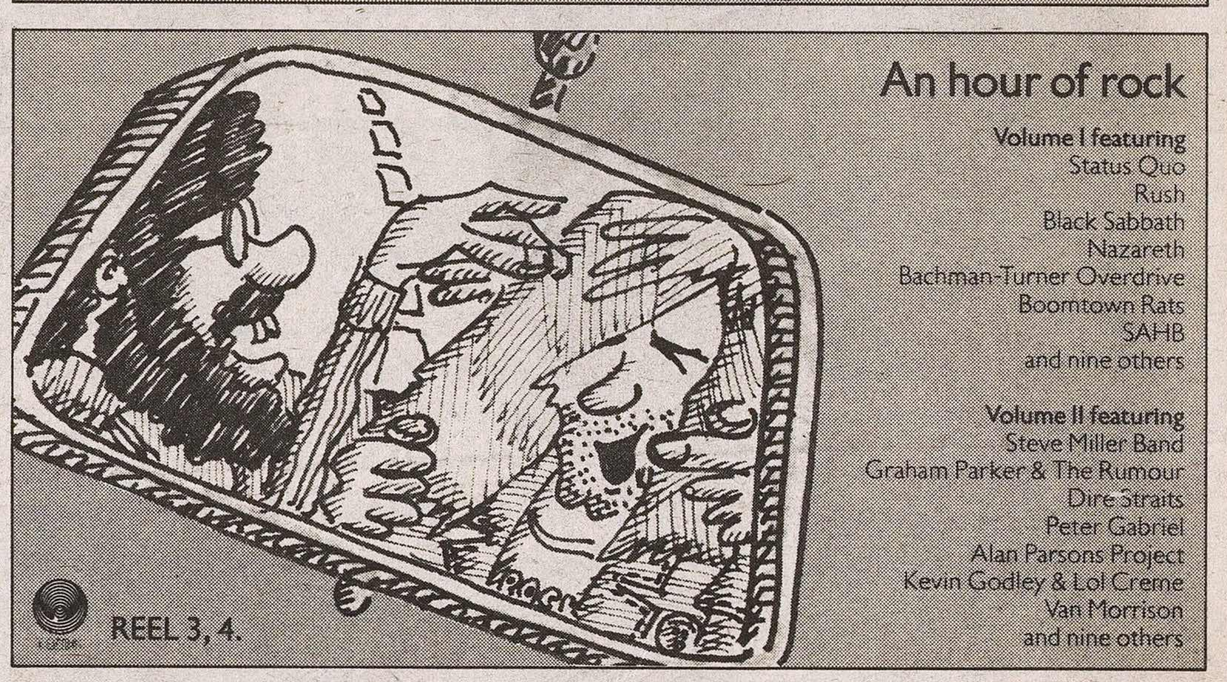
HI GROOVER! I'VE JUST GOT BACK FROM LA.—Y'KNOW TH'CITY EVERYONE GOES TO SO THEY CAN SLAG IT OFF.
BELIEVE ME MAN, THEY'RE ALL TALKIN' BOUT TH'BRITISH INVASION....
..AND IT'S YOU, WE'VE DECIDED, WHO'S GONNA LEAD TH' INVASION.
HMM.. INVASION, EH!
HOW DO YA SEE ME, HEAVY ARTILLERY? STORM TROOPER?
WELL HIYA! SO THIS IS TH'DUDE Y'WERE TELLIN' ME ABOUT...
THIS IS OUR KAMIKAZE PILOT....
ERK! THERE ARE THOSE WHO CAN EVEN CAPITALISE ON A DUDE BOMBING OUT.

"Reels on Wheels" will get you moving



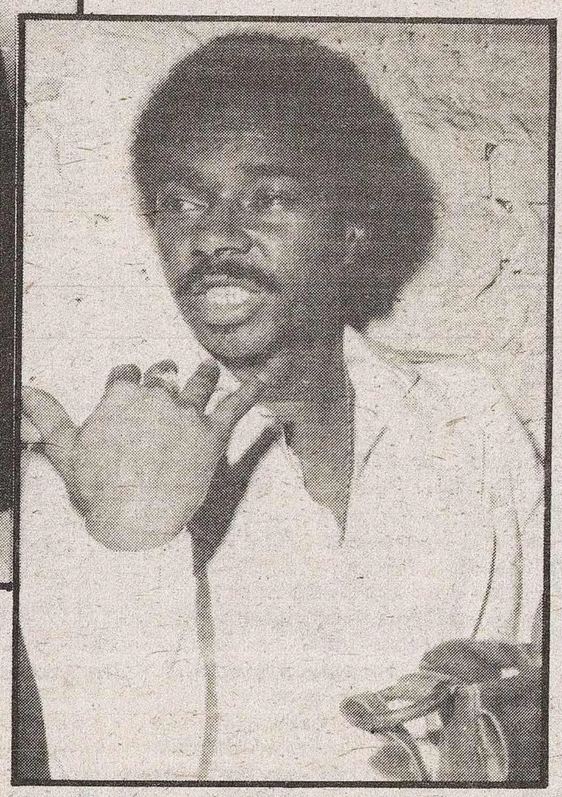






The original tracks by the original artists-only available on cassette.

marketed by phonogram



Left: Minnie Riperton. Below: Van McCoy — the brains behind 'When You're Young And In Love' and 'This Is It'.

Van McCoy, Minnie Riperton cut down in their prime

WHEN LOWELL George died, a kind of half-hearted black joke about 'the season starting' was popular on many lips. In the brief space since his death, that gag has rung awfully true. Within a week of each other Van McCoy and Minnie Riperton have become victims of the Reaper. Both were under forty.

Van McCoy was employed behind the controls more than in front of them — notably as the man behind The Stylistics during their massive mid-'70s success — and his name will turn up at the bottom of many big disco hits either as producer or writer. He made several albums, mostly sugar string disco with the accent on MOR, but turned the world's dancefloors on their ears with his mammoth hit 'The Hustle'.

'The Hustle' sold more than ten million copies and even today, almost five years after its release, it still creates a crazy reaction when played in nightclubs.

He was one of the foremost soul ballad writers too, with successes like 'Baby I'm Yours' and 'When You're Young And In Love' as well as lesser known gems like 'One Girl Too Late' recorded by Brenda and The Tabulations.

More recently McCoy had been working with Melba Moore — creating her finest hour with 'This Is It' — and Aretha Franklin.

His lavish use of strings became a much-imitated trade mark. Indeed, during the years '73-'76 it is fair to say that he and Barry White had an indirect hand in almost every disco/pop hit that charted.

McCoy died on Friday, July 6, in a New Jersey hospital where he'd been since sustaining two heart attacks during the previous week. After the attacks he never regained consciousness and died aged 38.

Minnie Riperton died on Thursday July 12 after losing a long struggle against breast cancer. She had been undergoing therapy for three years and became an active member — Educational Chairman, in fact — of the American Cancer Society.

Her extraordinary vocal range made her one of the most requested back-up singers around, working with Etta James, Johnny Nash, Roberta Flack and Ramsey Lewis. She came to the fore in Britain because of Stevie Wonder's generous use of her voice on his albums.

She soon became unmistakable. Wonder produced her second album — her first being 'Come Into My Garden' on Janus — and it was with this second LP that she became an influential force in pop vocal styles. The 'Loving You' single culled from the album was number one on both sides of the Atlantic, though on this side she was never to repeat the success.

Her following LP 'Adventures In Paradise' also went gold and it was soon after this that the cancer was discovered. In 1977 she was honoured at the White House by President Carter with the American Society Courage Award for her continuing activity and openness about her ordeal, just after she'd had a mastectomy.

Ms Riperton is survived by her husband and sometime co-writer, Dick Rudolph, and by her two children, daughter Maya aged 6 and son Marc aged 11.

A Fund has been set up in her name and contributions should be sent to: The Minnie Riperton Cancer Research Fund, c/o The Concern Foundation, 444 South San Vicente Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90068, USA.

Minnie Riperton was 31.

DANNY BAKER

THRILLS

Great Moments In Space History

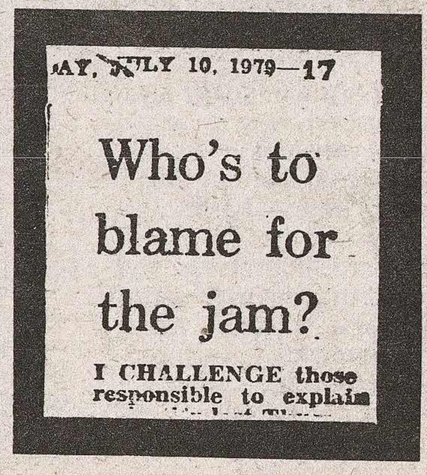
AMIDST THE washing of nostalgia for the 10th Anniversary of the Moon Landing, one great moment in history has been ignored. Only the International Herald Tribune saw fit to record it — as follows.

"Squish. The boot of Edwin Aldrin squished when he became the second man behind Neil Armstrong to step out on the moon. Each time he took a step, that's what Aldrin felt in his left boot because that's where his urine bag was strapped.

"When Aldrin planted his left foot on the moon, his urine bag broke and he squished his way through the most historic walk two persons ever took."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



Tsk tsk! Even the Evening Standard are now accusing Paul, Bruce and Rick of copying Townshend's mob, it seems. Spotted by Graham Styles of Sevenoaks.

You'll just love what W.H.Smith are doing to Outlandos d'Amour!

We're knocking lots of coppers off the new album by The Police until 30th July!

£1.00* OFF the album
50p* OFF the cassette

WHSMITH

Branches throughout England and Wales.
Subject to availability where you see this sign.
*Manufacturer's Recommended Price.

WELCOME

Nervus Rex (l-r): J Gildersleeve, L Agnelli, S Brighton and D Athey relax on stage and chew bubblegum at the same time.

N–N–N–Nervus Rex stop start pop art

WHAT DO these four people have in common? A shy, Diet Cola-loving singer; a drummer who longs for seaside villages and bars; a bassist who can play only ten songs; and a giddy, fun-loving guitarist who lives by the motto 'Sometimes a woman's gotta hit a man''?

The answer has to be that all concerned are members of Nervus Rex — the brightest, poppiest, most accessible group to come out of New York since The Ramones or Blondie. I kid you not.

And, in the wake of triumphant UK visits recently completed by both The Cramps and The B-52's, the emergence of a talent such as the Rex would seem to consolidate the belief that things are once again starting to happen rock-wise over in the Rotten Apple.

Nervus Rex are the brainchild of 21-year-old college drop out Shaun Brighton (lead vocals and Les Paul Custom Guitar) and lively college graduate Lauren Agnelli (guitar and synthesizer), who once penned music reviews for US rock mags under the handle Trixie A. Balm.

On drums there's Jonathan Gildersleeve and on bass the newest member — the one who as yet knows only ten songs — Dianne Athey. Dianne replaced the band's original bassist Lewis Eklund last month.

Formed in 1977, Rex made their reputation on the New York club circuit with a crisp, clean, melodic sound that lies somewhere between the brittle funk of Talking Heads and the pop of The Hollies.

They are certainly as influenced by the British pop groups of the '60s as they are by their Max's and CBGB contemporaries, on the evidence of a demo tape.

As Lauren giggles over the Transatlantic blower: "I guess I do like a lot of the English groups best. Quite a few people have listened to us and said we are like The Hollies.

"I've always liked pop. But in the past most of it was too disposable. Most of the lyrics were too silly. We're trying to be a little more relevant, but it's still pop."

The band seem to have built up a reputation for being stiff on stage.

Lauren giggles again: "A while ago that might have been true. But it was just 'cos we were concentrating so hard on playing our instruments. Now 'we're a lot more image conscious . . . well, maybe not so much image conscious . . . we relax a lot more.

"I think we're getting a lot less arty . . . More poppy."

Those poppy, almost bubblegum, roots are betrayed most glaringly in the four cover versions included in their stage set: Ohio Express's 'Yummy Yummy', Shocking Blue's 'Venus', Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich's 'Hold Tight' and The Hollies' 'Stop Stop Stop'.

But the Rex go further than that. Their pure pop sensibilities are coupled with a strictly '70s sparseness and clarity while Shaun Brighton's words have the same ironic, matter-of-fact, everyday tone as some of Talking Heads' finest moments.

There again, their only record release to date 'Don't Look' / 'Love Affair' (on the Cleverly Named Record Company label) was characterised by a sly, melancholy romanticism. So where they could go from here is really anybody's guess.

Wherever it is, they are going to be helped on their way by producer Mike Chapman (of Chinnichap, Sweet, Mud, Suzi Quatro and, more recently, Blondie fame).

At the start of June they signed a deal with Chapman's new label after being put in contact with him by Clem Burke and Jimmy Destri of Blondie. And they should be out on the West Coast right this minute, putting the starting touches to an album with Chapman at the controls, after which they plan a short British visit.

Lauren: "We only chose Mike Chapman because he's such a laugh. I think it's important that you have someone with a sense of humour when you make an album. Mike is about the funniest bloke around.

"So even if the album comes out sounding awful, at least we'll have had fun making it! It will be a rush!"

And Nervus Rex, once their bass player learns a few more songs, are destined to be the new Racey.

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS

Disco takes a dive at last?

PLANS ARE afoot to open the world's first disco inside a submarine. This unlikely project is the culmination of some 10 years planning by French entrepreneur Maurice Delignon, who constructed the submarine in Africa using photos of two old US subs, and now has the finished craft moored on the banks of the Seine just outside Paris.

The submarine is 71 feet long, and has 1,162 square feet of room inside — enough to contain a first-class lounge, a bar, a restaurant and, of course, a dance-floor. Delignon ran it successfully as a disco for five years in Abijdan on the Ivory Coast, before shipping it to France where he is looking for a buyer. Any offers?

Meanwhile in September a leading American publisher will issue the world's first illustrated disco novel. Entitled *Disco Inferno* by Porter Bibb, it's the story of a full-scale war between two of the hottest discos in New York City: The Gates of Hell and Sisyphus. Bibb was producer of the Stones' movie *Gimme Shelter*.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

Underground rock . . .

POPULAR MUSIC shows on American television are the same waste of time they are on British television, only more so. The two major shows, *Midnight Special* and *Rock Concert*, inevitably showcase the blandest selections of chart acts.

But now the commercial network versions of popular music are getting competition. Independently produced rock shows presenting the unsigned, the unloved, the experimental and the weird, are surfacing on a new medium — "public access" cable television.

Cable television is the fastest-growing aspect of America's national obsession with the boob tube. Originally developed to provide good reception to viewers in rural areas, cable systems link subscribers' regular TV sets to a direct-feed line carrying television signals. Nationwide approximately 16 million viewers are served by cable. In New York, only the borough of Manhattan has the service, but there alone over 170,000 sets have the cable hook-ups.

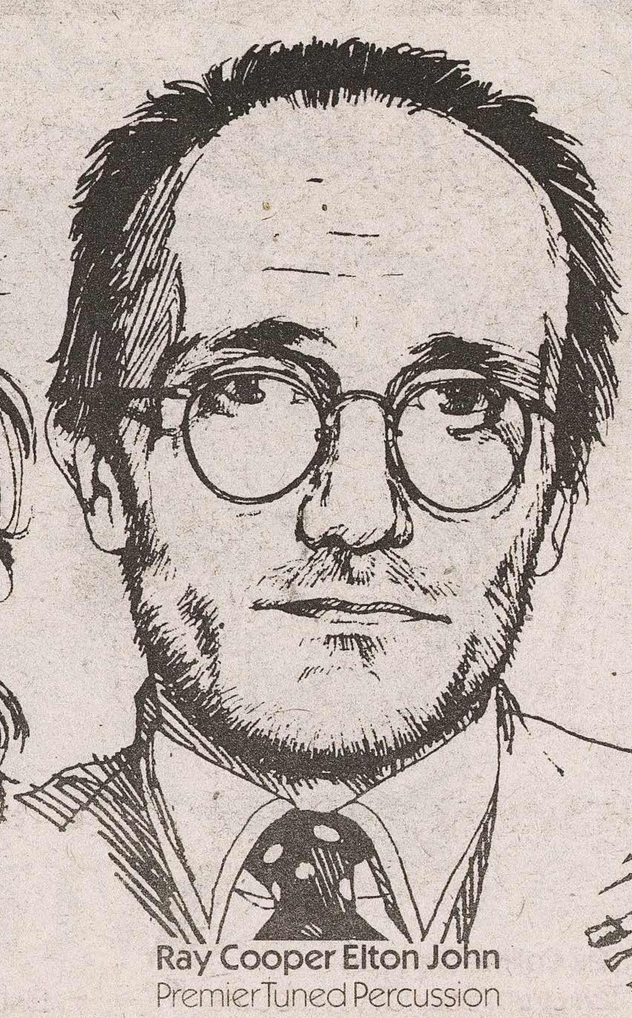
The exciting thing for video freaks of all sorts is that in addition to carrying the stations normally broadcast through the air, cable lines can carry an unlimited number of extra channels. New York cable subscribers get 14 such "cable only" channels.

Local law requires that three of these be set aside by the cable operators as Public Access channels, throwing them open to anyone who wants to reserve time.

Public Access channels are subject to almost no censorship. There is a weekly pornography show called *Midnight Blue*. There is a weekly drugs - and - counterculture show called *If I Can't Dance You Can Keep Your Revolution*, hosted by a young lady named Coca Crystal, which features a

They play Premier.

Richie Hayward Little Feat
Five drum Resonator outfit



Ray Cooper Elton John
PremierTuned Percussion

Clem Burke Blondie
Five drum Resonator outfit

Darrell Sweet Nazareth
Nine drum Elite outfit

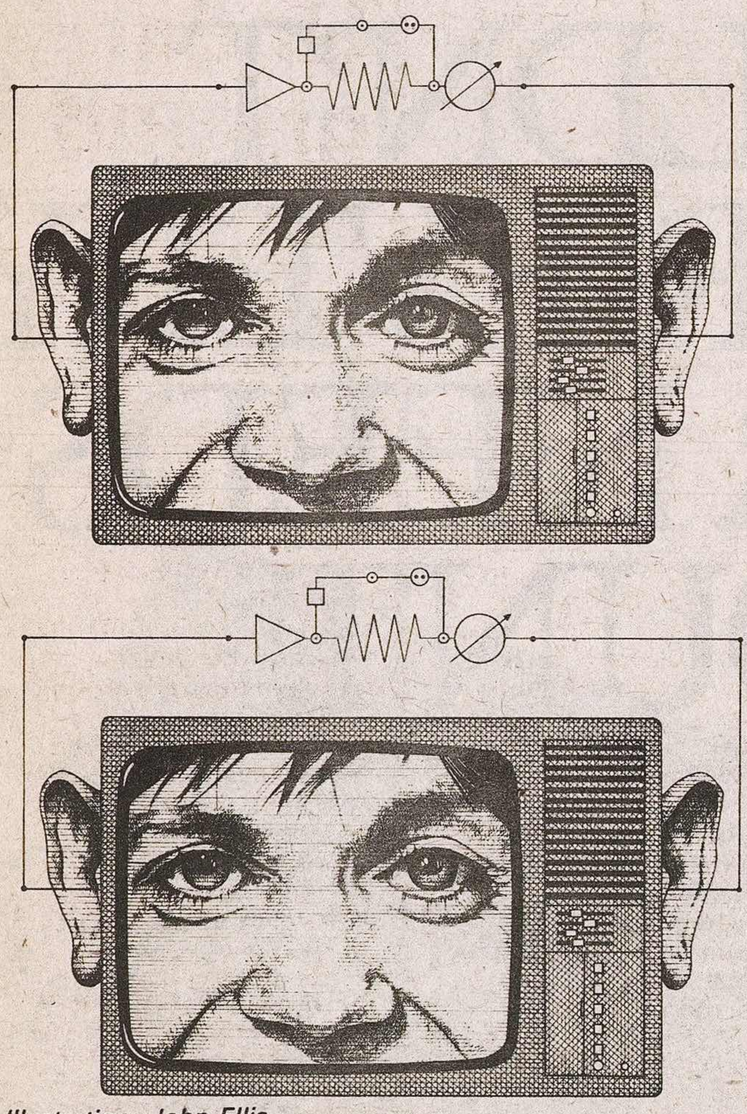


Illustration: John Ellis

Underground TV . . .

Dope of the Week segment, and a Dope Market report that quotes the going prices.

And there is rock and roll. On Sunday nights, Paul Tschinkel airs his *Inner Tube* show, consisting of performances by local bands Tschinkel tapes at Max's Kansas City and CBGB. In recent weeks *Inner Tube* has run tapes of The Heartbreakers, The Model Citizens, James Chance and the Contortions (featuring a fist-fight incident in which Chance takes it on the nose from an irate Max's patron), Nervus Rex, The Necessaries and John Cale.

Tschinkel, whose background is in the visual arts, is becoming a familiar figure in the clubs, crouching in front of the stage with his hand-held video camera. "I like to keep it very simple, so the bands don't even know I'm there," Tschinkel told *Thrills*. "That's why I don't use lights or big equipment. Otherwise you destroy the spontaneity of the performance. One time I told Richard Hell that we'd be taping him, and he came in a specially colourful shirt, and before the set he started saying, 'All right, we'll do this song and that song and then we'll re-tune and . . .' So now I do it secretly."

Tschinkel's approach is a documentary recording of events. *Glen O'Brien's TV Party*, created by *Interview* magazine columnist Glen O'Brien, tries to create its own events. O'Brien holds taping sessions to which he invites musicians of various bands to talk and play whatever they feel like. One night he had Robert Fripp, Chris Stein, Debbie Harry and Walter Stedding in a jam situation, another had The Clash's Mick Jones jest mucking about.

***The Crazy World of Jeff Turtletaub* has shown off tapes made of Talking Head David Byrne back in his college days at Rhode Island lip-synching to old R&B songs.**

And the scene keeps proliferating. Scheduled to premiere next week is a show called *Moogtown*, which will also feature performance tapes. It is slotted for Friday nights, at the same time that the NBC network runs its *Rock Concert* show. It's showdown time.

RICHARD GRABEL

THRILLS

You're never too old to get on board the discowagon

THAT ARCHETYPAL disc personality Wolfman Jack, who began in 1960 playing soul, blues and rock'n'roll on XERF, at the time the strongest commercial radio station in the world, has now gone into the discotheque business, with plans to franchise Wolfman Jack discos around the world.

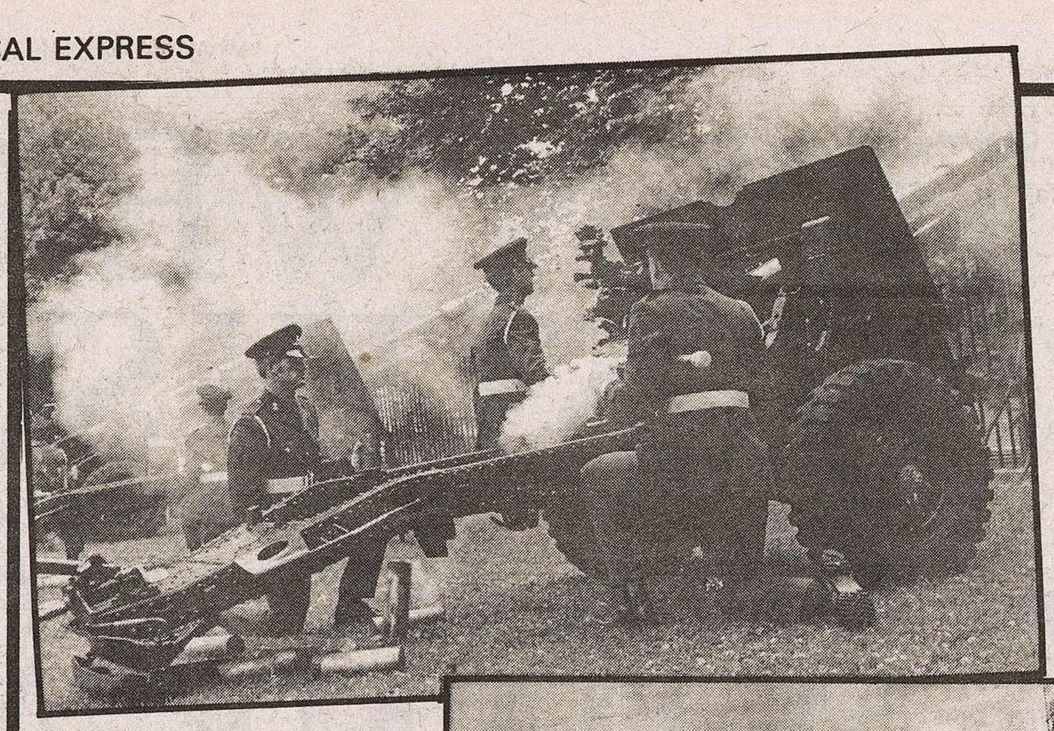
He comments: "Disco has loosened the whole thing up again. It's almost like when rock'n'roll started, when instead of rhythm and blues, which is the old term for soul music, you got the guys like Jerry Lee Lewis, Elvis — you got the white element and the black element.

"And disco has loosened up playlists considerably, because programmers do not know what is a hit record in disco. The disc jockey has a chance to expose new artists, new products. It's a whole new thing in rock'n'roll; it's starting all over again."

Latest convert, incidentally, is Roy Orbison, Yep, the Big O goes disco! "Oh Paaarty Woman . . ."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



devo in another terminal zone . . .

dear thrills, thought morley's devo feature excellent but you didn't have to send the lad all the way to l.a. — up in the north we have three new bands.

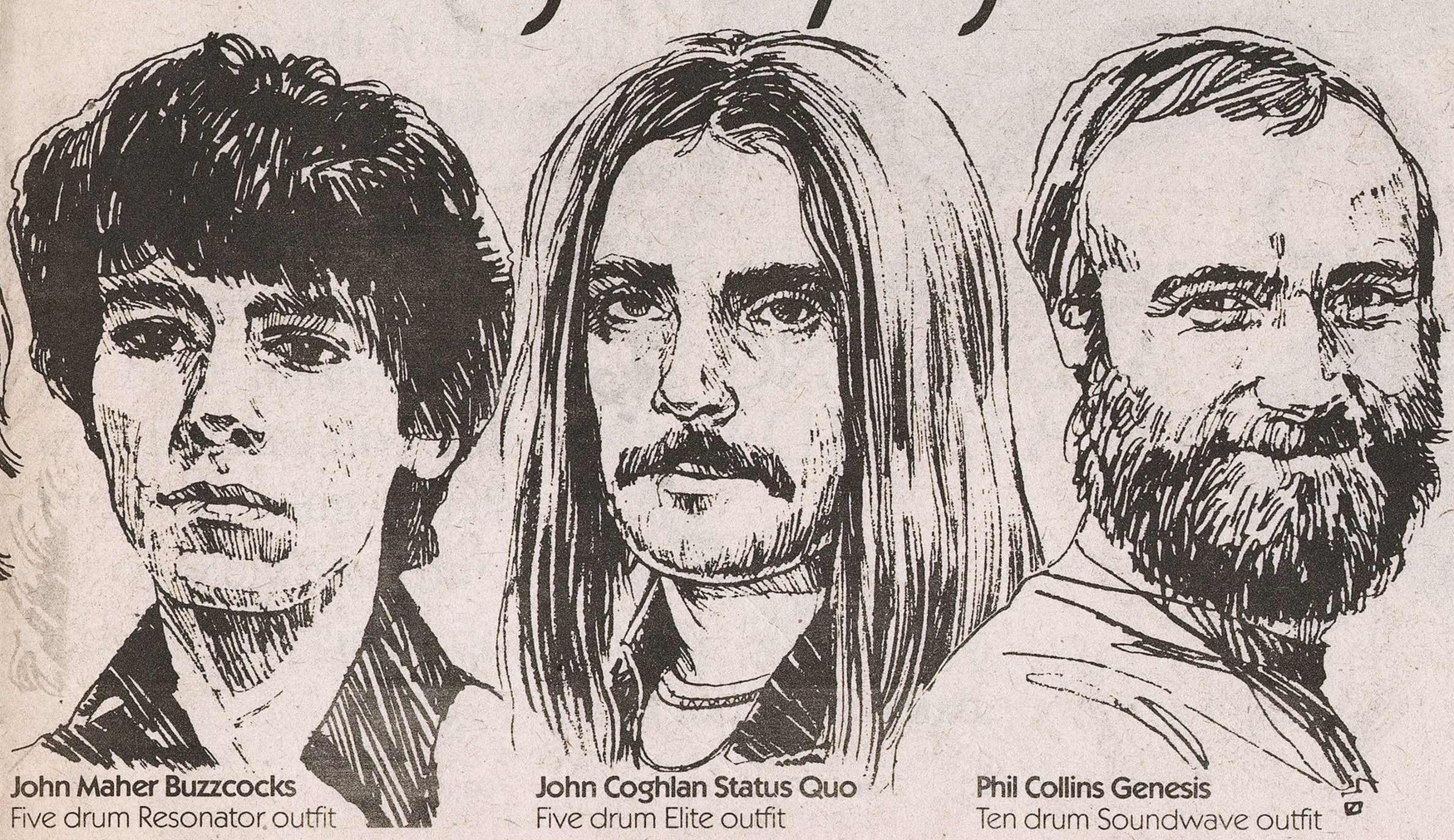
the first called the army is devo to the point where they use only heavy artillery for sound, shooting off large shells at a regular beat while one chants in the background in a loud voice. the other two are the police and the salvation army (no connection with the tubeway army i might add). these bands go more for 'street credibility' by performing on the street with heavy rhythmic instruments and chants, the tribal shaman of the industrial man.

love and nonsense, steve dixon

THRILLS

THE END

Because they don't play like the other guys.



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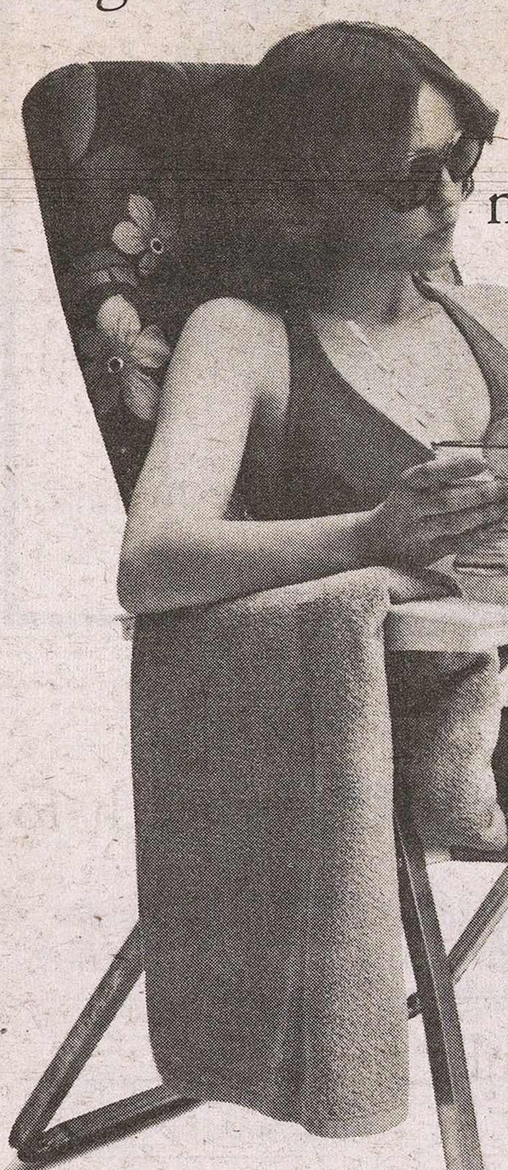

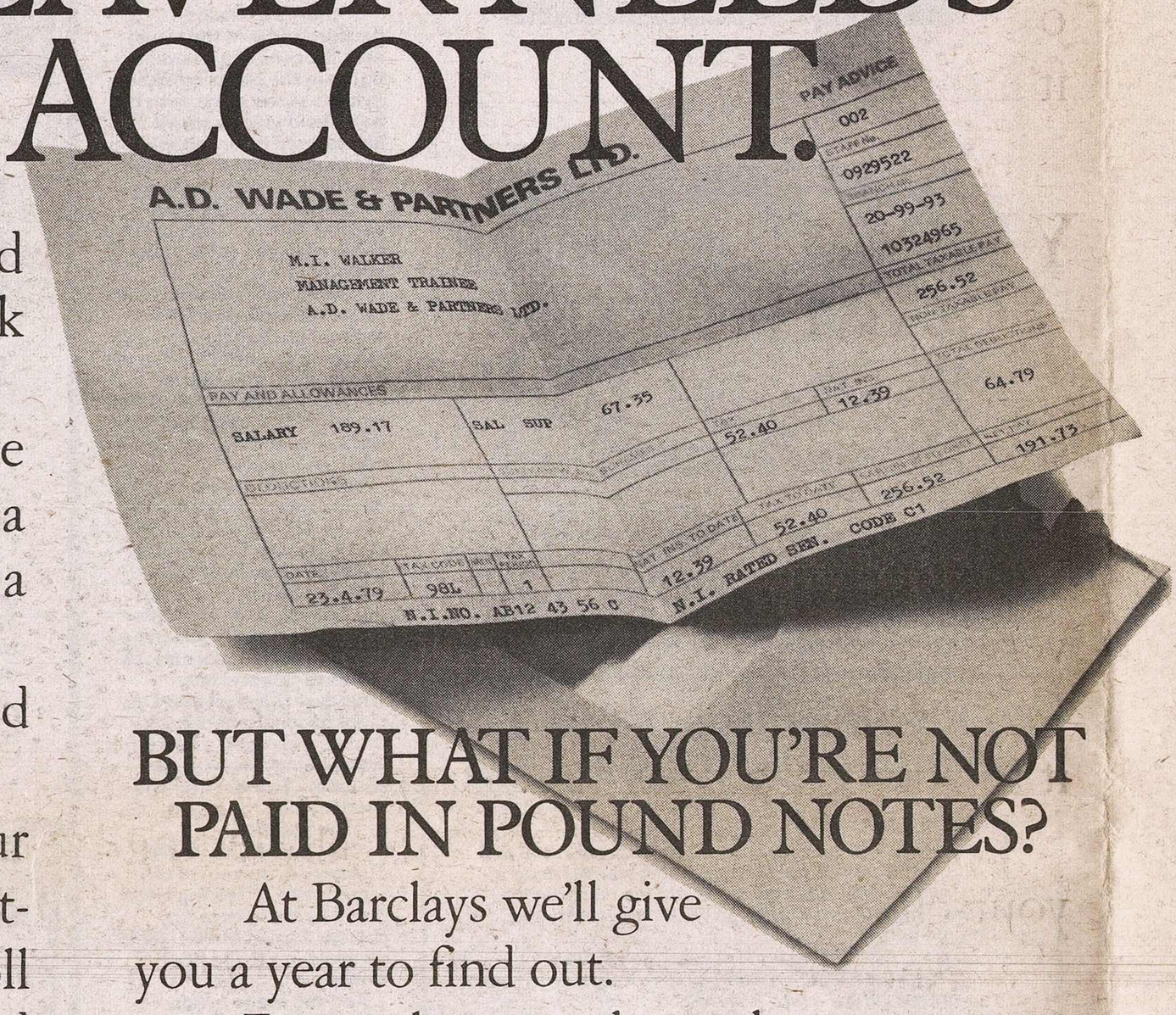

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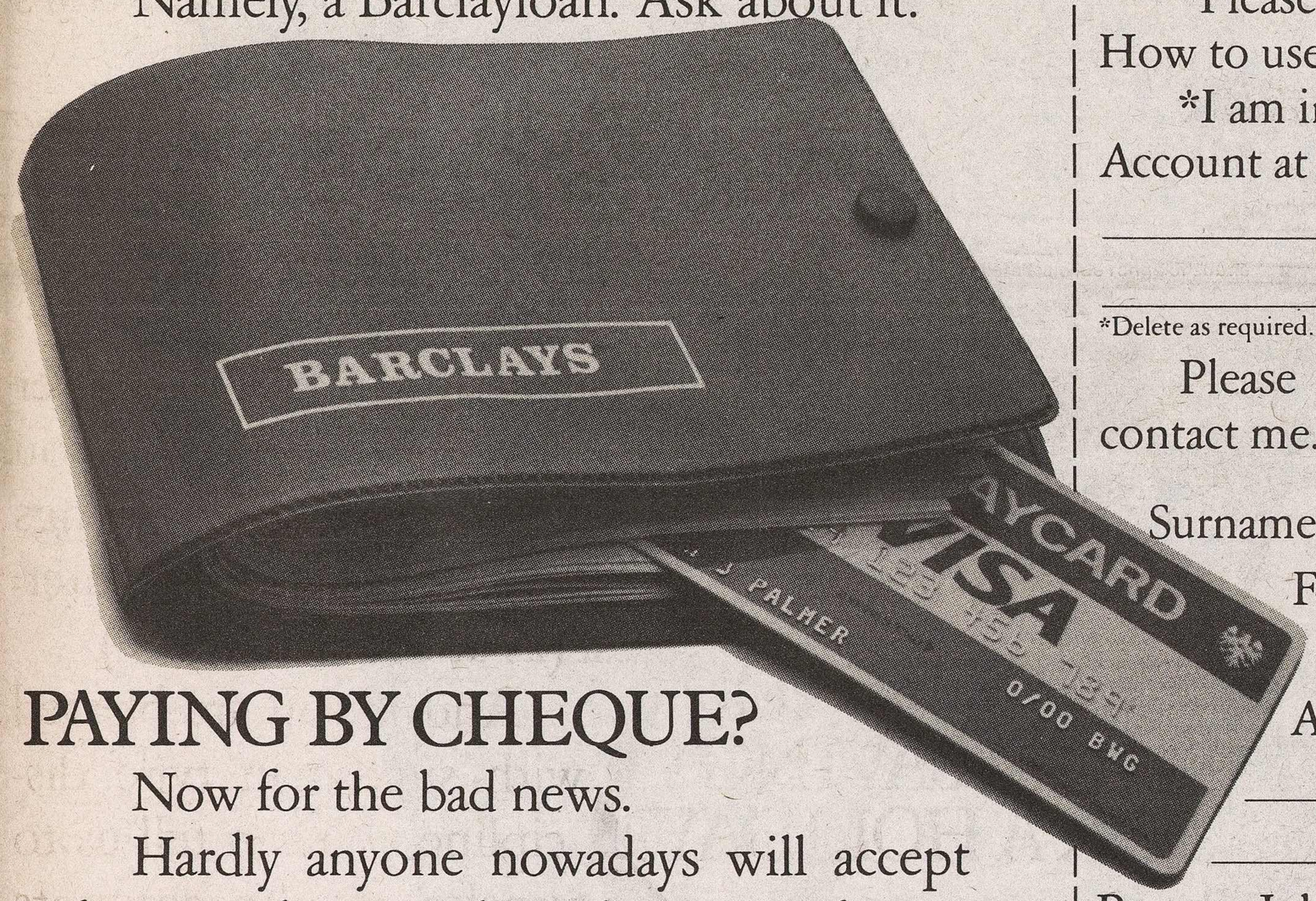

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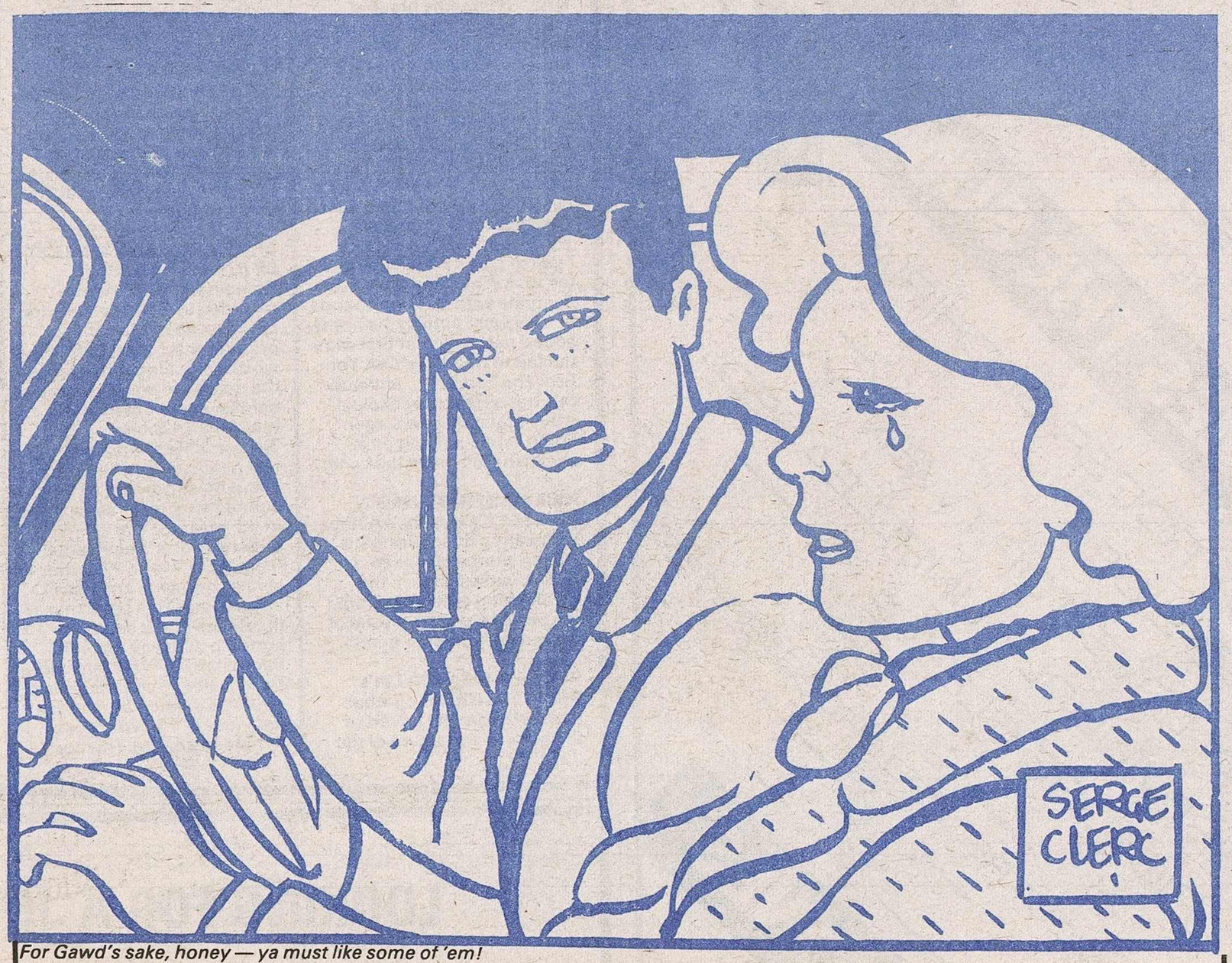

For Gawd's sake, honey — ya must like some of 'em!

Reviewed this week by DANNY BAKER

THE WHISPERS: Can't Do Without Love *(Solar).* The finest song Marvin Gaye's recorded in donkey's years. That he's not on the disc is neither here nor there. The eternal Whispers step back with their first hit since five years back when they were able to claim a chain of wonders — 'Bingo', 'Mother For My Children' — perhaps superior to even Philly or The Detroit Spinners' greatest moments. Well, back we come and their sound is still closer to the dashboard than the discotheque floor, 'Can't Do Without' being a truly sparkling summer song, even if I am convinced they dragged poor barassic Marvin in for the vocals. Still if he can earn himself a few bob off the cards in these worrying times who's gonna grass? Yeah, a memorable 45 — one that, had it been recorded during those years when rock folk insist 'great pop/soul singles were made', it would doubtless today have been held in awe and only available with a doctors prescription. But it was recorded right here and right now and we should be thankful.

COOL NOTES: My Tune *(Scope).* More summer. Reggae and me rarely go too far, mainly because whenever I confess a liking to anything a little skanky it's usually pointed out to me and me that the rhythm I fancy is an awful specimen of its breed, four years old, a sell-out, and watered-down British pressing of an original Jamaican mix. Always happens, that. Still this one's pure pop like Marley's 'Jamming' or 'Waiting In Vain' so I guess it isn't pretending to line up in the 'specialist' stakes. Neat, not too sweet, and guaranteed central heating during those long months ahead. It's from the same firm who have finally got 'Silly Games' to the top and this will carry the same appeal into the nation's lugs. This time I believe it's Deniece Williams who's on her beam ends, so similar is the front girl. The reverse of this 12-inch is a heavier thing of still some value, however just who's getting paid in the hand here is not so clear. Fine record.

DIRE STRAITS: Lady Writer *(Vertigo).* So laid back we damn well nearly returned to last week's issue. Straits keep the ball dozing with 'The Sultans Of Swing — Some Further Adventures'.

BOBBY RUSH: Do The Do *(Philadelphia import).* Probably the strangest baby is that of disco and the blues. Bobby Rush is Otis's brother and this record, I understand, is not to be released here. A small shame for this hardnosed shuffle. It's more akin to the blues than most of Johnny 'Guitar' Watson's singles, combining the one short riff with all manner of harmonicas and jews harps. By the end it firmly has you, though whether you'll ever have it lays in the hands of CBS and your import store.

ANITA WARD: Make Believe Lovers *(TK).* Ages ago you may recall this column recommending 'Ring My Bell', so there! Anita's follow up is a tepid mid-dance piece of little joy. Alas, so young, too young . . .

THE HEARTBREAKERS: Get Off The Phone *(Beggars Banquet).* I never like to use the word 'dated' but this record positively walks with a stick. Cold rock'n'roll taken live, every next line? Riff gets telegraphed from the opening chord.

THE MEN: I Don't Depend On You *(Virgin).* I think Virgin must've recorded two thirds of their recent product on the same day, because they insist on identifying with that lame hubble-bubble synthesizer. The Men record is dreary, sort of moody Chicory Tip with Peter Skellern overtones. It's sleeve — you kinda knew some sleeves were gonna get reviewed didn'tcha? — has a woman in stern man-drag posing by a kitchen unit. Such subtlety. What can it all mean?

SPARKS: Beat The Clock *(Virgin).* C'mon pretty Russell let's Moog it and groog it. At least Sparks have Giorgio in there to let them know that if you twiddle certain buttons you get different sounds. Astounded Virgin Records officials plan a whole new catalogue . . . and then release a 45 with the same track on both sides but with 'alternative mixes'. Unfortunately I've seen the video that goes with this and the whole project is jaundiced for me — though it's not much to write home about anyway.

CHEAP TRICK: Surrender *(Epic).* A well-thumbed tune well parcelled into a sound as full as a bull's bum. I won't pretend I can't see their appeal — the Wings end of Heavy Metal, the sound of Thin Lizzy with Todd Rundgren at the wheel. It's not a particularly dazzling bit of work though, and won't disturb your radio snoozing. (QED.)

DIANA ROSS: The Boss *(Motown).*

TEENA MARIE: Sucker For Your Love *(Motown).* From the new LP of the same name . . . and Diana is reported to be sinking at a hopeless rate. Well, true, the album is pretty flat, but this single is fair enough. In my capacity as DJ — see Gig Guide — I get an alarming number of requests for both of these discs, so maybe Motown will get a hit just in time. Jesus but their recent output has been desparate — Switch, Motown Sounds, High Inergy, Mandre, all rubbish. However, Diana warbles a bit of fresh air. She remains anonymous, really, as most disco singles are seemingly belted out by an endless line of dynamite femmes, but let's hear it for Ashford and Simpson who arranged the thing. The horn lines are excellent. Plus putting it onto 12-inch rescues it from the album's dull feel. Not a classic but worth searching for when you've got one spare at the end of your three for 20 pence.

Teena Marie will provide Bootsy with his biggest hit. An overwhelming steal from the Clinton sound, it scores over its originator in that it knows how to tread the commercial line without tumbling over into over the top. Unless, continuing our theory, it IS Bootsy doing what Marvin and Deniece find necessary to foot the bills. I did hear rumours that Barry Gibb drives a minicab between engagements.

The Whispers

Jackie Moore

NILS LOFGREN: Shine Softley *(A&M).* Cry Duff. An almost Christmas carol outing for Nils and a shocking display of tippy tappy Graham Nash qualities. Don't give up the bread round just yet, Grin.

JACKIE MOORE: This Time Baby *(CBS import).* One of my all-time-ever-will-be's is Jackie Moore, ignored only by those who have trouble blinking in unison. At last we can rest easy with the SINGLE OF THE WEEK. What I said about Diana Ross being lost in legions of female voices just don't apply to the shivery blasts of Jackie Moore. Sweeter, neater than Millie Jackson and harder, more emotional than a bargeload of Melba Moores (with no disrespect to either), the woman is back in our life so strong. 'This Time Baby', after but a few plays, is creeping up on her past killers like 'Both Ends Against The Middle' and 'Sweet Charlie Babe'. My greatest regret in life — apart from seeing the re-make of *Lost Horizon* — is losing my copy of her 1974 Atlantic LP. None of us should lose this single.

THE FLYING LIZARDS: Money *(Virgin).* If I dug Virgin out earlier on, then they can come from the corner and remove the cone-shaped hat just for having this band on their books. Following up their billion selling 'Summertime Blues' they take on Berry Gordy's 'Money' and, to quote Bernard-Shaw, piss all over it. Backed by what even I can recognise as the duffest dub in the world, 'Money' comes on crisp and essential listening.

GARDEZ DARKX: Bliss *(Wavelength).* When you've searched through a shaft of guitar scrambling, hearing a trumpet is an unnerving thing. From Bristol, Gardez Darkx — imagine how putting 'the' and 'band' at either end would take the mystery from that handle — release an interesting night club jazz breeze that borrows a little of its phrasing from Jethro Tull's 'Living In The Past' (I think). It's far from bad, or boring even, but ends up a little to stylised for its own good.

BITCH: Big City *(Hurricane).* I hate to use the word 'dated' but I once dated a girl who looked like the singer in this group. Bitch are Penetration on amateur night three years ago. Whilst I care for the kind of vocalising Gaby Gawin metes out, the track is still forgettable.

THE VALVES: It Don't Mean Nothing At All *(Albion).* There are some good ideas in this single but the body of it is clumsy. There's a great opening, and the backing vocals are neatly suspended, but whoever slung that drumbeat together wants lynching. A failure — but not a total loss. In fact, having played it twice more, 'Don't Mean Nothing' proves one of the more positive 45s this week.

MUD: Drop Everything And Run *(Carrere).* Having shrugged off its 'Eagles' period, the ailing vehicle goes for a sub-Lizzy rock. There's now a female fronter, but all is lost for sure.

LAURA LEE: Sat-is-fac-tion *(Fantasy).* Along with Jackie Moore, I thought the sun shone out of Laura Lee's ear. Well, they've both returned, but Laura don't carve her name so well I'm afraid. This is a bit of a tuppenny ha'penny tune, and she reduces her talent to breathing out a deal of the

■ *Continues over page*

SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

lyric. The middle break is good, with a simmering bass and drums holding back under a saxophonist who's hell bent on blowing his liver out through the horn.

THE REAL THING: Boogie Down (Get Funky Now) *(Pye).* I mean, the title's knackered it before it get's a chance, right? The very substantial Real Thing drop many points releasing this atrocious force fed funk. They don't need to compete with U.S. funk bands — they were cutting the home sound perfectly. But first came the fair to middling 'Can You Feel The Force' . . . and now this trash. This may explain why I thought I saw singer Eddie Amoo serving on a shellfish stall down the Lane.

NICK GILDER: You Really Rock Me *(Chrysalis).* Another suffocating title. Surrogate Queen chorus climaxes boring verses. In fact, the whole thing is straight from the pen of old Mercury, he of the burst chandelier gums.

ROGER CHAPMAN: Let's Spend The Night Together *(Arista).* From the advert of the hotel of the album of the street of the jeans etc. Pretty tame, straightfoward trash mainly notable for sterile backing vocals. Nick Kent says it's really Kevin Coyne. One thing is certain — I wouldn't cash a cheque for either of them.

JAYNE AIRE AND THE BELVEDERES: Call Me Every Night *(Virgin).* Barely recognisable as the perpetrator of the mighty 'Yankee Wheels'. This record is real 'B' side junk, weak pop and pointless.

SPECTACULAR COMMODITY EP *(Groucho Marxist).* Containing five bands recorded in Glasgow on what may be one of the old wax cylinder machines. Definitely worth searching out, even if the tracks are so much rabble babble. A run-down of the run-down: 1 Sneex' 'Radiomania' is an obvious rant against disco and pop, about how it should all be banned and 'real' music given to the masses. You understand; 2 The Poems' 'Poster On The Wall' carries a similar message against all advertising. This band makes the Sneex tirade seem like it's jumping with gay abandon. Sample lyric: *"This inferiority thing is not so complex/Just neurosis created by certain individuals"*. So why does it remind me of The Thymes' 'Ms Grace'?. The remaining three outings — Mod Cons' 'Buildings Of The Seventies', The Mental Errors' 'Irrelevance' and XS Discharge's 'Machete Shuffle' — all follow much the same 1977 blueprint. The EP's massive drawback is its absolute and total joylessness, although this may be seen as a plus by those who carry that crazed twist in their eye. As I say, it's worth digging about for anyway. Recorded in five hours too.

THE GIBSON BROTHERS: Ooh What A Life *(Island).* The sensational Gibsons. Baffling, really, how such a giant sound as 'Cuba' could be such a little hit. This time — as with most of their LP — they repeat that Salsa rhythm. It's a crushing unstoppable beat. Though they sound direct from treading New York's streets with one of those mammoth radios in their grasp, the Gibson's are from France and their Salsa is made in Paris. It's always worth getting their singles as they back them with instrumental versions that are as dynamite as the A sides. One of my favourite groups of this fabulous year, The Gibson Brothers. You must be able to feel it by now. As Neil Young almost said: *"Ooh Ooh, Pow Wow/Disco music right here, right now."*

LOOKING FOR A JOB OR JUST ON A LONG HOLIDAY

Now is the time to stop the sunbathing and see pages 56 & 57.

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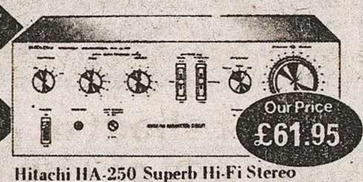

Hitachi HA-250 Superb Hi-Fi Stereo amplifier giving 20W output per channel, OCL circuitry, Mic. mixing low filter that reduces hum and accommodation for two sets of tape decks and speakers.

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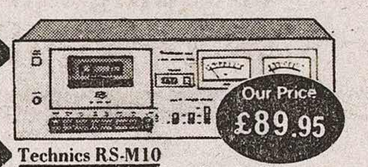

Technics RS-M10 Outstanding front loading Dolby cassette deck with super permalloy recording/playback head, CrO_2/FeCr/ Normal tape selector, full auto-stop, timer stand-by button.

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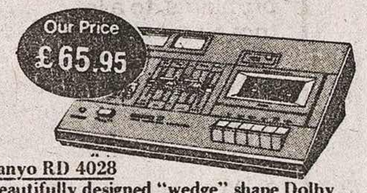
Sharp GF 9090E Magnificent battery/mains stereo cassette tape recorder fitted with Auto Programme Search System (APSS), MW/LW/SW/FM stereo radio, twin VU meters, normal/CrO_2/Fe-Chr. tape facility plus many other features.



Sanyo RD 4028 Beautifully designed "wedge" shape Dolby Stereo Cassette deck featuring record level controls with index markers, Cr02/FeCr/ normal tape facility, bias/equal switches, tape counter and auto stop. Marvellous value.

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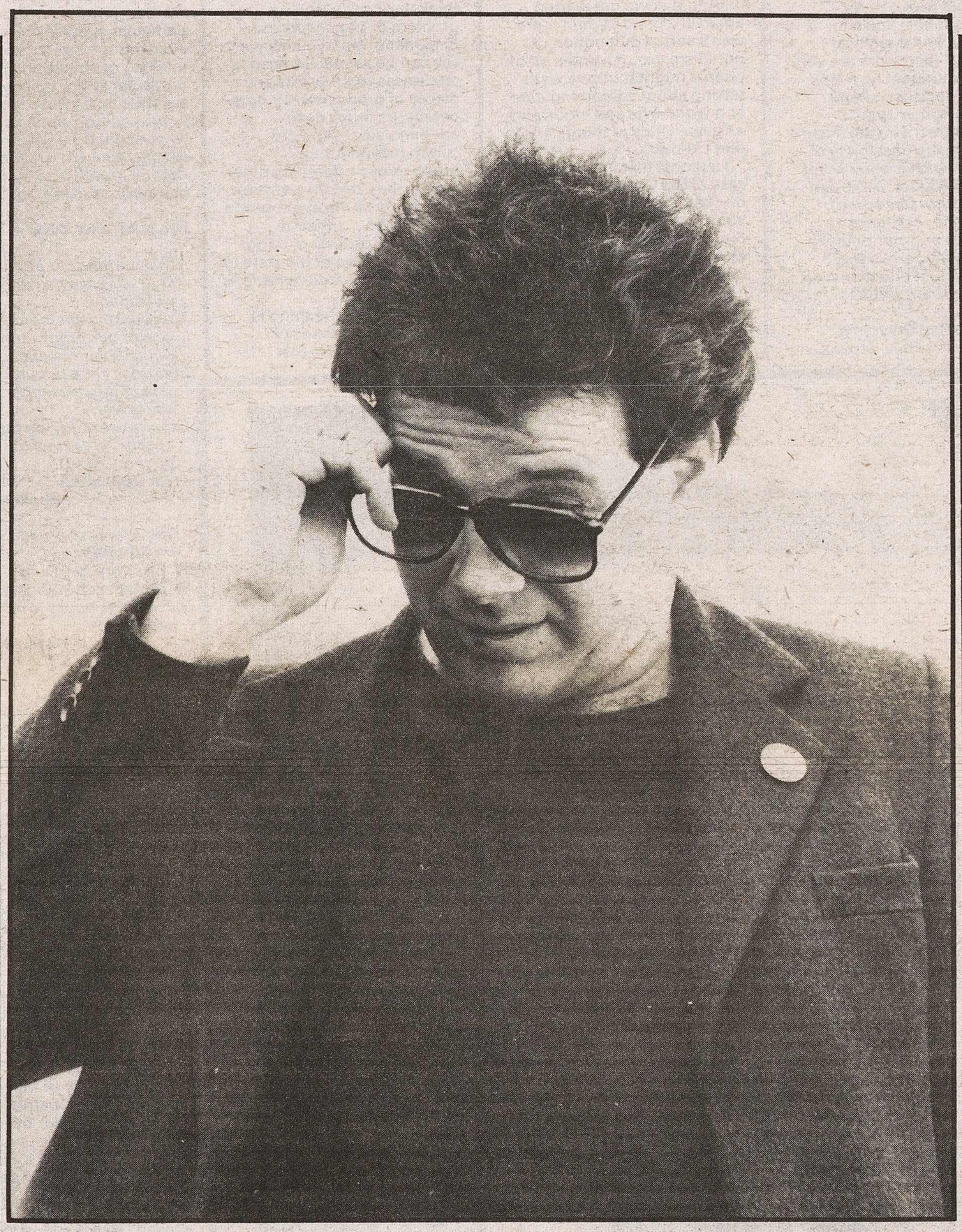

No doubt about it, pop pickers — ol' MAYO THOMPSON of THE RED CRAYOLA knows a chart-bound sound when it hits him with the OED. Ain't keeping the formula secret either. Words: ANDY GILL. Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY.

"I'm not *just* The Red Crayola. I live in the world, and The Red Crayola's a very small part of what I do. It's not my only public practice, by any means. *I* count as public practice the way I behave at the pub, or in a restaurant, the way I drive on the highway — it's a *complex* of social relations."

Or, to put it another way, although The Red Crayola is undoubtedly Mayo Thompson, Mayo Thompson is not *necessarily* The Red Crayola. That "band", and his production work for Rough Trade (in the tiny kitchen of whose offices I interviewed him one sweltering Friday afternoon), are but the currently-visible tip of a career which spans 13 years and several disciplines.

As the above quote suggests, his views on "social responsibility" and the status of rock music in relation to other activities are somewhat out of step with general rock'n'roll thinking. Not that he'll lose any sleep over *that,* mind: The Red Crayola could hardly be said to have ever been *in* step with prevailing trends. . .

UH, HISTORY DANCE

"They say we fear that which we cannot see.
We hate what we fear.
But, we also hate some things we see".

— One Million Years

EXPLAINING the formation, in 1966, of The Red Krayola (spelt originally with a 'K'), Mayo Thompson makes reference to '". . .the old American adage 'If you want something done right, do it yourself'."

At the time, the three founders — Steve Cunningham (bass), Rick Barthelme (drums) and Mayo (guitar) — couldn't actually "play", a state of affairs which, though fairly commonplace today, can have had few precedents in 1966.

Mayo and Rick — the brother, incidentally, of author Donald Barthelme — had been involved in film-making and various other "arts" activities, and The Red Krayola was simply "an extension of those activities into other areas".

They made two albums for the Houston-based International Artists label, 'The Parable Of Arable Land' (1967) and 'God Bless The Red Krayola And All Who Sail With It' (1968), neither of which could be considered remotely *normal* even by the standards of the day, which perhaps explains why the band broke up several times around that period.

'Parable' is actually six pieces by The Red Krayola — and best of which is 'Hurricane Fighter Plane' — separated and surrounded by a series of 'Freeform Freakouts' (ie. noise) performed by a vast collection of friends and acquaintances known collectively as The Familiar Ugly.

'God Bless', for which Tommy Smith replaced Rick Barthelme on drums, was a comparatively straight collection of 20 short songs, varying in length from a few seconds to a few minutes; only *comparatively* straight, mind — rather like an American analogue of the early Soft Machine/Canterbury sound. I think it's the better of the two, the more fully-realised work. But then, I don't believe it's possible to actively *dislike* an album which contains a track titled 'Ravi Shanker: Parachutist'.

Thompson freely admits that the early Red Krayola were indulgent, but maintains that unlike most of the bands around at that time their indulgence was tempered by a Jesuitical, anti-hedonistic attitude.

"When we got started in the mid-60s, there was a lot of tacit approval of notions of an alternative culture; and there was a leap made from thinking it might be a good idea to try to sort out some of those problems, to a lot of people thinking those problems had in fact been sorted out. And we felt some distinct aversions to a lot of the maunderings that underlay a lot of the 'world-view' philosophies of that time.

"We always approached music — and still do — from the point of view that popular music is corrigible activity, that it is not necessarily *a priori* irredeemable or *a priori* wonderful and meaningful. It is corrigible in the sense that one is obliged to recognise the processes and forces that are involved in making it."

In terms of "creative production", the next year of note (after the eventual dissolution of The Red Krayola) was 1970, which saw the release of *Rangoon,* Thompson and Barthelme's collection of writings and drawings, and Thompson's solo single 'Old Tom Clark'/'Pig Ankle Strut') and album — known as either 'Corky's Debt To His Father' or 'Corky's Cigar'.

The latter, which he describes as "an attempt to blow Van Morrison off the highway", aimed to disabuse the then-prevalent singer-songwriter genre of certain of its misconceptions.

"It tried to point out the *complications* in relationships, rather than just glorify The Splendid Moment. . ."

Since then, he's been associated with the Art & Language group, eventually producing an album with them in late 1976. Art & Language is a fairly recent variant of Conceptual Art and the most extreme example of the 20th Century trend towards theory, explication and criticism in the (ostensibly) visual arts. (A trend brilliantly — and hilariously — examined by Tom Wolfe in his indispensable little essay *The Painted Word).* Lots of arty facts but few artefacts, if you get my drift.

If you *do* get my drift you'll understand why I recorded this interview on a cassette which (hitherto) contained recordings of The Red Crayola, an act I now designate as A Work Of Art: the Illumination covering/erasing the Illumined. . .

I'd surmise — though there's no way of knowing for sure, of course — that it's the A&L connection which is largely responsible for Mayo's tendencies towards verbosity (the pot calling the kettle black?) and his occasionally, ah, circumambiguous answers.

For instance, when I ask what the intentions of the A&L record were, he replies:

"To make an LP that dealt critically with the processes and kind of relations that are entailed when you make a record. As a way of expressing, it opened up certain possibilities that, say, writing an essay and publishing it in *Art & Language Journal* didn't offer, or putting something on the wall of a gallery didn't offer."

Which is all very well, but which deals solely with the *formal* aspects; it doesn't tell you what the record's *about,* what the songs deal with — which, when pressed, he lists as:

"The problems of making history, given that most history is made for you; the ideological features of any work as a function of consumer relations, as opposed to democratic organisational imperatives; sectional militancy, as opposed to privatised militancy, of which you find a great deal in pop music — the critical factor is the ability to *expand* on privatised militancy, the possibilities for the social militancy *in general* as opposed to private, consumerist militancy."

Which *I* think is far more interesting and informative and which brings us, rather neatly, to the

UH, SOCIAL DANCE

"Hits wreck statistical claims". — **March No. 14**

THOMPSON'S position vis-a-vis the music and youth "movements" of both the late 60s *and* the late 70s enables him to assess with some authority the motivations, trends and failings of youth culture in general. Offhand, I can't think of any other musician who's been actively involved in both eras on a strictly grass-roots level.

So what hope does he hold for the 70s, after the hedonistic debacle of the 60s? Are the more recent developments, in his eyes, *really* less fashion-orientated, less style-based, than before?

"Yes, at the core. Though certain ramifications *are* style-based. I think people realise this time around, in a much more forceful way, that the connections between these cultural expressions and the *social bases* of those cultural expressions have got to be recognised and articulated in some *real* way. Before, a lot of those expressions were taken for granted. Those who *are* taking them for granted clearly *are* voyaging into style, and are clearly irrelevant."

Such as?

"I think Siouxsie & The Banshees have voyaged into style, and are irrelevant."

Quite so. And, later:

"Maybe I'm swimming against the stream by saying that I want to get pop music, as an order of expression, into scale with everything else, when its tendency is to get out of scale with reality. In the train today I met a 17-year-old soldier who liked Abba; but that didn't stop us having a conversation even though I personally can't abide Abba . . ."

Compare the quote which prefaces this article with the oft-reported (and crashingly boring) antics of tossers like, say, Cook, Jones and Pursey: to whom do you feel most sympathetic? Your preference will, I think, say quite a lot about you.

It all comes down, ultimately, to notions of "responsible freedom" which apply both socially *and* personally: not freedom *from,* but freedom *for* something, is what matters.

"If we acknowledge that we are in the margins of a 'movement' for social change — if popular music is in fact marginal and therefore largely confined to a *reflective* function, it has only got a certain limited set of possibilities for being *reflexive,* i.e. acting on your own history — then the problem becomes fairly clear-cut.

"The dominant ideology is going to be the one which wins arguments over and over again, and obviously we're trying to win arguments; but I

■ *Continues over page*

■ *From previous page*

don't think that whether or not we've won is going to be reflected in how many records we sell."

Which sounds, to me, very much like the opening steps of the

UH, DIALECTIC DANCE

"'The problem of discourse' is problematic.
I insist, in this respect, on being most emphatic."
— Letter-Bomb

THE IMPORTANCE Thompson places on "winning arguments", and his view of pop music as corrigible activity, indicate the importance, for him, of setting up a dialectic (in the general philosophical sense, not the bastardised Marxist-shorthand sense). Progress by weak, falsifiable hypotheses is his procedure.

Unfortunately, any attempts to set up such a dialectic are hindered by the fact that The Red Crayola's potential audience is extremely limited, and composed, in the main, of those who'd find themselves in broad agreement with him — if, in fact, they can decipher the lyrics from his hoarse vocals on the 'Soldier-Talk' album (which we'll get to, by and by) — and a dialectic can hardly exist, let alone be fruitful, when both sides are in agreement. The wider the catchment-area, the more chance of a dialectic occurring and bearing fruit, right?

Which is not to say he's not painfully aware of the question of the relationship between accessibility and effectivity; or, more succinctly: Henry Cow and Faust, or TRB and the Pistols?

"Henry Cow, from what I know of them, have made some interesting music, but it seems that a lot of their rationalisations, and a lot of the critical and analytical features of their work are very strictly contingent on a '30s notion of socialist culture: social realism, maybe.

"By contrast The Sex Pistols depend on the possibility of anarchy, which is a bankrupt political category. Although one obviously has some sympathy for anarchist tendencies and sympathy in other directions, like the Organised Left directions, as well; it's a really difficult problem . . ."

But The Red Crayola's effectivity is surely dependent to a large extent on their accessibility?

"But how do you it? Where do the evaluations come from? From record sales. So what possible explanations can we offer for the fact that The Red Crayola sell less records than, say, The Gang Of Four? One possible explanation is that The Gang Of Four are making less-complicated music: it makes more sense, given a tradition. I *don't* think it's because *our* intentions are opaque to anybody.

"I think it's partially because we haven't won the kind of *space,* given the area we work in. And that we got started again at a period when there was a sort of daft notion of populism around, and a lot of people might think we were talking about something *elite* and *wonderful* and *aloof,* and all those kinds of things. I don't know . . ."

I suggest that it's probably a case of the Gang Of Four throwing the ball straight at you (or at least in that general direction), so to speak, whereas The Red Crayola are lobbing it in the air and hoping you'll catch it.

"I don't know. I *do* lob the ball in the air but I don't think it helps one way or the other. I find it difficult to acknowledge the notion of an 'audience' as expressed and as thought of in pop music; I find it very difficult to *want* to throw anything in that direction because it seems to me just to *reinforce* a set of passive, contemplative relationships which I have absolutely no interest whatsoever in perpetuating.

"Y'know, like 'I'm for personal activism', 'I'm for . . .' — I could give you a whole series of pseudo-programmatic statements, and what would you have when you had them? Nothing! I just don't think that rock'n' roll's a problem of *direct address.* Explanations of what I have to say can be as much traced to responses to *other* bits and pieces of production by *other* people, as much as to anything else — they're comments on other propositions offered by other bands, they're comments on the history of the avant-garde in the world . . . they're comments on a lot of things."

But it's a case of the state to which they're *decipherable* as propositions . . .

"I agree. But the thing is, one of the paradoxes of rock'n'roll songs is that they are single points of reference and at the same time rely importantly on their ability to be indexical, i.e. supported by their practice. That's why the possibility of you and I talking, and this being put out in *NME* is going to make a big difference, my ability to do *other things,* my involvement with Rough Trade . . .

"It is difficult to know *how* to represent yourself accurately, and since so many things are open to *other* interpretations, *other* determinations beyond the immediate ordering principles or perceptions, etc., it's very difficult to sort out what you *want* to get across. There's no particular specific message, even though I might be thinking of something in a particular song; unless I make a simple declarative sentence or proposition, such as in 'Wonderland' — *'Wonderland will be built when it can be demonstrated how'* — that has obvious meaning."

UH, MILITARY TWO–STEP

"This burning car indicates that violence has only just subsided.
This burning car indicates that one of our programmes is somewhat misguided.
Enquiries have begun into the fate of the passenger and of the driver.
Experts are studying the specific gravity of your anger."
— An Opposition Spokesman

"The 'A' was short and fat as in: Manhattan.
'H' was very long and slender.
'N' is tender to architecture.
But, a letter-bomb is an apt expression."
— Letter-Bomb

THE, uh, history dance stopped, you'll recall, around 1976. A year or two later Mayo, now living in England, made contact with Andrew Lauder of Radar who was at that time — strange coincidence — considering re-issuing the (long-gone) International Artists back catalogue. (Not as daft an idea as it sounds, given that there are quite a few people prepared to pay upwards of 20 quid for old 13th Floor Elevators albums).

They came to some form of agreement and in 1978 Radar issued 'Wives In Orbit', the first single from the new Red Crayola — which then consisted merely of Mayo and drummer Jesse Chamberlain — followed this year by an album, 'Soldier-Talk', made with the aid of Mayo's wife Christine, horn-persons Lora Logic and Dick Cuthell, and the entire line-up of Pere Ubu.

Based loosely round the theme of civil war, 'Soldier-Talk' is not exactly easy listening — Mayo's vocals are strained and strangulated, his guitar-lines spindly and splintered; Jesse's drumming is intense, urgent, often frenetic; and the horn arrangements give the album a cold, austere air which lends the appropriate tinge of military asceticism to the whole affair.

Only recently, after several months of (admittedly sporadic) plays, am I coming to like it.

"The justification of that record depends on the possibility of something like the remnants of a notion of 'atmospherics' in music. I'm always disinclined to over-endow the so-called 'creative process' with any importance, because it's *well* out of hand already; and it's also very *easy* to get wrapped-up in a thought: a thought can be so neat and tidy, absolutely devastating. You can get wrapped-up in the awesome unity of the universe to the point at which it passes you by . . ."

Asked earlier whether he'd define music merely as "structured sound", Thompson had opined that "most *interesting* explanations and theories don't have anything to do with a piece of music as a single point of reference, but have to do with the music *in the world*".

Given that, his initial explanation of his intentions with 'Soldier-Talk' comes as no surprise:

"To make an LP that reflected the kind of constraints and considerations that operate, in my opinion, on expression, given my class, my history, my social position, etc."

This, I aver, is tautological, a definition which could be applied to *any* album he made, given that those are the considerations he'd always bear in mind. So what sets 'Soldier-Talk' apart from all the rest? Defining by negation, he offers the following:

"'Soldier-Talk' is not part of a plan for projecting into 1981 — it's not 'Mayotronics'; it's not an attempt to make an encyclopaedic reflection or index of all the contradictions that are entailed in my life. It is expressive, it is descriptive, it's analytical, it's critical, it's occasionally discursive. It is *often* symptomatic in the same way that you say all other records are."

Isn't it *pre*scriptive in any way?

"In so far as there are *pro*scriptive features, there are prescriptive features."

Which are . . . ?

"The *pro*scriptive features? I would propose that if I am right, in a weak hypothetical sense, then certain other ways of making songs, and certain other ways of going, are *not* right — you can't go on glorifying The Splendid Moment, you can't go on making simple head-down-boogie music. If you see the world in this way. I think there are certain orders of songs which are *not* viable: You can't make mysterious little songs about staircases. You can't make *weak-minded* songs about being beyond good and evil. You can't categorically invite everyone to the pub. You can't fight the law and not win, and glorify it . . ."

If he's right.

Decide for yourself. But don't gainsay him before you've listened, long and hard, to his option.

"Uh, Knowledge,
Uh, Knowledge in a trance,
Doing, doing the Uh,
Knowledge Dance."
—Uh, Knowledge Dance

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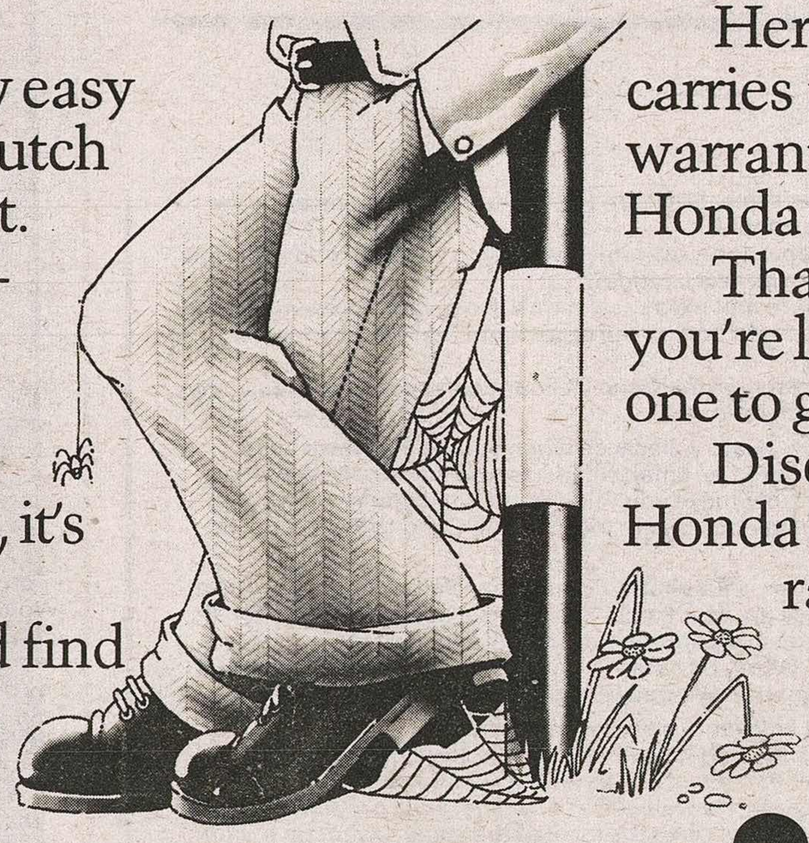

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Interview: PAUL MORLEY

I'M JUST about to make the name change official; my new name is to be Paul Pop. You're the first to hear about it.

Y'see, I'm just wild about the pop.

Just lately I've been a very lucky boy indeed. During the last few weeks I've met and had drinks in low-lit pubs with no less than the respective masterminds behind the two smashing records that at the time of writing glow with youthful pride at the very top of the hit parade.

There was Gary Numan, who is Tubeway Army, a pleasant but sadly nervous poseur, and then Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook, two differently nonchalent songwriters who are the self-styled Lennon / McCartney of that adorable beat - bubblegum - bop - boogie pop group Squeeze.

Wouldn't you love to be a pop writer and meet the pop stars, just like me? The noveau pop stars who are turning up every week on *Juke Box Jury, Roundtable* and the colour cover of *Smash Hits*. Is this what the '60s was like? It's all so fabulous!

I met Difford and Tilbrook on that pop world day of days The Chart Tuesday, which in a way is pop land's equivalent of ordinary people's sickly Monday. Squeeze were still number two in the pop charts with the sweet and poignant tale of 'Up The Junction', which shares with the friendly phenomenon that kept it from the golden top spot the rare distinction of mentioning its title only once.

After a night's careful drinking in a homely Greenwich pub, we shifted to Difford's enviable attic flat in a Victorian house just a little way up from Greenwich Theatre.

In one of the less ghostly rooms in the fascinating house, the low-key yet enthusiastic Difford and the argumentative and wary Tilbrook, with irrepressible assistance from you know who, dribbled through one of those rambling interviews that accommodate everything from the Bible to holiday memories and the formula for failure.

At some point during the yarn swapping I ask if Squeeze feel that they're part of a singles renaissance — the new golden age. Tilbrook, sprawled out in front of me, head resting drowsily on arm, half smiles: "It's definitely the renaissance of pop music," he says in his chummy, slanted voice, which isn't as flat or muted as Difford's but still fairly dry," and that makes me really glad." Me too. "I don't think pop music's been this good since '67, '68."

A lot of stubborn people are missing out on the fun, I sigh.

"Yeah, I think that pop lost it's naivity and charm during the '70s. Like, there were pop records that were fun, like Gary Glitter, but it was all contrived. It was a definite formula, and what I think is really exciting now is that there's not any sort of formula. Yeah, I feel part of the new singles thing and I feel proud to be part of it."

We talk about the broader aspects of new music. The masses of independent singles, the shadow of John Peel, the electronic music stirrings. Difford and Tilbrook confess that they hear little new music, and that fact doesn't especially worry them.

"I actually feel alienated by certain new bands," Tilbrook suddenly says, and under pressure specifies The Gang Of Four — a group he'd 'sampled' by having played with them in Holland.

"Yeah, they alienate me totally. It just doesn't seem to make any sort of sense to me. I saw them at the weekend and me and most other people didn't seem to derive any sort of particular enjoyment out of it. It seemed like I was being preached at about things I wasn't particular bothered about hearing — in songs anyway."

Tilbrook's manner isn't malicious, just bemused.

"I couldn't see the point. What's it doing? It isn't entertaining, it isn't enjoyable, it isn't funny."

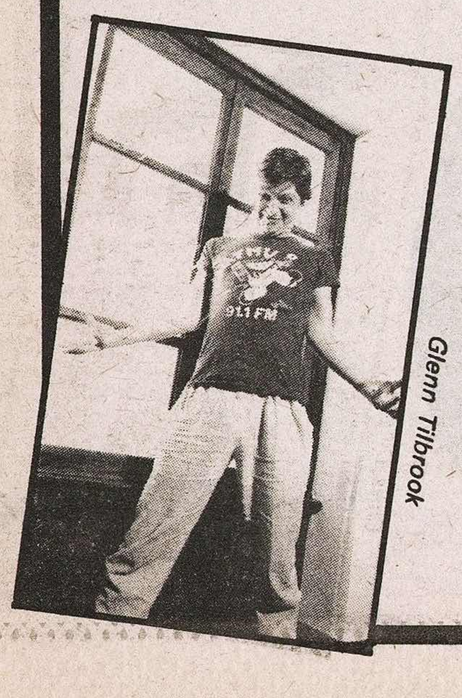
Did you talk with them?

"No. I didn't have anything to say. I suppose they might be supposedly political . . ."

Don't you admire what they're trying to do?

"Well, if I could admire it in the same way as I can admire Bob Dylan writing a song like 'Hurricane' then I could admire it, but for a start nothing seemed to be as well constructed."

But The Gang Of Four are concerned with things that Squeeze seem concerned with. Certainly not musically, but in a number of areas . . .



Glenn Tilbrook

'The Gang Of Four alienate me totally. It seemed like I was being preached at about things I wasn't particularly bothered about hearing.' — GLEN TILLBROOK

"That's fine. But I don't get off on it. I don't see what the band's about."

But you surely admire groups who are willing to take risks to discover new sounds?"

Oh sure, but it's a case of on the one hand there are bands who succeed and on the other hand there are bands that don't . . ."

And you feel the Gang Of Four don't succeed because they don't entertain.

"Yeah, exactly, because when you go and see a band you've got to be entertained in some way or another. It can conceivably make you think about what you're doing, like Bob Dylan does that to me. But The Gang Of Four don't do that."

Tilbrook is emphatic. Point taken! Before this turns into a needless grudge match, and this is a pop interview after all, let's drop in on another nicer, lighter part of the conversation. I'd asked if Tilbrook had ever had a particular pop hero he'd wanted to meet.

"Nils Lofgren!" he almost shouts.

Aaah, the first low vibrations of a Nils Lofgren revival . . .

"I met him once, just before he went onstage to do a soundcheck. He walked out on stage, and I pretended I was a roadie and got on to the front of the stage. I went up to him and it was terrible. I just blabbered. I didn't make any sense at all. I said hi, I'm in a band, um, and then garbled, are you doing any production work at all! And he said no, he hadn't got any time, and I said well, I wonder if you could sign this. And I felt such an idiot. And then I got thrown out! But I got his autograph and I still have it. It was really nice to talk to him."

Lofgren and Squeeze are now on the same record label.

SQUEEZE HAVE been forming and performing for six years. Guitarist / singers Tilbrook and Difford, with drummer Gilson Lavis and temporary helpers, used to mess around during school days. They used to rehearse solidly during the summer, and played mainly at the Bricklayers Arms in Greenwich. Songs like 'Ain't No Sunshine,' 'I Can't Stop Loving You', and Randy Newman's 'Sail On.'

"We played the Bricklayers Arms every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday and we played there for like three months to an audience of 60, 70 people. It was a really tough job, because the next step was to break out into the London pub circuit. And then the punk movement came along, which opened that for us. It meant we could actually play places like The Nashville, Brecknock, the Hope And Anchor.

"The next problem to arise was actually getting a record contract."

Their first record, the John Cale produced 'Packet Of Three', was released by Deptford Fun City, a label Difford coyly recalls — "that I was really determined in my own mind to make into a minor sort of Tamla Motown."

Squeeze's relationship to the punk turmoil was down to energy, economy and heart; their determination has always been unashamedly directed towards achieving massive commercial success. Squeeze totally look after number one. Their fight is selfish; they see this as the only way. They don't mind getting washed along as long as they don't drown. They have no intention of changing the world.

What they want is success.

"When we got that record contract," Tilbrook admits, "I knew that it would be possible for Squeeze to enter the charts. For no particular reason other than a total confidence in the band. I've always had that. I've always thought that we were a lot better than the sort of bands who were getting into number one and number two situations. I thought if they can do it I don't see any reason why we can't."

Difford: "Yeah, it was kind of strange. About the time of the record we were getting relatively good gigs, and we were being supported by bands like XTC, Jam and Dire Straits, and we found that a few months later these sort of bands were in the charts and we weren't."

Something which hurt the intensely ambitious Squeeze.

"I despised bands who were successful before us," Tilbrook grits his teeth. "I got jealous. Not viciously jealous, but bands who had been supporting us were doing better and I couldn't understand why. Like I saw The Jam play Wembley and we were still playing the Marquee."

The Jam playing Wembley Arena is considered an achievment?

"Yeah, I think so. It's a lot of people to play to."

And that's how Squeeze measure achievement?

"It's one way of measuring it. The fact that so many people go and see a band."

Midway through 1978 Squeeze had a small sort of hit with their first single for A&M Records. 'Take Me I'm Yours' forced its way into the top 30. Two steps forward.

Early on, planning ahead, before any hints of the new British invasion, they visited America, paying for a large-ish tour themselves although their record company offered help.

"We could have done it like Peter Frampton, but what's the point? We wanted to see the place, keep to the streets."

Squeeze stumbled on the next couple of steps; two singles, 'Bang Bang' and 'Goodbye Girl', had none of the insistence — a major pull in Squeeze's diverse music — of 'Take Me' and failed to capture even a little part of the heart of the nation. Then strength and faith helped push 'Cool For Cats' up to number two. The subtle brilliance of 'Up The Junction' pushed that song to the same place.

A minor hit and two number two's. Well, it's a start isn't it?

"Personally I've always had the ambition to be extremely successful," slowly reveals Difford to Tilbrook titters. "When I left my job I was determined to be successful, and I still haven't accomplished my personal aim. I still don't think I'm close. I'm not satisfied with having two number two's, 'cos it's a little bit irrelevant in a way to your total goal.

"It's part of it, part of the stairway. But the bit that I'm scared of about the most is actually when you finish your goal. What happens then?"

Difford seems very cool about all this. "Yeah, well that's because I haven't reached my goal yet. I feel pretty easy

Pictures: JILL FURMANOVSKY (large) FIN COSTELLO (small)

about things at the moment. I mean, I got a call this morning to tell me the record was number two and I just put the phone down and made myself a cup of tea. I didn't think anything about it. It felt really easy. I never used to dream about it years ago. I was kind of shut off from it, in the same way that although I've always wanted to be successful I never actually thought I would be.

"Therefore when I looked at bands who were number two when I was a kid it just seemed oceans away."

Did you see the pop world being in any way approachable?

"It depends what bands you're talking about," Difford decides. "You get your Mud or Sweet . . . it must've been strange in those bands, getting mobbed by little girls. And the songs and lyrics weren't particularly great. It must have been really false.

"And then you had bands like Dave Clarke Five, The Monkees and Gerry and The Pacemakers and that seemed like real fun to me. That was always the sort of band I wanted to be in. The sort of band who could go on anywhere and play no matter how good or how bad and actually have a good time.

"I don't think bands like Sweet or Mud had that in them. I don't think bands like that could get on a Mersey Ferry and do a gig and it'd go down well. They didn't put it across . . . I think that we do . . . I think we have that sort of fun thing. We're always trying to do strange gigs just for people to enjoy themselves . . . get a marquee on the beach and play, it's just having fun. I think that's very important.

"When it becomes too serious then that's bad. It's like, for instance, you get the taxman looking for you because you've been number two twice. That's part of the business you want to forget. Because it's like working down the docks in a way. All you're really looking forward to in a way is getting down to the pub at lunchtime or in the evening, and you don't want to be worried about what the accountant's up to. You try and steer away from that.

"But one of the things I really like about this band, is, um, fr'instance, when we were in Detroit we had a really terrible gig; people were throwing things at us because we didn't have any promotion and they were expecting to see The Tubes. We got really upset and we had a few drinks and we went out to this club which was just across the street and there was this guy playing the piano. Jools said, could he have a go? He started playing and everybody immediately started reacting, and Glenn played the guitar and Gilson got the drums up and we had a whole jazz night — two hours playing anything that came into our head and that was more fun than the gig."

Difford's monotone remains at the same level, but the excitement is rising. "And that's what's really great about this group, that we can always change to any sort of atmosphere. Recently we played in Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and the buzz on stage was incredible. It's really really good, and I'm really confident that the band are playing better now than they've ever played — especially with the knowledge that we haven't got to support any more. That's all in the past. We're the most experienced support act in the world. But we don't have to do it any more."

Difford's monotone draws to a close. He seems well in control. I wonder what his mum and dad think of him being a pop star?

"Really my mum and dad didn't want me to be in this business at all because they thought of things like heroin or it's likely to be a one-hit success and that's it. And now like I get 20 questions when I go home . . . That's a pressure.

"All the time you're getting people asking you how the band's getting on, and I think, OK I'll go and see my mum and dad, it's bound to be good fun and at least they won't talk about the band. And you go in and you sit down and you get a bit of toast and a cup of tea and then they start . . . what's going on, what are you doing."

He lets out a resigned, wry chuckle.

ONE THING that has stained the good clean old-fashioned with a sharp new hat pop rise of Squeeze — just a simple story of four or five likeable Londoners rising up to conquer the world, that's all — has been a constant and spiteful accusation of rampant sexism.

The legend goes — although to tell you the truth I fail to understand why the gentle realism of Squeeze's deftly detailed stories should attract such disgusted misdirected frowns — that the Squeeze boys are actually intolerable women haters.

Not agreeing with the critics of Squeeze's clever dwellings on the stronger side of one night stands or the squalid details of any relationship, and having a slightly more flexible mind, my heart wasn't really going to be in any hard attack on the word writers of Squeeze.

However, Tilbrook brought up the subject himself. It wasn't too messy after all.

"What happens is like . . . specifically about the sexual side of things . . . I think we deal with certain people's attitude towards it humorously, y'know, but it's just that I think that our sense of humour has been misinterpreted as being sexist.

"I can't understand that, because at no time have we ever been sexist in our lyrics — except for one lyric, which is from the viewpoint of someone who is blatantly sexist, and that was just about a bunch of people we knew who are like that."

I ask Tilbrook for his definition of sexism.

"Well, someone who is just totally . . . like, guys who see their women as being under the thumb, yeah, that sort of thing. The sort who take a woman out and give them a good time, take them to bed and brag about it the next day, about what they did and how dirty it was and all that stuff.

"It's basically revolting but there are people like that and I don't see why we shouldn't write about them".

Difford delivers his interpretation of the sexist tag.

"I thought it was a lot to do with the press. They could never put the band in any pigeonhole so they were really upset about that — because you could always pick on The Sex Pistols or The Stranglers or The Only Ones or whoever you could put them in some kind of bag, if you like.

"When they came across us and found we were singing songs about treating women badly they immediately thought that we were chauvinist pigs or whatever, so they stuck us in that pigeonhole."

John Bentley

Do you treat women alright, I ask.

"Yeah," exclaims Difford, "I like them. I love them. I'm a very romantic sort of person."

After we've sorted out the pronunciation and definition of monogamous, Tilbrook decides that's what he is.

"That's what I am. I've tied myself down to one person. I mean, when you first get into a band and begin to be successful you get the opportunity to go off with lots of girls, y'know, and like I took that opportunity when it first came along . . . y'know, wow, this is great.

"I made a total pig of myself and found myself waking up sometimes thinking how pointless it was. When you have to be nice to someone who you don't particularly like. It gets to be really pointless. As far as I'm concerned I'm through with all that groupie thing."

Difford takes his turn: "Yeah, I think you have to have some particular sanity to be in a rock'n'roll band and I think that a woman can give you that. If you've got a woman at home or wherever she may be, I think that whenever you go back she will always pull you back to earth.

"But the girls you meet on the road want to live the starlife more than you want to live it, so you just live in a celluloid world all the time.

"It's good to have one girl you can always come back to, who you respect and who you can bounce ideas off. I've never ever felt chauvinistic towards a woman at all. Papers have printed the fact that I've said I have. *The Daily Record* in Scotland for instance said that, er, I like to kick women around and treat them like dogs, but in fact I didn't say that at all. What I said was that I *know* people who like to kick women around and treat them like dogs."

Tilbrook, meanwhile, is getting annoyed.

"Yeah, it really is annoying, knowing that we're not sexist, and knowing the attitude of other bands. I mean, it escapes me for instance, as much respect as I have for the guy, how Thin Lizzy don't get called sexist at least as much as we do. Things like the whole attitude of Phil Lynott when he's on the road, and that loving being a rock'n'roll guy, all that stuff. It's just beyond me how people like that can escape being labelled sexist."

Difford, though, feels that success somehow immunises the group: "Well, y'know, that's the bad aspects of the band, and this is the way the band is, this is the framework within which the band are working, and yet we've had two successful hits. So they must be wrong."

Not necessarily, says I. There's no way that just because you're successful you're magically virtuous. Tilbrook puts it a better way.

"But the lyrical content of the songs could easily be seen as contradictory if they were statements of fact from the band. Like 'Cool For Cats' with its give a dog a bone line, and then 'Up The Junction,' which is totally the opposite sort of song. The guy's fallen in love, and he's been left in the lurch."

Tilbrook droops a little. He is with some justification (especially with 'Up The Junction') upset that people tend to overlook the skill and care of the compact Squeeze songs. His pride in his craft seems invincible.

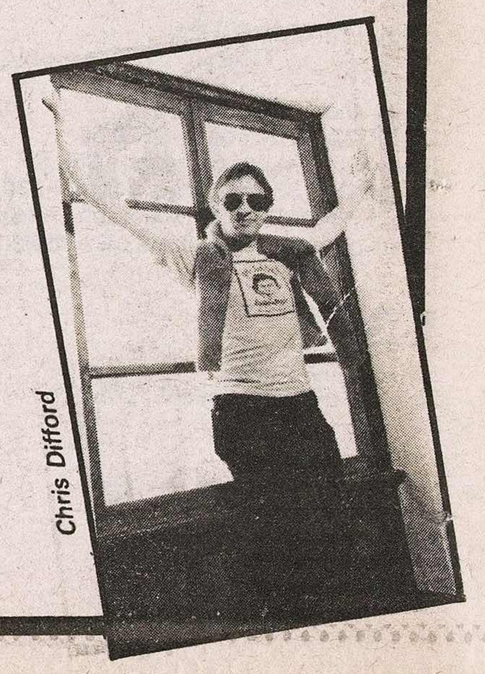
"This is what I've wanted to do since I was five. I've always wanted to be in a successful band and that motivation's kept me going all the time. I enjoy being in the band, I enjoy writing the songs, I enjoy feeling proud of what I do. Success is like a recognition of what you do. It's admittedly not proof of your worth ... it's just that I feel we're writing good songs and we're playing them well.

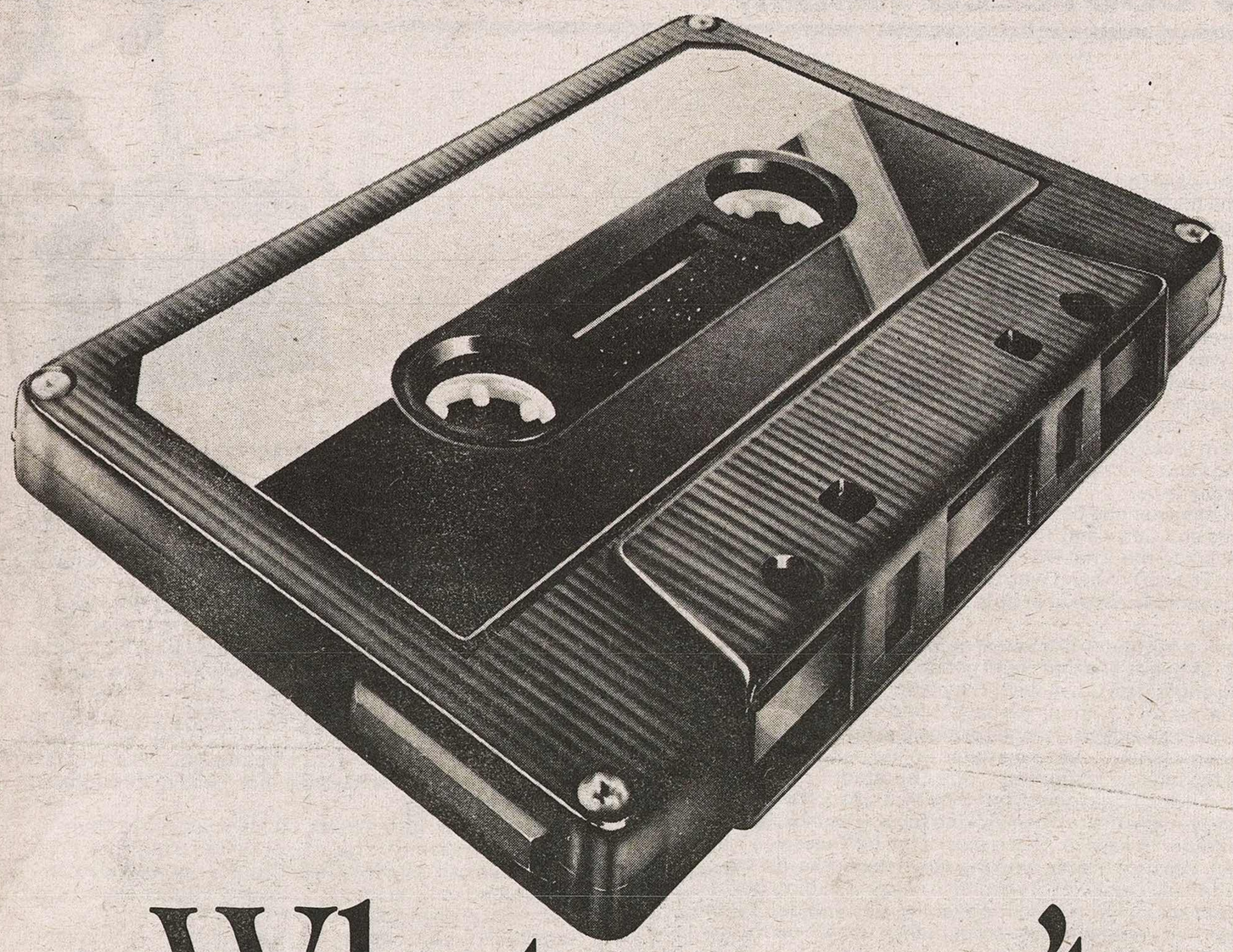
"And we don't just do it from the viewpoint of making hit records. We never go into the studio just thinking of what will sell. We're going to make records that we enjoy, and we enjoy making them. Then if they're successful it's really gratifying."

And yet, despite 'success' always being the vague distant climax to drive towards, now that they're submerged a little way in the padding and grabbing of pop fame their reactions are dazed. A puzzling mixture of confused and confident. But they just keep going.

Continues over page

'I feel pretty easy about things. I got a call this morning to tell me the record was number two and I just made myself a cup of tea. — CHRIS DIFFORD.


Chris Difford



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SQUEEZE Continued

Jools Holland

From previous page

Tilbrook admits to being surprised when they had their first hit.

"Yeah, it was a huge shock. I suppose I have a pretty weird attitude ... it's sort of like to protect yourself when nothing happens. And when it finally did happen it took me by surprise."

Two hits on and the haze gets thicker.

Difford: "It's kind of strange now, going to the bank or the bakers to change a cheque. The girls giggle at you. You walk into a pub and people mumble, aw that's so and so from Squeeze. It is kind of strange. It's hard to accept."

Do you think that you've changed?

"I don't think I have at all," states Difford with characteristic solemnity, "cos I'm still hanging out with the same friends I hung out with a year ago, and still respecting everybody and they're still respecting me. Which is great, because usually it's the people around you who change and not you. Well, that's the way it seems."

Is there anything in the pop fame that scares you?

Difford doesn't seem jittery, but ... "Yeah, I get scared a lot. I get scared that I could become so successful that everytime I go out somebody's going to pester me. Y'know? It's not happened yet."

Tilbrook always seems a little nervous. Sure enough ..." It scares me just because of the fact people recognise me and want to talk to me about the band, and I find it embarrassing 'cos I've got this thing about being in a band and being successful yet remaining totally anonymous in a way. Of course that's impossible! People do recognise you and I haven't found a way of dealing with that yet — so that I can be friendly to people who recognise me and not be embarrassed or anything."

Difford returns: "I think the thing that shocks me is ... I know the kids round here really like the band, but recently we played at the Hammersmith Odeon with The Tubes, and we had people like Dave Edmunds and Elvis Costello coming up and raving. And then you read things like Paul McCartney saying he really likes the band, that's when it really hits me. That's when it scares the shit out of me. It means so much when they say things like that. When I read that thing in *Rolling Stone* from Paul McCartney where he said he like Squeeze, I thought wowee! — Christ! One of The Beatles! It was really weird."

SQUEEZE ARE Glenn Tilbrook (vocals/guitar), Chris Difford (vocals/guitar) Gilson Levis (drums,) Jools Holland (keyboards/vocals), John Bentley (bass). They are a pop group. They're growing up, and it isn't easy.

Right now they're in America, one of the better parts of this British invasion.

"Yeah, there is a definite sort of British invasion going on, and we feel very happy to be part of it. It's like being on a crusade or something. And I think we've got a sound that will be acceptable in America — an English sound that isn't too ..."

Acceptability in America leeds to wonderful success. More success. I suggest to Difford and Tilbrook that relying on such a narrow definition of achievement is dangerous; go to America, get some experience, write a few more songs, become successful, go all over the world and become more successful. You start to spin around. You become complacent and smug.

Such conjecture propels Squeeze into yet more passionate defence and faith.

"All the time the group is going up," marvels Tilbrook. "The group has always being going up, and we'll reach the stage where we won't have to tour all the time, and there won't be pressures to release product all the time."

Exactly. So you'll be the ageing supergroup.

"There are certain people," continues Tilbrook, "who can be creative all the time, then there are other people who take advantage of their situation and abuse it. We'll never do that."

Difford is even more ambitious: "I kind of see the group on the same sort of pathway as The Who. They toured for a long time to get where they were. They did something like 20 tours before they hit home in the States, and I think the whole band is prepared to go through that.

"And then you got periods where The Who weren't doing anything at all but they could still come back with things like 'Quodrophenia', and I think we tread the same kind of pathway. Although," he concedes, "it's difficult to see into the future."

After the interview winds down, we clamber up a floor to Difford's flat. We're all a little tired. Difford plays a tape of an early Squeeze incarnation. I crawl over the floor to where Tilbrook is slumped, manfully fiddling with bits of paper and tobacco. Too tired to remember what questions I've asked and what questions I haven't asked.

I scream down his ear, "So you emphatically deny any accusations of sexism!"

"Yes," slurs a bleary Tilbrook, "I emphatically deny it." You like to tell stories, I say. "Yeah! well, it's fun to tell stories. The best sort of songs tell stories. I like complete songs. I hate songs that leave it up to you to draw a concusion. 'Cos otherwise they're not saying much. I'm probably wrong, but I think songs should have beginnings and ends."

He looks at me. "I wish I could relax more," he says.

You seem OK to me.

"Yeah, sort of, but I'm still nervous."

There's no reason for you to be nervous. It should be me.

"I suppose I'm nervous of you, you in your role. I immediately feel intimidated."

Oh! Can I have your autograph?

ALBUMS

Mr. Cooder allows himself a small smile, as well he might *Pic: Pennie Smith*

You Don't Miss Your Cooder 'Til Your Well Runs Ry

Ry Cooder makes another perfect rock and roll record — CSM exults at the results

RY COODER
Bop Till You Drop
(Warners Import)

Ryland P. Cooder is a most reliable fellow. Ever since the days when he was laying down that stinging bottleneck guitar behind the likes of Captain Beefheart and Taj Mahal and Randy Newman and — for that one titanic moment on the *Performance* soundtrack — Mick Jagger, his name has been synonymous with quality, integrity and a total absence of bullshit.

Occasionally, Cooder's leisurely journey through the various aspects of musical Americana has lapsed into academic pedantry, but his invariable stylishness and sense of humour has nearly always seen him through. A rocker turned archivist, he's taken a gruff but increasingly expressive voice and the most understatedly beautiful guitar in all of rock and roll through a series of solo albums — 'Ry Cooder', 'Boomer's Story', 'Into The Purple Valley', 'Paradise And Lunch', 'Chicken Skin Music', 'Showtime' and 'Jazz' — that have found them effortlessly at home playing everything from Depression songs and country blues to vaudeville songs and gospel alongside everyone from Earl Hines to Chaka Khan.

His guitar, voice and sensibility are a round-trip ticket from here to anywhere, a Fender time machine, disshevelled and friendly. Cooder is an American everyman, the Dr Who of rock and roll. He crosses and recrosses the colour line with more ease and less chest-beating than any of his contemporaries: everything that Michael Bloomfield has tried to do since he jacked in his big-deal CBS contract and guitar-hero image has been little more than a particularly successful attempt to follow in Cooder's ambling footsteps.

'Bop Till You Drop' is the last Ry Cooder album of this decade, and it proves — if proof were needed — that Cooder's hitch-hiking through the past is certainly not indicative of any inability to cope with the present or the future. With one foot in the '50s and the other in the '80s, old Prof Cooder cradles his sky-blue Strat, gazes hood-eyed at the camera and proceeds to devastate.

Much fuss will be made of the fact that 'Bop Till You Drop' (a singularly inappropriate title, if one may so opine: 'Groove Till You Move' is more in line with what's on the menu) has been — cue gasps at the resources of space-age technology — *digitally recorded*. The result is certainly the cleanest, purest, richest sound I've ever heard on record, and it offsets the relaxed natural funk of Cooder's music so perfectly it's almost ridiculous.

But two questions are raised. Firstly, if the standard of recording technology has advanced this far, there's going to have to be an equivalent increase in the quality of record manufacturing processes. Even on a decidedly average stereo such as is possessed by your correspondent, it's apparent that it's no good producing such beautifully made records as 'Bop Till You Drop' if you're goint to press them on standard crappy vinyl. Secondly, in the hands of anyone other than the grooviest and most soulful musicians, digital recording is going to result in some incredibly sterile music — but then there's quite a market for that sort of thing.

Onwards! Cooder's opening shot is an old Elvis number called 'Little Sister' (interested parties can locate it on the B-side of an ancient single called 'His Latest Flame') and he enters in a gorgeous swirl of gospelly backed voices, rich intertwining guitars and a beat that drives without risking charges of GBH. What a singer Cooder's become! His phrasing is preposterously soulful and inventive, his tone is an exquisite blend of the gruff and the plaintive.

It's all doubly startling when you consider the length of time for which his singing was considered little more than a free bonus that came with his guitar playing. The guitar is still present and correct and in excellent nick — check the instrumental version of the old Ike and Tina standard 'It's Gonna Work Out Fine' that rounds off the first side — but even there you miss his singing and wish that he'd chucked in a couple of vocal verses to make it even more delighful.

The kingpin Hot Moment of the first side arrives three tracks in. 'The Very Thing That Makes You Rich' is a slow, inexorable piece that juxtaposes Cooder's soulful croak against phase-shift Stratocasters and unbelievably rich gospel harmonies on a piece of mock-grandiose misogyny (it's one of those "mah daddy warned me 'bout them lyin' schemin' wimmen" efforts which are so genuinely offensive when strutted out by the kind of chronically inadequate buffoons who actually mean it). Cooder's performance contains a disarming edge of irony that should ensure that even the most committed feminist can relax and enjoy the music, secure in the knowledge that they're not actually consorting with the enemy.

Over on side two, Cooder dives into the maelstrom of the modern urban obstacle race with the kind of terrified glee first demonstrated by Randy Newman on 'Mama Told Me Not To Come', only this time it ain't just a party, it's the whole city. The song's infectious groove could even send this one into the discos and knock down an effortless nomination as single of the week. Aided and abetted by Chaka Khan, who delivers her best singing for years in this setting, Cooder presents a contemporary vision at least as compelling as the marvellous period pieces that he's been dishing up all these years. Loaded with dialogue, sound effects and fiery counterpoints from Khan, 'Down In Hollywood' is about as relaxed, quaint and folky as a Sham 69 gig.

Next up, Cooder grabs his mandolin to take us on a slinky ride through Howard Tate's soul standby 'Look At Granny Run Run', which has recovered quite splendidly from the mauling it received at the dishpan hands of Grand Funk Railroad a few years back. From there, we're into 'Trouble You Can't Fool Me', where the gospel influence peaks with a marvellous testifying section and stunning ensemble work from the backing singers, a dirty funk groove entitled 'Don't You Mess Up A Good Thing' with Chaka Khan back upfront, Tim Drummond kicking in some magnificently propulsive bass snaps and Cooder matching Khan every inch of the way before things drop back for Bobby King to take a lead vocal on a slow soul ballad called 'I Can't Win.'

The musicians working with Cooder on 'Bop Till You Drop' are old L.A. lags like David Lindley, Jim Keltner and Tim Drummond, people who've played on enough bad albums to create serious competition for the Post Office Tower if anybody was fool enough to stack 'em all up. With Cooder in charge as leader and producer, though, they all sound superb, which just goes to show — are we twigging something here? — that most California-based artists and producers are a bunch of total bozos.

'Bop Till You Drop', however, is a signal triumph: the best thing that Cooder's done since 'Into The Purple Valley', the best-sounding rock record ever made, the best California-recorded album this side of the new Neil Young, the best album of the year since Graham Parker's 'Squeezing Out Sparks' . . . Jesus, what more do you want? It'll be interesting to see whether the UK pressing (it's not released until the end of this month, which gives you time to stash a few quid away for it) will be any less crackly than the US edition, but even if it isn't there's still a considerable treat in store.

Ryland P. Cooder is a most reliable fellow. Slip him a few quid and he'll give you a long-playing record of such ludicrous magnificence that it's almost unbearable. He's a champ. I don't care how much you brace yourself, he's still gonna knock you out.

In case I haven't made myself clear, 'Bop Till You Drop' is a record of most compelling excellence, a genuinely thrilling and beautiful rock and roll record. Any takers?

Charles Shaar Murray

ROBERT PALMER
Secrets *(Island)*

There's something hermetically sealed about Robert Palmer. On the front of this album he's hauling a twin-blade stainless steel razor across his impeccable features. Inside he's displaying his usually crisp and effortless sartorial groove beneath that sensuous, acrylic grin.

There's something synthetically attractive about his past four solo albums. There he is wrapping all that 'emotional' grist around his R&B/soul fusion and sophisticated funk disco (and I *do* mean disco — well before this wholesale pump-action bass trend was around), and yet it's hard to believe he's capable of feeling anything but insidiously sleazy self-satisfaction.

What's even more perverse is that 'Secrets' finds him stepping back to a grittier, dirtier R&B base and still sounding totally absorbing and convincing without so much as breaking sweat. The bastard — what kind of anti-perspirant does he use?

Self-produced with (appropriately) a little help from Karl Pitterson, 'Secrets' makes another mostly satisfying album, though that's more credit to borrowed material, sheer technique and classy session musicians than to Palmer's own songwriting talents.

The obvious winners are the flailing, stoneground rock of Moon Martin's 'Bad Case Of Loving You (Doctor Doctor)' with its soul vocal doubletracks, the seductive draw of Andy Fraser's 'Mean Old World', and the slick, muscular drive of Jo Allen's 'Love Stop'. Todd Rundgren's 'Can We Still Be Friends?' doesn't fare so well, ending up with none of the vibrancy of the man's own version after being fed through Palmer's textured rhythm machine.

For the rest, he keeps much to the mould of 'In Walks Love Again': a percussive slow funk — stilted bass, shuffling maraccas, occasional bristling guitar, and a faint Latin undertow — and all produced in immaculate detail. The only two to save the flipside from sliding down a vacuous slope are 'Jealous' and 'Woman You're Wonderful', both of which are geared to a rock axis and taken at a pace which, by Palmer's standards, you could almost call hectic.

'Secrets' slots onto a line of safe, perfect, passionate albums, though it's less likely to make him a household name than start a snowball in French 'blouse-styled' shirts.

Mark Ellen

Yup, here's the snap you've all been salivating for — The Residents in their early days, as real as can or can't be . . .

THE RESIDENTS!
Nibbles! *(Virgin!)*

Meet The Residents!!!

The fantastic Residents success story belongs only in part to records. But their disc career is the basic foundation upon which they've built an international reputation as some of the most completely unknown young entertainers ever to appear on the beat music scene . . .

At this stage in the careers of many popular acts it would be nigh on impossible to separate any of the ideas embodied in their music from the myths and media investigations associated with them. Many people may say: but we don't even know who The Residents (if there are more than one of them) are, to start with. This isn't the point. What matters is that somehow these four (ah, even I fall into the trap!) young musicians from San Francisco have managed to avoid being pinned down, as per usual, to one image definitely signifying one idea — *The* Residents — within contemporary music's system of signs. The place they occupy *is* unique!

You can't meet The Residents!!!

How do I think they've manged it? Simple. It's because they always *have* been *The* Residents! Instead of starting out as a rock group and ending up a myth, The Residents started out a myth, and worked their way into rock music — to the extent that the market now drools over their every release, their ridiculous 'concept' albums, advertising, disgusting vinyl colours. Smart buzzards, eh?

The Residents have completely turned round rock's formal modes of representation and, in fact, disappeared altogether into the clouds of interest and lack of information that surround them. The Residents work, more than anything else, on *lack* — what makes them important is what they lack, and vice versa. They're as irresistibly daft and sweet as a tube of Smarties, but there's not a hint of traditional 'fun' in anything they do. They're as famous as I am, but even less people know what The Residents look like, or eat, or . . . etc.

Make up The Residents!!!

The way that it works — and has been twisted by The Residents — is mainly based in language. The average wonderful new pop group or record is greeted with and treated in plain consumer's guide language to begin with, and then the myth-making process takes over. Myth takes advantage of the form to insinuate itself, and naturalises the making of music — i.e. makes it appear that the 'reality' of rock music is composed solely of stars, images, names (*the* Stones, *the* Jimmy Pursey, etc). What is, is — and it's (only) rock and roll.

The industry's turnover is geared to developing consumers who don't calculate, and all challenging aspects in the music are eliminated if possible — mostly within the gross tittle-tattle and diary-cum-trivia-orientated pages of the depressing music press weeklies. The music world is a world of sameness, of endless repetition of identical forms (the condition is postulated as the conditioned) but . . .

Now, meet The Residents!!!

The Residents, Ralph Records and the Cryptic Corporation have fused marketing language with the language of myth; the one is indistinguishable from the other. Indeed, The Residents are nothing else but words. The Residents are anything you want them to be. Unlike any other fun act, from Kiss to Earth Wind and Fire, The Residents are more than just one representation, or one angle. The Residents will never die, or lose their romantic attraction — because they're not really alive anyway, and because their romance is an entirely new and alien one. (They're in love with inanimate things, themselves, the meaning of noise . . .).

Unlike other groups who've attempted to manipulate the myth weighing down upon them, or who've entered similar musical and linguistic areas to The Residents, the possibility of disappointment has been ruled out. The Beatles, for instance, were doing markedly similar things with group image, production, imagination, metaphor, song-format and language on 'Magical Mystery Tour' (perhaps even on 'Abbey Road'), but then they 'grew out of it', became *The* Beatles again, and went on to become boring personalities . . .

The Resident reality isn't real!!!

Even if Residents albums started to sell in large numbers, it's likely that nothing would change (The Residents care about their public). It's for the benefit of all concerned that The Residents aren't stars. Their 'mystery' isn't the contrived mystery of, say, either Devo or The Pop Group. The Residents aren't exploiting the market; they are their own market!

Their development into a self-contained market, a leading musical organism, a group of unknown but magnetic personalities and the most important and talked about non-box office attraction in the Western World can be traced through their record releases, 15 of which have been grouped together on this LP, like so many stepping stones in the scintillating Residents saga.

These are by no means all the Residents hits. Indeed, none of them are hits at all! For since their first album, 'Meet The Residents', was recorded — or released! — in 1973, not one of their discs has achieved anything but cult status. But 'Nibbles' does provide something approximating a Golden Hits collection, besides being a fascinating insight into the textural development of a cultural metalanguage! Relive the distorted glory of their interpretative skill on 'Gloria' and 'Good Lovin' from 'Third Reich n Roll'. All the personal favourites of myself and other close Residents friends are here: 'Semolina' (play at 45rpm and it's disco!), 'Never Known Questions', 'Constantinople', 'Laughing Song', 'Making Of A Soul' . . .

The longest is 3'40", the shortest 1'05": programming! Even people who find Residents albums quite unlistenable (myself included!) won't be able to resist this collection. It's like playing a bit part in *Alice In Wonderland* . . . (Don't say no!).

If you're an addict of their tiny big beat, or if you're just starting to 'dig' the peculiar scene, this is a 'must' for your collection, either way!

Meet The Residents (it's now and never)!!!

Ian Penman!

JOE EGAN
Out Of Nowhere *(Ariola)*
CARLY SIMON
Spy *(Elektra)*

Since they disbanded Stealers Wheel, Joe Egan and Gerry Rafferty have gone very different ways. Rafferty — thanks chiefly to the sax player on 'Baker Street' — had an enormous hit and is now sold as a singer-songwriter superstar. Egan retired for three years, but is just back with a debut solo album, released with modest promotion, and little chance of a hit single.

Though Egan is, I think, a far more tuneful writer than Rafferty, it's ironic that his record's chief strengths should also rest with some excellent backing musicians and, particularly, with the subtle, judicious arrangements of Richard Niles.

'Out Of Nowhere' functions best as soft-core pop. Egan's casual vocals, a gently strummed rhythm, simple lyrics and delicate arrangements; 'Back On The Road', 'Ask For No Favours', 'Freeze', 'Pride' and 'Out Of Nowhere' follow this formula closely and are delightful easy listening. It's when Egan takes his writing seriously that the album falters; the tune is lost, the lyrics become unwieldy and the man's philosophising will probably send you to sleep.

But when 'Out Of Nowhere' works, it does so with sufficient offhand class to suggest that Egan could easily rival his erstwhile partner in the mellow MOR stakes. It's a personal quirk, I guess, but at times I found this a very pleasant album indeed.

If Egan's main flaw is to be mealy-mouthed, Carly Simon's is almost the opposite — a smooth, disciplined emptiness. I wonder if it's typically American that she tries for 'significance' rather than plain seriousness; her album is full of cute wordplay and cleverly elusive imagery, but remains devoid of any but the smallest substance.

This pseudo-poetic sensibility is bolstered by a quote from Anais Nin, which provides the album with a dubiously vague theme, and by a host of 'name' sessionmen who play that posed, careful, utterly dead jazz-rock that they seem to specialise in — though a few tracks are equally lifeless attempts at being raunchy.

Only two songs stand out. 'Memorial Day', a forceful, impressive account of a love triangle, is spoiled by the music; Simon tries too hard to make it Mitchellesque, with the result that the impact of the lyric is dissipated by a meandering, sluggish tune interspersed by solos that smack of pose.

But 'We're So Close' is perfect. A modest backing and taut, incisive lyrics on the gradual deterioration of a relationship: *"But I've talked to you/You haven't listened at all/I've said I'm numb/I can't even cry/I'm stuck with acting out a part/He says: what do words ever reveal?/He says: in speaking one can be so false — /We're so close we have a silent language/We don't need words at all"*.

Sadly, if this isn't quite the only track which is tangibly about something, it's certainly the only one that makes you care for what it's about. For the rest of the album, Carly Simon remains depressingly close to Robert Christgau's description of her as the queen of high-class schlock. So sophisticated, so unreal.

Graham Lock

STELLA PARTON
Love Ya *(Elektra)*

A whole new deal for Stella Parton — for once, those sleeve designers haven't painted extra inches on her boobs in order to convince folk that the Partons have cornered the market on magnificient mammaries.

Musically, Stella's doing better too, 'Love Ya' — an attractive enough album of country pop fare — proving less sterile than her previous Elektra outings. Recorded mainly at Muscle Shoals, the Parton pipes are featured on a number of songs penned by the generally dependable Even Stevens, though her melodic reminiscences of love lost and beds shared include a version of Leo Sayer's 'Stormy Weather', and sister Dolly's 'Steady As The Rain', an item which — would you believe? — includes a touch of bluegrass synthesiser!

Fred Dellar

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Otis — Soul Proprietor

OTIS REDDING
Otis *(Atlantic)*

Anniversary fetishists will have already noted that this coming December will mark an even dozen elapsed winters since Otis Redding snuffed it by the aeroplane method in December 1967. After his virtual takeover of the Monterey Pop Festival that summer with a pole-axing stunner of a performance, he became not only just the biggest name in soul music this side of James Brown, but a top male vocalist who transcended categories and restrictions just like they weren't there at all.

Ssssssoul music! Back then Memphis was beating Detroit hollow when it came to funk: Motown had more chewns but Stax had Otis, and it had Booker T, Steve Cropper, the MGs rhythm section, the Memphis Horns and Isaac Hayes when he was a dynamite songwriter and not a soggy singer. O-TIS! O-TIS! Pleading, bragging, swaggering, shucking and jiving and puffing and panting, every time he got up and did it, Otis Redding generated performances that were as emotional, resilient, detailed and passionate as everything in the genre.

You ain't heard singing until you heard Otis Redding. He came from a time when 'soul music' meant a feeling rather than a collection of stylistic (no pun intended) devices.

The compilation in question is one of those '20greatesthitscompressed-untilitsoundslikeitsplaying-nextdoorandshovedoutwith-acrappycoverthatcouldbe-almostanyone' jobs, ameliorated by a very fine Cliff White liner note and a track selection that juxtaposes celebrated Otis hits like 'Respect,' 'I've Been Loving You Too Long,' 'Dock Of The Bay,' 'Satisfaction,' 'My Girl' and 'Fa Fa Fa Fa (Sad Song)' with obscurer and less frequently anthologised gems like 'Hard To Handle,' 'Stand By Me' and a frantic, furious 'Louie Louie' that fuses soul and garage rock with an effortless frenzy that entrances like a sudden lungful of clean air.

'Otis' is by no means the complete Otis Redding (the superb 'History Of Otis Redding' double is still available), but as a cheap, handy and easily portable introduction to the work of one of the finest singers ever to pass through beaty areas (with a more than reasonable backup crew in tow), it's as good as can reasonably be expected in these dwarfish days.

Plus it's all in genuine authentic period-detail mono. Purchase and enjoy.

Charles Shaar Murray.

THE SINCEROS
The Sound of Sunbathing
(Epic)

More clipped and crafted catchiness, more clean and clever cerebral bubblegum, good to hum. One debut album, ten fish fingers — tasty, quick and efficient. Stick them in your ears, whistle while you work. This is pop. Sing as we go.

Meet the Sinceros. Sinceros for sale. Is it a Hit or a Miss. I'll award them a muted 'ding' because, inside their three-minute frameworks, they've accomplished all they're trying for.

The hook-lines hook and the words intrigue; one or two spins and the songs are yours for life, though that's probably longer than you'll require them. They'll aim for the brain and move the feet, but leave the heart alone.

Maybe best known for backing up Lene Lovich, The Sinceros in their own right aren't in my recollections, a dynamite live act; they lack a little in presence and a lot in passion but otherwise are serviceably good fun.

I'd guess their mission is to be a singles success and don't suppose this will elude them indefinitely — even if 'Take Me To Your Leader' (included here) made only ripples instead of the desired waves.

Mostly written by Mark Kjeldsen, the music's reminiscent of a sensible Brinsleys with more stiffness and less swing, a nicer Costello or a sober Nick Lowe.

Not bad, not great, but certainly good.

Paul Du Noyer

THE ISLEY BROTHERS
Winner Takes All *(Epic)*
JOHNNY GUITAR WATSON
What The Hell Is This?
(DJM)

Mrs Isley's boys are back with the same old lovably ludicrous threads 'n' poses, plus another surefire set of superfine funk and balladry. 'Winner Takes All' is a double-album helping of that brilliant dance'n'smooch music they've been doing for years. The Isleys don't change, but they do refine; the music here has been honed-down to a fine art. Rhythms gently pulse and twine, textures are exquisitely subtle, the feel is so light and flowing and sexy. It could be their best album' but then they're *all* great.

The first two sides hit a funky groove and *move* it! Listen to 'Life In The City' or to the enchanting 'It's A Disco Night', built simply around handclaps and strummed acoustic guitar: perfect dance songs for summer nights.

Side three has the ballads with their deliciously limpid sensuousness, especially a lazy 'Let's Fall In Love' with Ernie's Hendrix guitar at its most romantic. Side four has two lovely mid-tempo tracks interspersed with one more ballad and funk number apiece and all infused with the sublime celebratory spirit that is the essence of Isleys music.

What makes the Isley's so amazing is that they make it all sound simple. No horns or strings, and only discreetly rhythmic keyboards — really, it's down to basic guitar, bass and drums plus Ronnie's lovely, caressing vocals and inventive arrangements.

I guess it's the modesty of these means and the imagination with which they're employed that constitute the secret of the Isleys' appeal — the reason their music, though undeniably formula, always retains its charm, delight and surprisingly human feel. A machine they are not.

Johnny Guitar Watson isn't really in the same class, but 'What The Hell Is This?' comes over as an amiable collection of smart-ass boogie and soulful torch songs.

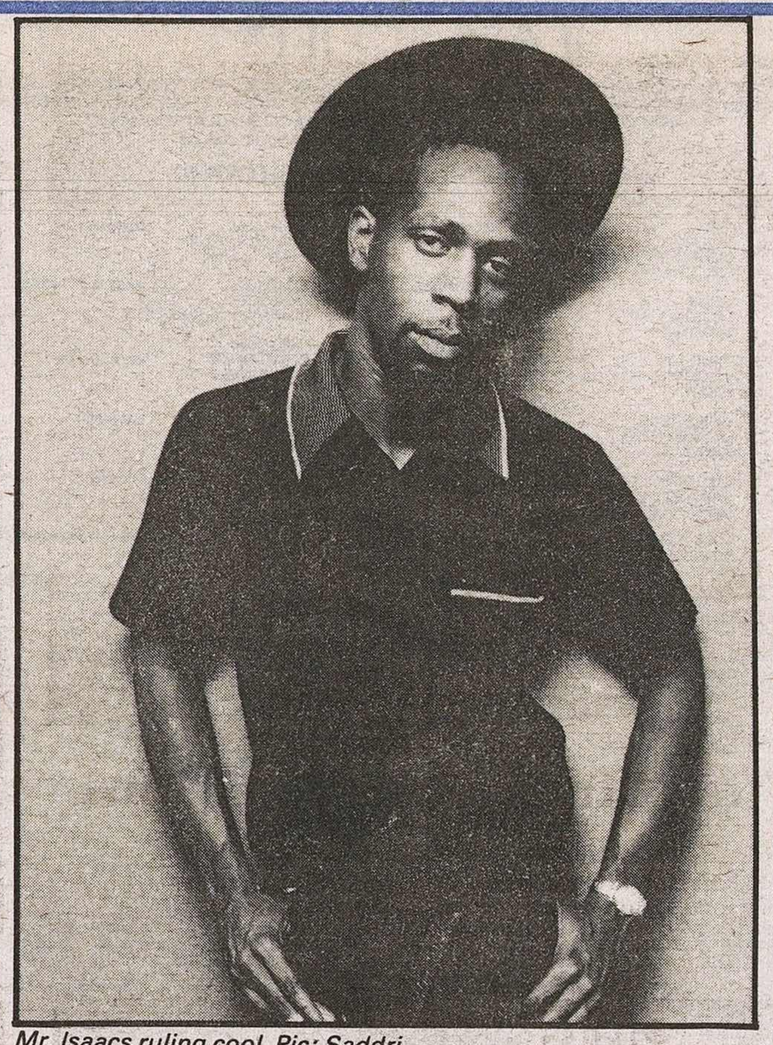
He's still playing the street-wise, jive-talking hustler role —tongue firmly in cheek — and spraying out a goodly set of bluesy guitar riffs, as well as taking care of bass, piano, clavinet, arrangements and production.

If anything, the mellow feel here is a little too laid-back at times and 'Strung Out' comes close to living up to its name. But if you like relaxed boogie with a few pretty frills, 'What The Hell Is This?' is just that.

Graham Lock

JIMMY JAMES
Dancin' Till Dawn *(Pye)*

Time was when Jimmy James was reckoned by many as an ace face. That was in the mid-'60s when, fronting The Vagabonds, Jim junked ska for soul and — first through a Monday Marquee Mod Night residency then under 'The New Religion' banner — firmly established his presence second only to Geno Washington & The Ram Jam Band as this land's biggest ballroom blockbuster.



Mr. Isaacs ruling cool. Pic: Saddri.

As with most '60s soul men, things have been lean of late and those who've survived have been forced to book a berth on the disco bandwagon. Previously, Jim's forte was cutting acceptable covers of U.S. stompers and bleeding heart ballads. Though emotionally he's desperately tried to remain true to his roots, with ludicrous lyrics like 'If You Think Funk Is Junk You're Drunk' he's gonna have problems regaining his former cult star status.

Roy Carr

GREGORY ISAACS
Soon Forward *(Virgin Front Line)*

This far forward, 1979's been Greg Isaacs year. Again. The man's been stepping resolutely upward in the canon of reggae popularity and acclaim since the hump of the decade, delivering a steady flow of first class singles and albums, and throwing in the odd immortal side on the way — 'T'ief A Man (You're just a part of Babylon's plan)', 'Mr Know It All', 'Soon Forward' . . .

Seemingly rather characterless — other than in an unerring good taste in hats and dub — his success is due to the simple excellence of his music; notably the suave purity of his vocals and his canny penchant for breathing fresh life into dead phrases and minting magical new ones on his own from well worn themes, romantic and otherwise: *"Put a smile on your face as you're passing through/Oh Mister Cop" . . . "You told me that you'd soon forward/Come turn me on" . . .*

Take 'Soon Forward' for example; it started life six months ago as 'just another' G.I. single on pre-release, nagged the heels wherever reggae feet trod and flowered into an instant classic. Its haunting horny "turn me on" chorus called the chimes on countless opening hours, dance sessions, love affairs . . .

A swaggering impatient DJ version by Ranking Joe followed, not to mention another Isaacs single, 'Mr Brown', which also crops up on this album. Virgin have now finally whacked out 'Soon Forward' on 12"; maybe in a couple of years time some playlist persons will give it the chance to crossover.

Soon forward . . .

Only a couple of tracks on this collection — 'Universal Tribulation' and 'Black Liberation Struggle' — muscle comfortably alongside the title track, but considering how good that is, it's no mean achievement. Anyway both tracks are from the strictly non-romantic side of Mr Isaac's vision, and he can bring as much majesty to themes of injustice and sactity as he can to romance: *"A new dawn is waking but nothing is changed/Our freedom was once taken, don't wanna live no more in chains . . ."*

It's the customary blend of loping rhythms, usually sparse instrumentation, and sheer vocal class; the subjects under discussion running from relationships with daughters and their uptight daddies ('Mr Brown', 'My Relationship'), the iniquities bestowed on devotees of the 'erb ('Down The Line'), racial exploitation ('Slave Market', 'Universal Tribulation', 'Black Liberation Struggle'), and more. The whole thing comes courtesy of Channel One, written and produced by the cool ruler himself (except for Sly and Robbie's production of 'Soon Forward').

Though I don't believe allegations that Gregory Isaac's music is becoming formularised, the overall simplicity of 'Soon Forward' to last year's 'Cool Ruler' occasionally hints at the danger of repetition, of becoming too much of a muchness. Time will tell whether Mr I can evolve further.

In the meantime I'll definitely be taking his music with me into the '80s. Soon forward . . .

Neil Spencer

HERMAN BROOD IS IN A BAD MOOD

Wigwam (left to right Rechardt, Osterberg, Groundstroem, Pembroke) share joke with thin air in secluded woodland location. Pic: Risto Vuorimies.

Smiling Men With Good Reputation

Wigwam
Rumours On The Rebound ***(Virgin)***

Belatedly, but more than adequately . . .

A small history of a small Finnish rock group, revered by the few and rejected by the many, here's your starter/sampler for a proposition that is no more, that remains in myth alone.

'Rumours On The Rebound' is four sides of four records. It spans Wigwam's two Virgin albums, 'Nuclear Nightclub' (1975) and 'Lucky Golden Stripes and Starpose' (1976), their last on Love Records, 'Dark Album' (1977), and figurehead Jim Pembroke's solo 'Corporal Cauliflower's Mental Function' (1977); it also includes one song that hasn't been released before. The lineup is mainly a foursome, a traditional piano, guitars, bass, drums affair: Jim Pembroke, Pekka Rechardt, Mans Groundstroem and Ronnie Osterberg respectively.

Wigwam's 'cult' reputation built up over a longer series of releases than those covered on 'Rumours On The Rebound', and their historical roots are appropriately reflected. Wigwam was born in that lacuna between the late 1960s and mid 1970s, and fans will probably remember them most fondly as one of the brave few rock outfits to fill the fallow, shallow pre-1976 years with something more than cultural water treading. The Wigwam text had as many local neighbours as you care to mention — Traffic, Matching Mole, Band, Beatles — and it seemed a mature catholicism that could never really come to terms with the position of its practice as the decade rolled ever onward. Most of the neighbours wound down similarly broken up.

Even at their most 'commercial' Wigwam obstinately resisted the obvious routes to acceptance and anything more than marginal alliance. 'Rumours On The Rebound' is Wigwam — and lyricist Pembroke — at their purest, comfortably but never easily sited, lacking the more factitious 'cynicism' of such too easily cited peers as Steely Dan and Frank Zappa. The compilation — by our own Mr MacKinnon — blends through the Wigwam story, constructively off-and-on setting all their different aspects.

Pembroke's veiled, metaphoric love songs room well with the more explicitly international theme dances. 'The Big Farewell' — nothing like a Long Goodbye, incidentally — is typical of the former, and 'International Disaster' of the latter: interchangeable moods and realism.

'Rumours On The Rebound' shows Wigwam in a penumbra, definitely decided between the lengths of earlier improvisation and the craft of *song*-writing; within traditional formats Wigwam works well, acid enough to test out where others copped. Songs like 'Freddie Are you Ready', 'Nuclear Nightclub' and 'Horace's Aborted Rip Off Scheme' contrast against the sour and tense senses of 'Eddie And The Boys', 'The Item Is The Totem' and 'Lucky Golden Stripes and Starpose'.

'The Item Is The Totem' — a line from which gives the compilation its title — is perhaps the harshest thing here, and is written not by Pembroke, but by Mats Hulden. Too subjective to say it's the 'best' track, but it certainly has good claims to being the most successful meeting of old and (relatively) new Wigwam: *"This winter it's the split-eyed look/And in the squint of spring/The vogue will be/For chic polarization/Kids spending their allowance on next season's thing . . ./Item equals totem/Claims researcher."* Structural analysis of fashion, *and* a good *(good)* guitar solo!

But let's not start to itemize. 'Rumours On The Rebound' is Wigwam's obituary, should you want it. If there's one thing they didn't die from it was overkill, and this calm collection sees things kept naturally in their place.

Wigwam never were or ever will be icon or iconoclast — their influence and importance was interesting enough to merit attention, albeit on the rebound.

The most ironic thing results from an abbreviation of the album's title. Anyone for posthumous double platinum??? **Ian Penman**

Danny Alder animated. Pic: Mike Beal.

And Strange Locomotions

DANNY ADLER
The Danny Adler Story ***(Do It)***

There is a Danny Adler story. Not many people know it though. It's mostly all rags and nary a hint of riches; the story of a genial jump blues guitarist and his British bar-hop band who could be found playing the wrong music in the right place at the wrong time. The title is massively ironic and not too serious.

Roogalator, Adler's combo, played rhythm and blues with a distinctive syncopated flavour at the tail-end of the basically dull but worthy pub rock years — music far too personalised to fit the boozy Feelgood niche, not really strong enough to withstand the winds of fashion or those of change that blew across '77.

But the bleak rewards of ballin' that jack up and down this green and ever less pleasant land wore down Danny Adler's cheerful resolve, and it was about this time that Elvis Costello began to wear the Oxfam suit, Fender Jaguar and black horn-rims that everybody thought looked perfectly goofball on Adler.

As Costello made akwardness a trademark, Adler switched to contacts and took a sabbatical back to his hometown college of musical knowledge, Cincinnati, Ohio (also home of the Ohio Players and the King label and studio, where James Brown cut his most seminal sides).

Brown was Adler's main man long before the Funky President became the name *de trop* to drop, and 'The Danny Adler Story' testifies to its hero's unswerving alliance with the fatback mode parts 1 and 2. It's played and produced (by Adler) with what you might call a mid-Atlantic feel: jam-up and jelly-tight somewhere between Chilli Willi and The Meters. It was mostly recorded somewhere between '76 and '77 by permutations of the Roogalator and Danny Adler axis, and features alternate takes of several titles from Roogalator's one and only entry in the bargain bin sweepstakes.

It ain't exactly essential listening for all and sundry. The musical language is a mite too idiosyncratic to click like that — not quite cunning enough but not quite plain enough either. Yet what the songs lack in guile they make up for with charm, perhaps not a sweeping charm but sincere and unassuming and not to be spat at.

That sounds like damning with faint praise but what I mean to suggest is that Adler could do worse than surrender his hitherto total control and find himself the right person to work with — someone to complement and maybe curb his dextrous musical skill — and find a less esoteric context for his six-string simultations of a train-a-rolling and a backbone slipping.

What can make sense in the movement and the heat of a live gig needs a little more heat elsewhere. Then this locomotion could really cause a commotion. **Paul Rambali**

LEE RITENOUR
Feel The Night ***(Elektra)***

Dear Monty,

Having a lovely time here in Knucklesbury-upon-Slump. Yesterday, Gert and I spent the day in Tesco's. It was really great fun, whizzing around with all those trollies, filling them with boxes of snap, crackle and pop; bottles of ssssssh; and cans of mmmmmmm. Gert thought that the music they played between announcements of the day's bargains was really spiffing — all kind of jazzy and rocky and almost as nice as James Last. Mr Peasepud, the shop manager, later told us that it was by a guitarist named Lee Ritenour, who plays such pieces as 'Market Place', 'Wicked Wine' and 'French Roast' on the disc. Mr Peasepud says he's sure that playing this sort of music has been responsible for the increased sales on the vichysoise racks . . .

Regards,

Fred Dellar

IMPORTS

From the first time I set mincers on **Split Enz**, I knew we were fated not to be friends. Comedians with red noses and whirlaround bow-ties I'd always hated — and Split Enz hit me on the same level. Tim Finn came comically coiffured, Phil Judd was a cock-eyed Kojak and the rest of the band looked like a job lot left over from a Kiwi version of *Multi-Coloured Swap Shop*. To make matters worse, 'Mental Notes', their first British album, presented them in neurotic Roxy mode, seemingly bandwagon jumping after the vehicle had gone.

So they came, were seen, then headed back to the sheep dip and the land of Raewyn Blade never to be heard of again — or so I thought. But, not for the first time, I was proved wrong, for the Enz, with the exception of hornman Rob Gillies, are still kicking strongly and have an album called 'Frenzy' (Aus. Mushroom) to prove the point.

It also proves they've changed their ways more than somewhat. No longer Wellington wierdos — the sleeve shows five upstanding young members of the farmers union, replete with pullovers and horizontally creased trousers — The Enz's music has also returned to more solid ground. Now '60s based, with only the mildest touches of later eccentricity. The Antipodeans currently offer melodic singles fare that will doubtlessly disenchant those Gyps who initially dug the wierdness.

Me, I'm on their side. I love 'I See Red', The Enz's bop-happy Aussie chart hit, while 'Give It A Whirl' has the type of hook that the best bands hung their hats on in the days when *Juke Box Jury* was slightly less abysmal than it is now. There are some duff spots and 'Stuff And Nonsense' comes on like pre-historic Gibbs-ville. But generally it's mighty meaty mutton, mint sauce 'n' all.

I'd never heard of **Francois 'Faton' Cahen** until somebody stuck a copy of 'Tendre Piano Solo' (French Free Bird) through my letter box. But it would seem he is an extremely capable pianist who's fallen in love with a Yamaha CP70. On the album, he and his intended, alone and unaided by voyeur drum kits or prurient basses, grapple romantically with various originals, blowing kisses to both jazz and rock whispering sweet nothings that might have been penned by Debussy if only he'd dug the blues a little more. Ever a sucker for a pianist with a good left hand, Cahen can count on me as Best Man if he and the Yamaha finally decided to get hitched.

Not so romantically involved are the good guys at HMV and the baddies who've been nicking the free singles out of the shop's Japanese copies of 'X-Certs' (UA). Seems that the Nippon version of the **Stranglers** album comes not only in a de-luxe sleeve but also with an additional 45 formed by 'Choosey Suzie' and 'Mean To Me'. Happily though, none of the posters and books of lyrics which are also included with the Nip set have been half-inched so far.

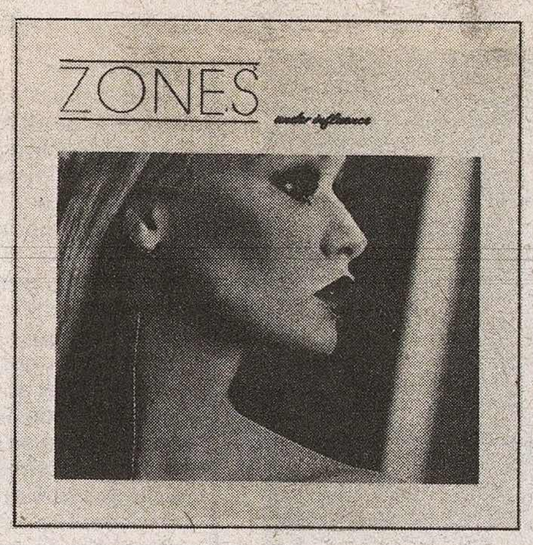
Fred Dellar

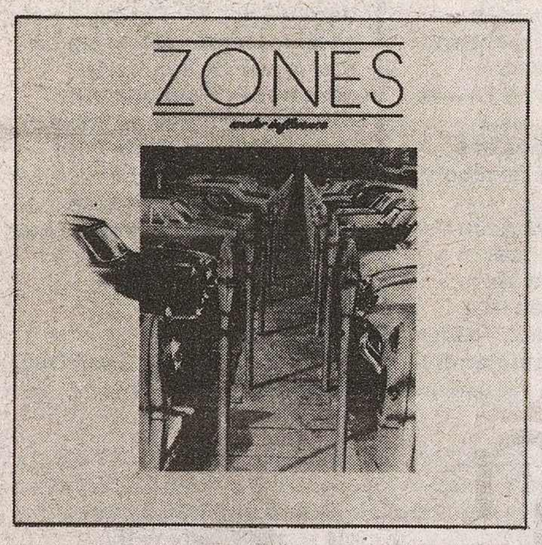
HIS ALBUM AIN'T OUT TILL AUG 4

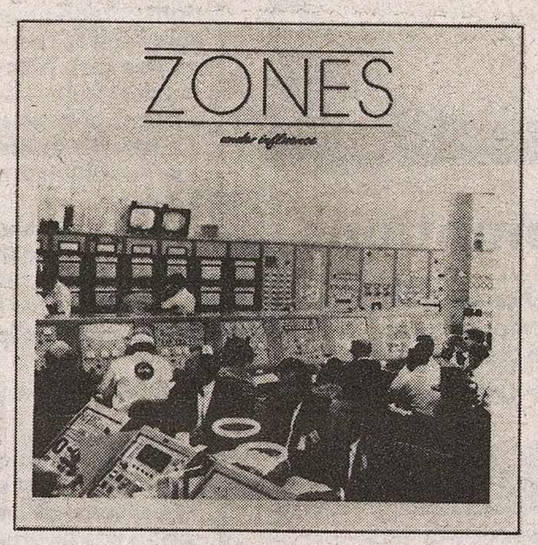
ZONES

MOURNING STAR

The New Single ARIST 286







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NEU!

NEU!
Neu '75 ***(Brain import)***

IF I were to tell you that a record you've probably never heard of was the album that David Bowie's been trying to make these past few years, you'd be interested but sceptical. Right?

If I went on to claim that this same record contained the music the Stones *should* have made after 1977, you'd think I was: a) having you on; b) hyping you; c) completely bananas.

Fortunately for me, the record does exist, and I'm not the only one who rates it so highly. It's 'Neu '75', the third and final album from the German band Neu!, and it's about time you heard it.

Remember "Krautrock"? That generic term, laced with Anglo-American condescension, covering a multitude of early-'70s bands indisposably dubbed — nay, stigmatised — as "teutonic", "Gothic", etc, filed away and forgotten.

Even today, when there's little doubt about the influence bands like Kraftwerk, Can and Faust have had on rock in general, they're still lumped together into a large, amorphous blob. They're all just "German": difficult, po-faced, humourless people making unpleasant, improvised electronic music which hasn't *really* got anything to do with rock'n'roll, has it?

In reality, the only important common denominator is the vacuum in which the music was made, the absence of an indigenous rock tradition. And whereas Faust (to choose the most extreme example) revelled in their isolation and the freedom it allowed, Neu seemed more sympathetically responsive to the imposed alien culture, and made some attempt to come to terms with it.

So, although their earlier albums had more than their fair share of purely "experimental" passages, there were also some meticulously-constructed pieces based on endlessly-repeated drum figures. Neu took the repetitive pulse of rock, stretched it out and wove lush, shifting layers of sound over the framework to produce a distinctive, hypnotic music which, whilst undeniably rock, was definitely outside-looking-in.

It's this strain which reaches full fruition on 'Neu '75', and it's because of this that the album's so pivotally important. In 1975 Neu produced a music which not

DEJA VU
ANDY GILL remembers a dynamic duo from Dusseldorf

only gathered together all of rock's historical strings, from early rock'n'roll through to Pink Floyd, but which squeezed from the past and present a strand of the future, one which continues to be drawn out to this day.

Via David Bowie, that is. The overall feel and texture of "75'is *so* similar to 'Station To Station' (which appeared a year later) that it's impossible to resist making some casual inference from the one to the other. Add to this its predating, by two years, of the slow side/fast side programming of 'Low' (presented on "75' as the somewhat subtler duality of night and day), and you'll get some idea of why I believe it's the record which The Androgynous One's been trying to make of late.

Originally, Neu was just multi-instrumentalists Michael Rother and Klaus Dinger, but these two were joined for the second side of "75' (the night-time side) by the double drum team of Hans Lampe and Thomas Dinger, the pair of them a veritable powerhouse of unremitting minimalism which, allied to Neu's metronomic pulse, was the true origin of what later came to be known euphemistically as the "mekanik" style.

That side — six minutes of 'Hero', eleven of 'E-Musik', and five of 'After Eight' — is as damn-near perfect as makes no difference, an achievement which exhausts superlatives.

'Hero', especially, is magnificent: like 'Brown Sugar' or Bob Seger's 'Rosalie', it opens with a few sparse, scene-setting chords, teeters on the edge with a repeated lead phrase, and finally thunders triumphantly over to become an unstoppable cataract of urban paranoia which predates punk by two years. Seventies *zeitgeist* muzak, anyone?

'After Eight' treads a similar but faster, more frantic path, whilst 'E-Musik', separating the two, jogs along almost comfortably by comparison: guitars curl sinuously in and out of an extended drum cycle, simple piano chording holds the melody, and a slow phase pulls the entire thing inside-out and back again.

Superficially, 'E-Musik', like good disco, is eleven minutes of danceable monotony. On closer inspection, however, there's a wide range of subtle variations in that monotony, a constant state of flux on almost-static point which succinctly exemplifies Brian Eno's dictum about "ambient music" being "as ignorable as it is interesting".

The three tracks on side one ('Isi', 'Seeland' and 'Leb' Wohl') are less immediate but only slightly less satisfying: evocative, entropic, hot-summer-daze music which balances — and is even more successfully "ambient" than — side two's sweaty nightclub pulse.

Together, the sides form one of the most *complete* wholes in all of rock music, one both enjoyable and historically significant. And, as its influence becomes increasingly evident, one which transcends its original status as music and assumes more the nature of an unavoidable fact. Ignore it if you will.

After making this album, Neu! split up. Rother went off to record his two solo albums for the Sky label, whilst Dinger, Dinger and Lampe continued together as the (comparatively) weak, ineffectual La Dusseldorf. Neither musician has yet come close to "75', and it's doubtful whether either ever will, Neither, it seems, *was* Neu.

Andy Gill

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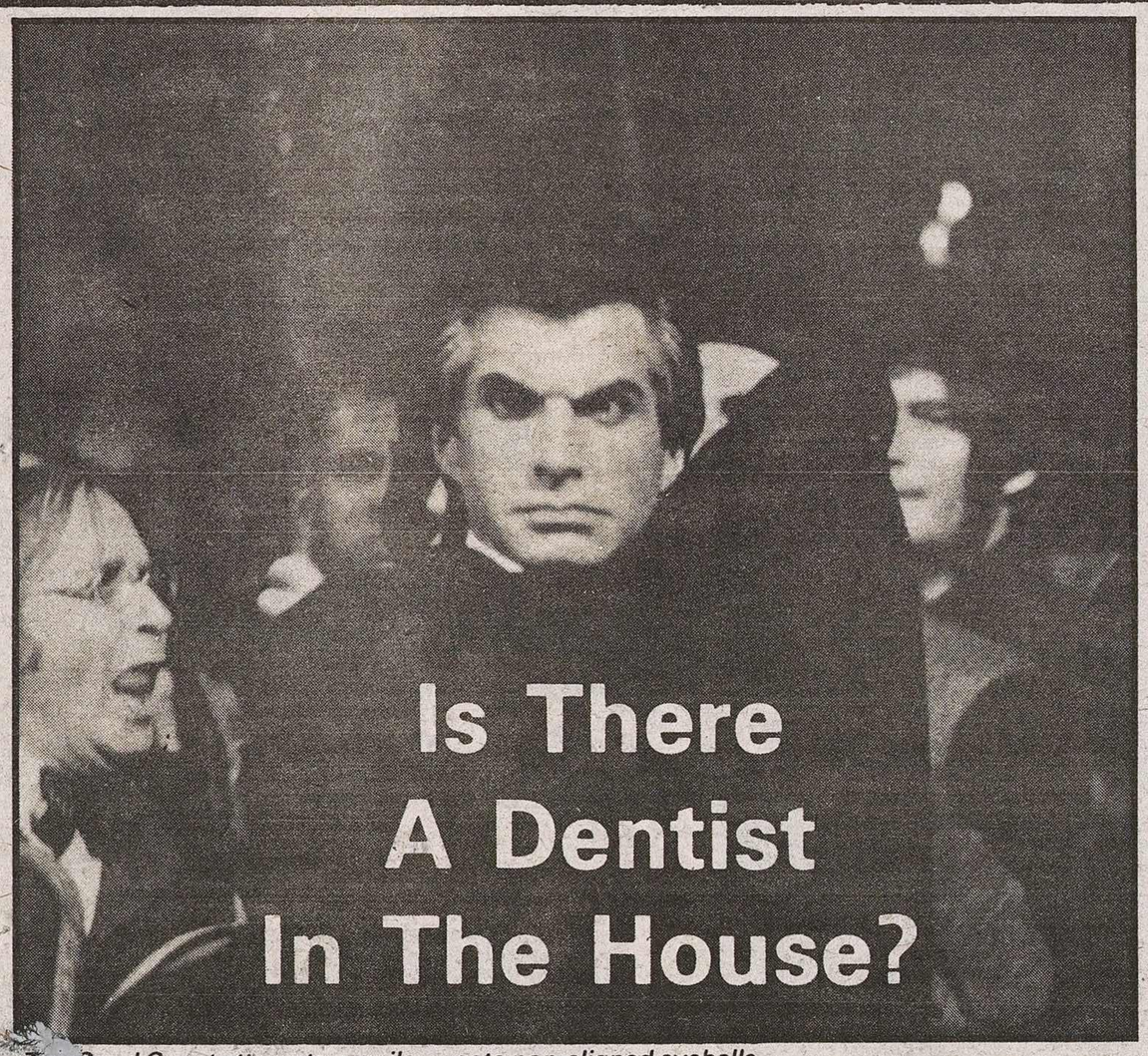


The Good Count attempts a smile — note non-aligned eyeballs

Love At First Bite

Directed by Stan Dragoti
Starring George Hamilton and Susan Saint James
(Barber Dann Films)

In an age when the genre has already travelled beyond the pale of parody with *Dracula AD* and the Yorga films, it would take an inspired script to create an effective comic version of the Vampire movie — and to utilise archetypal characters like Dracula and Renfield is dicing with death. Charles Addams might have succeeded, but it presents a daunting task to lesser mortals.

The script (sic) here has Dracula being evicted from his castle in Transylvania after a 700-year lease and journeying to New York with his faithful manservant in search of ace model Cindy Sondheim, whose face he has long admired on the covers of fashion magazines like *Pizazz*. In the city of sin. (cue disco, cue drugs), he discovers Cindy's psychiatrist lover to be a descendant of his arch enemy Van Helsing, and the ensuing complications form the remainder of the plot.

Sound, if uninspired in concept, the film relies entirely on the actors' delivery and characterisation to lift it out of the ordinary, and therein lies the problem. George Hamilton looks good as Old Red Eyes with independently operating eyebrows and Ricardo Montalban all-purpose accent, but his opening line "Children of the Night — shut up!" is funnier on paper than on celluloid.

Even Arte Johnson's Renfield, despite the brilliant parody of Dwight Frye's maniac laugh, seems to be under a directorial spell that encumbers the delivery, labouring every joke and robbing the humour of the astringency and clarity needed. Benjamin is the only one on screen using a rapier. The rest are wielding sledgehammers.

Some of the gags are pretty well-worn too. Dracula arriving at a blood bank requesting a withdrawal has been done by Rod Sterling and Les Dawson to name but two, and the Jewish jokes — Benjamin confronting Hamilton with his protective icon to no avail because it's the Star of David — are hardly cinema 'firsts'.

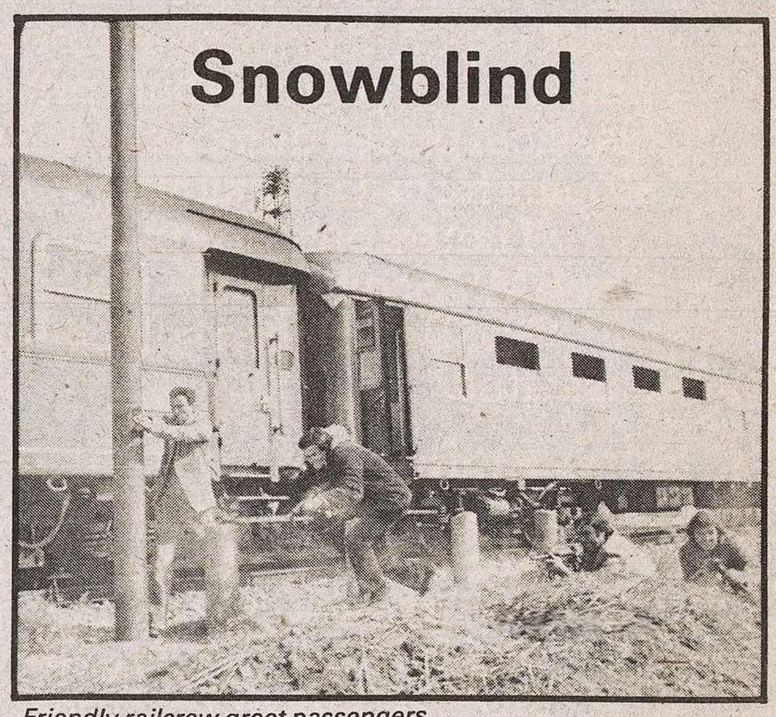
None of this would have mattered so much if there had been just a touch of atmosphere, but it's all frills, no thrills. There's simply no comparison between this and Polanski's *Dance of the Vampires* or Mel Brooks' *Young Frankenstein* and, as the most effective horror films contain a lot of humour, it's logical to assume that the formula works in reverse.

Perhaps we just don't breed the right sort of actors anymore (Ernest Thesiger where are you?), or maybe the scriptwriter just doesn't like horror movies. It takes talent to create a parody or a pastiche, also talent and a genuine feeling for the original artefact. This is simply ridicule — and there's not much mileage in that. It should have been better.

Expensive movie. Cheap laughs.

Neil Norman

Snowblind



Friendly railcrew greet passengers.

Avalanche Express

Directed by Mark Robson
Starring Robert Shaw, Lee Marvin and Linda Evans
(20th Century Fox)

This movie has one redeeming feature — it runs for only 88 minutes. These 88 minutes are artlessly crammed with every standard thriller gambit and stereotype, but are little helped by tired editing devices, duff accents, dull locations, dire performances and the fact that director Mark Robson actually died while making the film, leaving Monte Hellman the unenviable task of piecing it all together again.

The plot centres around a luckless locomotive carrying a defecting Russian General (Robert Shaw), whose escape is assisted by such veteran desperadoes as Harry Wargreave (Lee Marvin) and Elsa Lang (Linda Evans). Disguised CIA and KGB suicide jockeys start swarming around them like flies, and — inevitably — there's some footage of one of the longest and least eventful avalanches ever recorded on film.

The story-line is so relentlessly weak and stylised (and hence made deliberately obscure) that it allows no space for anything except high-tensile visual blow-out. The various sketchy sub-plots (like Harry and Elsa's tiresome romance) and the lagging sections of verbal flashback are chiselled into a structure so rigid you can almost hear it groan to accommodate them.

Make a personal stand for taste and discretion, and give this one a miss.

Mark Ellen

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Sunstruck

Meanwhile — another train, another time, another place . . .

Butch And Sundance: The Early Days

Directed by Richard Lester
Starring William Katt, Tom Berenger and Jeff Corey
(20th Century Fox)

The idea of the 'prequel' is not new. Ostensibly it's the answer to the prayers of every studio boss who's ever had a commercial hit and been hamstrung over a sequel by the exigencies of the original plot. In the case of the original movie, it was the termination of the earthly contract of its two main characters. The idea of a sequel often outweighs its execution, which frequently ends up as a mish-mash of plotlines, characterisations and dialogue culled from the original — and, as far as plot is concerned *Butch and Sundance* is no exception to the rule.

As well as bearing a truly extraordinary likeness to Newman and Redford, William Katt and Tom Berenger process their way through carbon-copy episodes here. There are joke bank robberies, a bungled train hold-up, dissolving gang partnerships, relationships with whores and the one 'real' woman. Even the tedious bicycle scene surfaces in a skiing lesson to illustrate a moment of sentimental idyll. That the movie succeeds in its own terms is entirely due to the choice of director.

Richard Lester could pour a gallon out of a pint pot. Given good material, he produces good films like *How I won the War;* given lousy material he can still come up with something viewable like *The Three Musketeers.* His talent lies not in plot but in the detailed reconstruction of period, in evoking the atmosphere of other ages. The peripheral plot of *Butch And Sundance* is fleshed out with intricate stimuli, both aural and visual (check out the warden's desk in the opening scene), sublime cameo portraits from the supporting cast and offbeat set pieces like the gunfight in the flooded mainstreet. This is the genuine article — the authentic feel of *Dirty Billy* and *Guns in the Afternoon* and not the chic period complexion of the original movie or *The Sting.*

There are many echoes: echoes of Altman's *McCabe and Mrs Miller* in the supporting players and the sweeping snowscapes; echoes of Leone in the Morricone-like score, the grotesque faces and, again, in his use of landscape — vistas of red earth and white, weirdly-shaped pinnacles of rock. There are ironic references to the earlier film: Butch joining the posse led by LeFors (the one beneath the panama who tracked them down to the end) in pursuit of the Sundance Kid; the train robbery which more or less began the original and is shown here as the culmination of their career to date; and Jeff Corey's resilient Sheriff warning Butch of the bloody consequences of stepping over the mark in a rapidly changing era.

A less self-conscious film than its predecessor, I enjoyed it much more. Thoroughly entertaining.

Neil Norman

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AYLESBURY

Saturday July 21st
RHODES HALL,
SOUTH ROAD,
BISHOPS STORTFORD

Saturday July 28th
WOODVILLE HALLS,
WINDMILL STREET, GRAVESEND

Friday July 27th
CORN EXCHANGE
EARL STREET,
MAIDSTONE

Friday August 3rd
ST IVO CENTRE
ST IVES,
CAMBRIDGESHIRE

BRITAIN'S TOP HEAVY ROCK MUSIC SHOW!
Doors open 8pm. Bar. Admission £1.50.
For bookings phone 0634 407292 (office hours)

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM'N'BOOZE

THURS 19
CAROL GRIMES
SWEET F.A.
SUN 22
ANOTHER EVENING OF BRITISH BLUES
THE O.T.'S
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS INCLUDING
JOANNE KELLY. JONA LEWIE. HAMMY HOWELL
CHRIS YULDEN AND LOTS MORE.
TUES 24 WED 25
ANGLETRAX THE CLEANERS
THURS 26
STRAIGHT EIGHT

PRIVATE VICES
+ THE SELECTORS + TEMPORARY TITLE

Friday July 20th at the
Acklam Hall, Portobello Road.

Admission £1.25 *Doors open 8pm*

PANIC PROMOTIONS PRESENTS
at the
NOTRE DAME
OFF LEICESTER SQUARE
(Next to Prince Charles Cinema)

WIRE
+ Support

THURSDAY 19th and
FRIDAY 20th JULY

Doors open 7.30 pm. Two bars till 11 pm Adm. £2.00

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

__THE SPECIALS__ top the bill at the re-opening of London's Electric Ballroom rock venue in Camden Town on Saturday. It's a package show of acts connected with The Specials' own 2-Tone label — see below for details.

Thursday

Andover Fiesta Hall: **The Strand**
Bath Fortt's: **Stinky Winkles/Sphere**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Gary Holton & The Villains**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Bournemouth Talbot Hotel: **Interference**
Bradford Princeville Club: **64 Spoons**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Tinsels/Airport**
Bristol Community Centre: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Bristol Crockers: **The Brainiac Five**
Buckley Tivoli Ballroom: **The Bombers**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Chesterfield Fusion: **The Specials**
Colne Union Hotel: **Not Sensibles**
Derby Ajanta Club: **Simple Minds**
Desford Miners Welfare: **The Rasping Sounds/Standard Issue/The Boy Scouts**
Edinburh Astoria: **Tradition**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Gerry & The Pacemakers/Dave Berry & The Cruisers/ Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders/The Fourmost/The Mersybeats/ Swinging Blue Jeans**
Gravesend Tower Club: **Shakedown**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: Patrick Fitzgerald
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Merton Parkas**
Leeds Fan Club: **Adam & The Ants**
Leeds Ralph Thoresby Theatre: **The Mess/The Gimmicks**
Liverpool Eric's: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias/John Dowie**
Liverpool Oscar's: **After The Fire**
London Alexandra Palace: **Capital Jazz Festival with Johnny Winter/Muddy Waters etc.**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Pat Halcock All-Stars**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Fabulous Poodles/Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Clapham Two Breweers: **Stagefright**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Charles Ainley Band**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Leopards/The X-Films/Virus**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Wildlife**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Beast**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Sinceros**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
London Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall: **Wire**
London Marquee Club: **The Ruts**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Black Slate**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Dee & Friends**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Dynamite/The Polecats**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Beggar**
London St Moritz Club: **Red Tape**
London Victoria The Venue: **Taj Mahal**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Shezwae Powell**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Rednite**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Lowestoft Cleopatra's: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Brotherhood of Man (for three days)**
Manchester Mayflower: **Writz**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Distrainers**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **The Injections**
Penzance De Mel Zas: **Alvin Stardust**
Portsmouth Mecca: **The Pretenders/Interview**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Little Fish**
Sheffield City Hall:**Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Thieves Like Us**
St Albans Horn Of Plenty: **The O.K. Band**
St. Helens Railway Hotel: **Lies All Lies**
Sunderland Old 29 Club: **The Tygers Of Pan Tang**
Tonbridge The Havester: **En Route**

Friday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Gerry & The Pacemakers/Dave Berry & The Cruisers/Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders/The Fourmost/The Merseybeats/Swinging Blue Jeans**
Barnsley Civic Hall: **The Specials**
Basildon Double Six: **Sta-Prest**
Bath Arts Festival: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias/John Dowie/The Spiks**
Bath Walcot National Theatre: **Arran Pilot/Westwind/John Perkins/Shortwave Band**
Birmingham (Baslall Heath) The New Inn: **Out**
Birmingham Barbarells's: **After The Fire**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Festival Suite: **Crass/Poison Girls/Au Pairs**
Blackburn Wesley Hall: **The Stiffs/Direct Hits**
Blackpool Norbreck Hotel: **Simple Minds**
Bosworth Youth Club: **The Rasping Sounds/Standard Issue/The Carbon Copies**
Bradford Royal Standard: **The Denizens**
Bridlington Royal Spa Hall: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Brighton Alhambra: **Stunshot**
Brighton Hanbury Arms: **The Parrots-/Second Nature**
Brighton (Hove) The Adur: **Shakedown**
Bristol Crockers: **The Brainiac Five**
Buntingford Youth Club: **The Runs**
Burton Seven Stars Club: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Chelmsford City Football Ground: **Security Risk**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Crewe & Nantwich Folk Festival (for three days): **Martin Carthy/Shirley & Dolly Collins/Bob Davenport/Cilla Fisher & Artie Trezise/The Rakes etc.**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Voyager**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Woody Herman Orchestra**
Doncaster Romeo & Juliet's: **The Bombers**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Days Of Grace**
Edinburgh Clouds: **Adam & The Ants**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **The Piranhas**
Hinckley Rugby Club: **White Island**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Lastarza**
Kendal Folk Festival at the Arts Centre (for three days): **Martin Simpson/Bernard Wrigley/Gary & Vera Aspey/Plexus/ Roaring Jelly/Wilf Darlington etc.**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kingston Grove Tavern: **Temporary Title/The Decorators**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Robbers Dog**
Leeds Fox's: **Spookey**
Leicester Scamps: **Judge Dread**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Zones**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Pretenders/Interview**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Alexandra Palace: **Capital Jazz Festival**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Red Lights/Roy Sundholm**
London Camden Music Machine: **Gary Holton & The Villains/Geneva**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Jab Jab**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Merton Parkas/Sneeky Feelins**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Limited Company**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Accelerators**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **The Blues Band**
London Isle of Dogs Magnet & Dewdrop: **Mad Chateaux**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall: **Wire**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Inmates/Scandal**
London N.1 Duke of Wellington: **Embryo**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson & Friends**
London Twickenham Ailsa Tavern: **Scissor Fits**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Sleuth**
London Victoria The Venue: **Taj Mahal**
London Wandsworth Lord Westbury: **Stagefright**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Local Operator/The Edge/The Kameras**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Any Trouble**
Manchester Mayflower: **Tradition**
Manchester The Factory: **The Fall**
Middlesborough Rock Garden: **Zorro**
Norwich Cromwells: **Liquid Gold**
Norwich Talk of East Anglia: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Sinceros**
Oldham (Lees) Birch Hall Hotel: **Pat Halcox All-Stars**
Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Matchbox**
Petersfield Royal Oak: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
Port Talbot Nine Volts Club: **Ray Morgan Quartet**
Reigate The Tunnel: **Heavy Tread/Reflex/the Acid Dicks**
Scarborough Penthouse: **UK Subs**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Writz/64 Spoons**
Shepton Mallet Youth Club: **The X-Certs**
Skegness Sands Showbar: **Mud**
Slough Fulcrum Theatre: **The Enid**
Staines Town Hall: **French Lessons/Gratis**
Taunton Cheddon Hotel: **Interference**

Saturday

Basildon Gloucester Park (free): **Grinder**
Basildon Towngate Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Bath Longacre Hall: **Revelation Rockers**
Bath Walcot National Theatre: **Patrick Fitzgerald/Johnny G/ Kevin Brown**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Nightfighter**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Pretenders/Interview**
Bognor Regis The Pier: **Black Gorilla**
Bolton The Affair: **Paul Maine/The Recover**
Bradford Royal Standard: **The Denizens**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Viv Stanshall/Tatty Ollity**
Brighton Portslade Town Hall: **Johnny & The Jailbirds**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Granary: **The Kidda Band**
Burton Stretton Social Club: **Strange Days**
Burton Galaxy: **Firefly**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Lies All Lies**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Vernon & The G.I.'s**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **UK Subs**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **The Dials**
Corby British Bluegrass & Country Festival (for two days): **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators/Duffy Brothers/ Brian Golbey/Echo Mountain Band etc.**
Coventry Heath Hotel: **Love And Kisses**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Fabulous Poodles**

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (23): Central Park — **Southside Johnny and The Asbury Jukes/ Rachel Sweet;** My Father's Place — **U Roy/Monyaka;** Max's — **Elliot Murphy/ VooDoo Shoes.**
TUESDAY (24): Knickerbocker Saloon — **Mary Lou Williams;** Madison Square Garden — **Kiss;** Asbury Park Boardwalk — **The Kinks;** Max's — **Von Elmo/The Mad/The Features;** Sweet Basil — **Chico Hamilton Quartet;** Fat Tuesday's — **Cecil Taylor Unit.**
WEDNESDAY (25): Asbury Park Boardwalk — **Talking Heads;** Madison Square Garden — **Kiss;** Heat — **The Marvelettes;** Max's — **Room Full Of Blues/Little Buddy and The Kids;** Lone Star Cafe — **Nektar.**
THURSDAY (26): Beacon Theatre — **Joan Armatrading;** Max's — **Wayne County and The Electric Chairs/ Student Teachers.**
FRIDAY (27): Forest Hills Stadium — **Donna Summer;** Central Park — **Johnny Winter;** Max's — **The Heat/The Scruffs.**
SATURDAY (28): Forest Hills Stadium — **Donna Summer;** Central Park — **B.B. King;** Max's — **Joy Ryder and The Avis Davis Band/Amazing Oleg.**
SUNDAY (29): Bottom Line — **Rachel Sweet;** Lone Star Cafe — **Mose Allison;** Max's — **Lynn Todd/Peroxide.**

Derby Ajanta Club: **Monochrome Set-/PragVec/Manicured Noise**
Dorchester The Tavern: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Simple Minds**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Gerry & The Pacemakers/Dave Berry & The Cruisers/Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders/The Fourmost/The Merseybeats/Swinging Blue Jeans**
Dursley Pickwick Farm (for three days): **Severn Vale Celebration with Here & Now/The Pop Group/The Mob/Dangerous Girls/The Astronauts/Blank Space/Throbbing Gristle etc.**
Epsom Ebbisham Hall: **Kay Russia**
Gosport John Peel: **Shakedown**
Gravesend Price of Wales: **Rednite**
Gravesend Rock Garden: **Sussex**
Hemel Hempstead Adeyfield Community Centre: **Matchbox**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **The Angelic Upstarts/The Beez**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Tribesman**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **Standard Issue/The Rasping Sounds/The Boy Scouts/The Prayers/The Salesmen/The Twats**
Liverpool Eric's: **The B-52's**
London Alexandra Palace: **Capital Jazz Festival**
London Brixton George Canning: **Stagefright**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Specials/Dexy's Midnight Runners/Madness/Selector**
London Camden Music Machine: **Kokomo/The Small Hours**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **American Housewives**
London E.C.1 The Metropolitan: **The Spoilsports/Dry Rib**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Zones**
London Hackney Mayfair Cinema: **Black Slate/Sons Of Jah/Militant Barry/ Amba**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Roy Hill Band**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dog Watch**
London Holborn The Blitz: **T.C.O.J.**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Whirlwind/Ray Morgan Quartet**
London Lewisham Ladywell Fields: **Mekanix/Normal Service Quintet**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Bastille**
London Marquee Club: **Starjets**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Jerry The Ferret**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Dee & Friends**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Injections**
London Stoke Newington: **Big Chief**
London S.W.8 Mayhem Studios: **No Sweat/Gino & The Sharks**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Sleuth**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Beast**
London W.11 Meanwhile Gardens (free 3-8pm): **Blank Space/The Great Escape/Survivors Of Mu/The Dogends**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Manchester The Factory: **Adam & The Ants**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Writz**
Newark Thoresby Hall: **Fairport Convention**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Sinceros**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Art Failure**
Poole Jumpers Tavern: **Refugee**
St. Albans City Hall: **After The Fire/John Payne's Moonstone**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Voyager**
Stoke (Etruria) Rose & Crown: **Small Change**
Trowbridge Capricorn: **Spookey**
Watford Mex's: **The Notion (for three days)**
Weymouth Cellar Vino: **Interference**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

Bath Walcot National Theatre: **Bluo/Arran Pilot etc.**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Survivor**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Exit (lunchtime); No Warning/The Rave/Dutch Courage/EPI-X (evening)**
Blackpool Football Ground: **Gerry & The Pacemakers/Dave Berry & The Cruisers/Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders/The Merseybeats/The Fourmost/Swinging Blue Jeans**
Bournemouth Pavilion: **Sweet Substitute**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Adam & The Ants**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Piranhas**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Nicky & The Dots/ The Chefs/Smeggy**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Carlisle Border Terrier: **64 Spoons**
Croydon Greyhound: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Dumfries Stagecoach: **The Pretenders/Interview**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Raised on Robbery**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **UK Subs**
Kettering Raunds Woodbine Club: **Strange Days**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Writz**
Leicester (Shearsby) Bath Hotel: **The Speedy Bears**
London Alexandra Palace: **Capital Jazz Festival**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Trendies**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jo-Ann Kelly-/Jona Lewie/Hammy Howell etc.**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Bown Boulevard**
London Charring Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Tennis Shoes**
London Finchley Torrington: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Gordon Hunt's Sox**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Alan Clayson & The Argonauts**
London Hounslow Red Lion: **After The Fire**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Bruce Woolley**
London Marquee Club: **Secret Affair**
London Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Zilch**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pat Halcox All-Stars**
London Paddington Q Club: **T.C.O.J.**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Lennie Felix**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Wild Horses/Girlschool/Samson**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **Miami Beast**
Newcastle The Red House: **Hot Snax**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's: **The Bombers**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Harvey Andrews**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Woody Herman Orchestra**
Salford Willows Centre: **Spookey**
Spennymoor Recreation Centre: **Saxone**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The B-52s / Fashion**
Birmingham Pop Club: **Paul Maine / The Recover**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet: **Liquid Gold (for a week)**
Brighton Polytechnic: **The Alterations**
Bristol Romeo & Juliet: **Tradition**
Chester Smartyz: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Pretenders / Interview**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
King's Lynn Tiffany's: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
Liverpool Romeo & Juliet's: **The Bombers**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **No Sweat / The Stoat — Canis Major**
London Charing Cross Global Village: **The Teenbeats**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bobby Henry**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Brainiac Five**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Southside**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Reg Laws & The Alibi**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Squire**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Secret Affair / The Merton Parkas / The Mods**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Earl Hines Quartet (for two weeks)**
London Talk of the Town: **Buddy Greco (for four weeks)**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Sound Ceremony**
London Victoria The Venue: **Spyro Gyra**
London Walthamstow Saxon House: **Beggar**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Stagefright**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Miami Beast**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

Rest of the Gig Guide

Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Rayleigh Cross: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Writz**
Sheffield Penthouse: **UK Subs**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
Spennymoor Recreation Centre: **Saxon**
Swansea Circles: **The Sinceros**
Worcester Hideway: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**

Tuesday

Ayr Pavilion: **The Pretenders/Interview**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Mr. Sam's: **XuX**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Birmingham Thursdays Disco: **Pinkertons Colours**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Vye**
Chatham Scamps: **Judge Dread**
Eastbourne (Normans Bay) The Star: **Shakedown**
Exeter Routes: **Tradition**
Glasgow HMS Neptune: **The Bombers**
Great Yarmouth Stars & Garter: **After The Fire**
Leeds Fan Club: **UK Subs**
London Battersea Park (free open-air): **Ken Colyer Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Angletrax**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Brainiac Five**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Method/Again Again**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Protex/The Urge/Digital Dance**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bombshell**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Beast**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Fixations**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Arms & Legs**
London Marquee Club: **The Purple Hearts/Squire**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Ravenscourt Park Summer Theatre: **Dave Cousins/Shortstuff**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Cousin Joe From New Orleans**
London Tooting The Castle: **The Injections**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Cannibals**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Aj Webber**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Units/The Hoax/God's Gift**
Neath Talk of the Abbey: **The Sinceros**
Newcastle Balmbra's: **American Echoes**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Specials**
Norwich Wensum Lodge Music House: **Louis Moholo/Elton Dean & Ivan Zagni**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The B-52s**
Sheffield The Marples: **Air Raid**
Skegness Bier Garten: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
Southampton (Bittern) Red Lion: **Refugee**
Stoke Trentham Gardens: **Teh Kidda Band**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Merton Parkas**
Taunton Fagin's Kitchen: **Thieves Like Us**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Bicester Nowhere Club: **The Funboy Five**
Bilford College: **Paul Maine/The Recover**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **After The Fire/The V.I.P.'s**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Stevens, Guy, Watts**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Matchbox**
Chatham Tam O'Shanter: **The Distrainers**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Cleethorpes Bunnies: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
Croydon Scamps: **Judge Dread**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Derby Old Bell Hotel: **Strange Days**
Derby Pennine Hotel: **Pat Halcox All-Stars/Sweet Substiute**
Hazel Grove Youth Centre: **The Bombers**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Alwoodley Jets**
Lincoln RAF Scampton: **Black Gorilla**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cleaners**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bruce Woolley**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Fulham Colden Lion: **Mainland**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Michael Nyman Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **London Zoo**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Fixations**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **The Enid**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Velvet**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Small Hours**
London Victoria The Venue: **Lee Ritenour and his Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Piranhas**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **Ainley & The Misdemeanours**
London W.I. Maunkberry's: **Aj Webber**
Newport Stowaway: **Zones**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Plymouth Woods Centre: **Tradition**
Poole Arts Centre: **Grover Washington Jr.**
Central Line
Reading Target Club: **El Seven**
Solihull Golden Lion: **The Clinic**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Wakefield Newton House Club: **American Echoes**
York Pop Club: **Adam & The Ants**

***WIRE** complete their short gig series this week, when they headline two major London dates. They're at the Notre Dame Hall in Leicester Square on Thursday and Friday.*

BREATHE
at the
DOUBLE SIX, BASILDON
SUNDAY JULY 22nd
Also **Robinson Crusoe, Tilbury Aug 3rd.**
and **Top Alex, Southend, Sept. 21st.**

THE *Venue*
160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5500
Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing.
7pm — 3am.
Tickets and Postal applications from The Venue. Postal Orders only.

Wednesday July 18th £3.50
LEON REDBONE
For 2 nights £3.75
Thursday July 19th & Friday July 20th
TAJ MAHAL
2 shows each night 9.00 & 11.30
For 2 Nights
Saturday July 21st & Sunday July 22nd
JOHN STEWART POSTPONED
Saturday July 21st £3.25
THE RUBINOOS
+ Protex
Monday July 23rd £3.25
SPYRO GYRA
Wednesday July 25th £3.50
LEE RITENOUR
+ Friendship
+ Terry Collier
Thursday July 26th £3.25
WOODSTOCK MOUNTAINS REVUE
Featuring Happy Traum, John Herald, Bill Keith, Artie Traum, Pat Alger, Jim Roonie, Roly Salley.
Sunday July 29th £3.25
MADDY PRIOR
with Rick Kemp, Nigel Pegram, John O'Connor & Andy Richards

ROCK IN STUDIO 2
THE BLUES BAND
with
Paul Jones
20 & 27 July 8.30 pm
£1.60
ROY HILL BAND
21 & 28 July 8.30 pm
£1.60
MICHAEL NYMAN BAND
25 July 8.30 pm
£1.05
riverside studios
Crisp Road Hammersmith W6
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Sunday, 22nd July — Tracy's, GLOUCESTER
Wednesday, 25th July — Stowaway, NEWPORT
Thursday, 26th July — Limit Club, SHEFFIELD
Friday, 27th July — Eric's, LIVERPOOL
Saturday, 28th July — Grey Topper, NOTTINGHAM
Sunday, 29th July — Fforde Green, LEEDS
Monday, 30th July — Music Machine, LONDON
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Friday, 3rd August — Country Club, KIRKLEVINGTON
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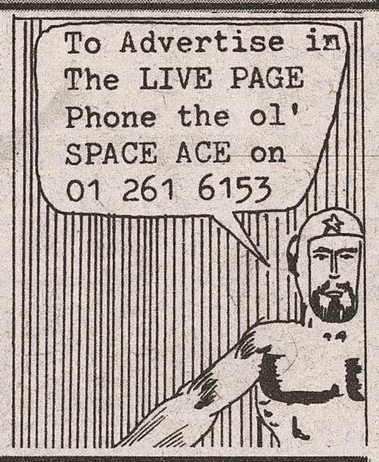
Theatre Box Office Tel: 02013 · 85222
and from usual agents
Thursday 26 July at 8·00
— HAMMERSMITH ODEON —
Caroline St., London W6
Tickets – £4·25, £3·25, £2·25
Theatre Box Office Tel: 01 · 748 · 4081
London Theatre Bookings Tel: 01 · 439 · 3371
Premier Box Office Tel: 01 · 240 · 2245
and from usual agents or on night
Saturday 28 July at 7·30
— CALIFORNIA BALLROOM DUNSTABLE —
(In association with ILKA PROMOTIONS)
Tickets – £3·50
Ballroom Box Office Tel: 0582 · 62804
and from usual agents
Monday 30 July at 7·00
— BRIGHTON DOME —
(In association with Brighton Soul Society)
Tickets — £4.00, £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Theatre Box Office Tel: 0273 · 682127
and from usual agents.



SATURDAY JULY 21st
9 p.m. to 1 a.m.
Westway Music Present
NO SWEAT + GINO & THE SHARKS
MAYHEM STUDIOS
Patcham Terrace, S.W.8
Late Bar
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words words (Barry Clarke) words words words words words
CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday July 21st at 8 p.m.
AFTER THE FIRE
+ JOHN PAYNE'S MOONSTONE
Mary Jane Disco Bar Food
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Ray Santilli Presents
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TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE
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Wednesday July 25th
AFTER THE FIRE
(Hear the single *'One Rule For You'*)
+ Special Guest Appearance of
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Doors open 7.30 pm Admission £1.20
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ZONES

Wednesday 18th July: BISHOPS STORTFORD, TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE
Friday 20th July: LINCOLN, A.J'S CLUB
Saturday 21st July: LONDON, GREYHOUND, FULHAM
Wednesday 25th July: GWENT (WALES), STOWAWAY CLUB
Thursday 26th July: MANCHESTER MAYFLOWER CLUB
Friday 27th July: CARLISLE, WIGTON MARKET HALL
Saturday 28th July: DERBY, AJANTA CLUB
Monday July 30th: PLYMOUTH, FIESTA SUITE
Tuesday 31st July: LONDON, DINGWALLS
Thursday 2nd August: CHESTERFIELD, FUSION CLUB
Friday 3rd August: DEVIZES CORN EXCHANGE
Saturday 4th August: BATH, BRILLIG ART CENTRE
Sunday 5th August: GWENT, MEMORIAL HALL NEWBRIDGE
Monday 6th August: SWANSEA, CIRCLES CLUB
Tuesday 7th August: SHEFFIELD, LIMIT CLUB
Thursday 9th August: NORWICH, BOOGIE HOUSE
Friday 10th August: BIRMINGHAM, BARBARELLA'S
Saturday 11th August: BLACKPOOL, NORBRECK CASTLE
Sunday 12th August: LEEDS, FFORDE GREEN HOTEL

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THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday July 19th 50p
Last but one gig before tour starts
SPECIAL BRANCH
Dave Flatt, Mark Irving & Mark Pinder

Friday July 20th 60p
THE ALCOHOLICS
Bobby Harrison, Walt Monaghan, Dennis Stratton, Matt Irving, Mark Pinder.

Saturday July 21st 60p
TOUR DE FORCE
+ Support

Sunday July 22nd 40p
R.D.B.
+ Nuthin' Fancy

Monday July 23rd 50p
Mods Monday
SMALL HOURS + THE VAPORS

Tuesday July 24th 50p
JOE O'DONNELL BAND

Wednesday July 25th 40p
STAN'S BLUES BAND

Thursday July 26th 50p
SPECIAL BRANCH
Thanks for the residency, see you soon

BEAST

Wednesday 18th July
Cape of Good Hope Oxford

Thursday 19th July
Swan Hammersmith

Saturday 21st July
Moonlight Club Hampstead

Tuesday 24th July
Windsor Castle Harrow Road

SNIFF RECORDS PRESENT

THE WIMPS
+ GUY JACKSON
+ THE MEETING
Monday August 6th at the Acklam Hall.
Advance tickets 60p from 11 Wildwood Road, N.W.11

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HASTINGS PIER BALLROOM
HASTINGS PIER
Thursday July 19th
Admission £1.50 Doors open 7.30 p.m.

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Thursday 19th
MARK ANDREWS & THE GENTS
+ Last Orders
50p Adm Open till 12

Friday 20th
TOUR DE FORCE
+ Support
50p Adm Open till 12

Saturday 21st
DOG WATCH
+ Support
50p Adm Open till 12

Sunday 22nd
COUNTRY NIGHT
Free Close 10.30

Monday 23rd
SPITFIRE
Free Close 11.00

Tuesday 24th
BEAST
Free Close 11.00

Wednesday 25th
KAY RUSSIA
Free Close 11.00

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dog watch

Friday July 20th
EAST HAM
RUSKIN ARMS

Saturday July 21st
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CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL GREEN
12.45 to 2.00 pm
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Also at
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Saturday 21st July
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DUKE OF LANCASTER
Approach Road, NEW BARNET
(beside BR New Barnet)

Thursday July 19th
THE LEMMINGS
Friday July 20th
SKINFLICKS
Saturday July 21st.
SKIN DEEP
Sunday July 22nd
ZILCH
Tuesday July 24th
LAST EXIT

DUBLIN CASTLE
CAMDEN TOWN
THE COAL BIN

Monday July 23rd
HARRINGAY DOGS
+ Effect
Wednesday July 25th
THE MODS
+ Jump

R 'n' B SCOTTISH WALKABOUT WITH MOD BAND

BEGGAR

JUNE
19 CUINZIE NEUK, KINGHORN
20 DUTCH MILL, KIRKALDY
22 ROSEBANK HOTEL, WICK
23 BLOMMERS, DUNDEE
26 COMMODORE HOTEL, STONEHAVEN
27 BIRKSGATE, KIRKALDY
29 ASHTON HOTEL, GOUROCK

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.
Tel. 0777 704981.

Friday July 20th
BITCH
+ THE PAIN

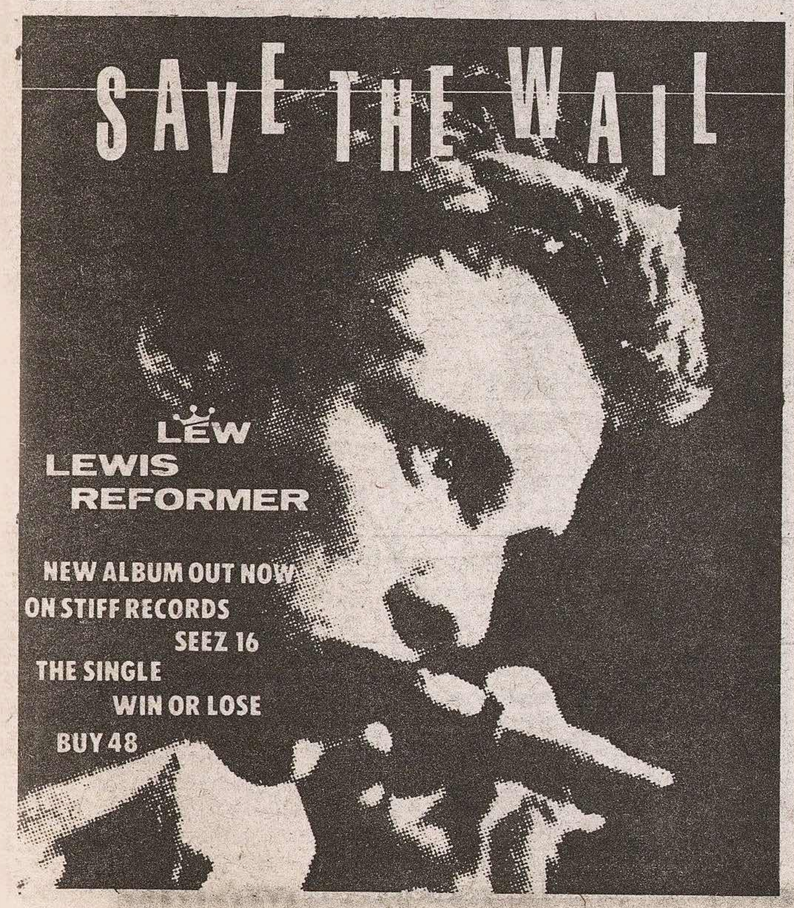
Saturday July 21st
BITTER SUITE
+ ZORRO

ROCK AGAINST SEXISM
with
DELTA FIVE
GANG OF FOUR
THE SPOILSPORTS
ELECTRIC BALLROOM,
184 Camden High St., NW1
Saturday July 28th at 7 pm.
Tickets £2 (£1.50 unwaged).

DO YA?

Starkers Management Presents

THE EXTRAS
+ MARK ANDREWS & THE GENTS
at the MARQUEE
Friday July 20th
Doors open 7 pm. Admission £1.00



THE MODS ARE ALRIGHT — LONDON'S LARGEST MOD VENUE

SHADES
GREEN LANES, MANOR HOUSE
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THE MODS
THE LITTLE ROOSTERS
ADMISSION £1.50 (£1 members)
Adjacent to Manor House Tube
Booking: Venus 01-534 2770

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Tel. 0522 30874
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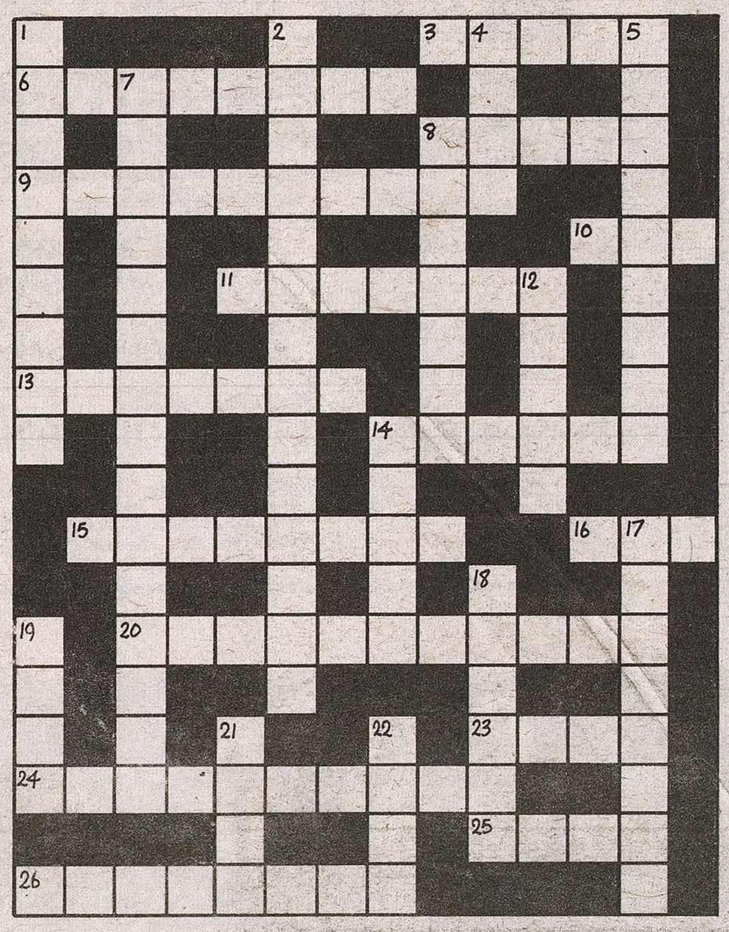
THE ZONES
Friday July 20th
THE SINCEROS

GENEVA
APPEARING AT
FRI. JULY 20th MUSIC MACHINE
TUES. JULY 24th MOONLIGHT CLUB
WED. JULY 25th ROCK GARDEN
FRI. AUG. 3rd GREYHOUND
TUES. AUG. 7th KENSINGTON
geneva

TWIST & SHOUT PRESENTS
SQUIRE
V.I.Ps
MONDAY JULY 23rd WINDSOR CASTLE HARROW ROAD
TUESDAY JULY 24th MARQUEE with PURPLE HEARTS
TUESDAY JULY 24th THE CASTLE TOOTING BROADWAY
WEDNESDAY JULY 25th TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE Bishops Stortford (with AFTER THE FIRE)
BOOKINGS: 01-223 6481

Crossword Corner



ACROSS

3 See 11.
6 Ramones current long player. (3, 5)
8 Of India . . . or of Derek?
9 A message from the Straits?
10 See 23.
11 & 3 Debbie's fragile organ? (5, 2, 5)
13 Rodent catcher? (3, 4)
14 & 17 Orange horse rig (anag. two words).
15 Peaches & Herb's allusion to Old Trafford?
16 Formerly The High Numbers.
20 Seven superstitiously!? (5, 6)
23 & 10 Aka Pauline Matthews.
24 Her biggie was "It's My Party". (6, 4)
25 Mum to Sean, wifey to John.
26 See 18.

DOWN

1 Finding of an ELO album?
2 She had a string of stylish Bacharach-David hits in the '60s, like 'Anyone Who Had A Heart' and 'Walk On By'. (6, 8)
4 Sugary partner of Gallagher.
5 Yesman. (5, 4)
7 Cochran classic. (10, 5)
8 Intellectually stimulating reggae act?
12 Seaworthy(!) feature of 'Manifesto'?
14 Peter or Al.
17 See 14 across.
18 & 26 Soul giant once described by Bob Dylan as America's leading living poet.
19 See 22.
21 Burnel sounds like a girl!
22 & 19 The nation's No. 1 DJ.

Answers

ACROSS: 1 'Back To The Egg'; 6 'Good (Vibrations)'; 7 Gang Of Four; 8 Rory Gallagher; 10 Sylvester; 11 Len (Barry); 13 'Lucille'; 14 Bernie (Leadon); 15 (Len) Barry; 16 Slade; 18 Robert (Zimmerman); 19 Pye; 20 Altamont; 21 (Marc) Bolan; 22 Ruts; 23 Slim (Whitman); 24 (Adam) Ant.

DOWN: 1 'Bad Girls'; 2 'Country Life'; 3 '(Wild West) Hero'; 4 George Melly; 5 'Boogie Wonderland'; 6 Gregg (Allman); 9 Little Bob Story; 12 '(Good) Vibrations'; 14 Billy Joel; 17 (Slim) Whitman.

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9 Poland St. London W1V 3DG.

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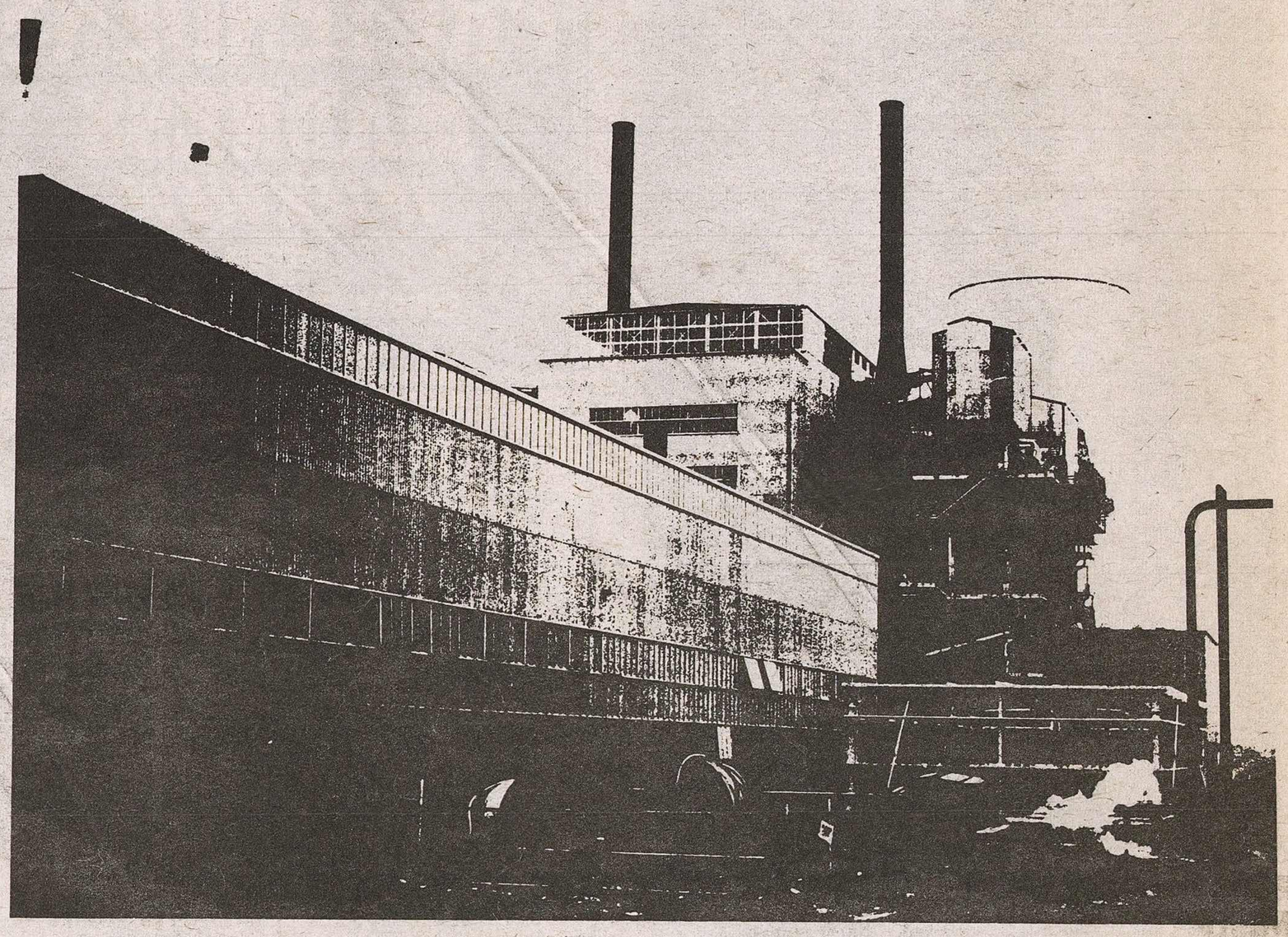


Calder Hall atomic power station *Mirrorpic*

Bombside Reading?

NUCLEAR ACCESS: A SUMMARY

Informed protest is a powerful weapon but, as information on the nuclear issue expands exponentially, it becomes harder for the general reader to find the right book to suit his or her level of knowledge. What follows is a rundown of easily available material of most relevance to the anti-nuclear movement in the UK.

Easily the best introductory volume is *Nuclear Power For Beginners* by Stephen Croall and Kalanders Sempler (Beginners Books, £1.80), a documentary comic book which cuts through complexities rendering arguments simply and with humour.

Beginning with a brief section on the history of man's use of energy, the book then traces all aspects of the nuclear issue, from uranium mining to reactor safety and beyond to a discussion of alternative sources of energy, means of production and lifestyles.

This book is part of a whole series of titles which will build up to a popular comic-strip encyclopedia — an exciting idea, and a necessary one. As the introduction puts it — it's not just a question of techniques and economics, it's about the kind of society we want for ourselves and future generations. In other words, a political matter for us all to decide, not the experts alone.

For those who want to study the subject in more detail, a wide range of publications are available from Friends of the Earth which, in the main, combine readability with hard, detailed factual content.

Nuclear Power by Walt Patterson (Penguin, £1.00) provides a comprehensive coverage of the workings of the nuclear fuel cycle, a useful chapter on plutonium and an excellent bibliographical essay detailing in more depth than this piece the best of the nuclear literature.

In his follow-up book *The Fissile Society* (Earth Resources Research Ltd, £2.00), Patterson digs much further into how use of nuclear electricity affects our social, economic and political systems, and provides much detail on the rise and growth of the British civil nuclear system.

The threat to civil liberties posed by the nuclear programme is studied in more depth in *Nuclear Prospects* by Michael Flood and Robin Grove-White (FOE, 80p). Quoting extensively from the official literature, the authors piece together a nightmare picture of the risks of plutonium theft and nuclear sabotage and of the problems posed by the inevitable battles, present and future, between the nuclear industry and the anti-nuclear movement.

Mike Flood has also written *Torness: Keep It Green* (FOE, 85p), the first of a projected series of booklets on energy options, which gives full details of the reasons behind the Torness protest.

If you have difficulty getting any of the above titles in your area, they can be obtained by post from FOE Trading, 9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG. Add 20p for p&p.

In a class of his own is Robert Jungk (interviewed in *NME* 28.4.79), one of the premier scientific journalists of the Nuclear Age. In his latest book, *The Nuclear State* (John Calder, £2.95), he provides a much-needed European angle on the important issues of safety, sabotage and civil liberties.

As in his major work *Brighter Than A Thousand Suns* (Penguin, now shamefully out of print), a personal history of the atomic scientists, Jungk renders the large issues understandable by viewing them through the eyes of the people concerned. His opening chapter, 'Radiation Fodder', in which he introduces us to the workers at a nuclear plant in Brittany, is a fine example of his journalistic tenchnique. The book as a whole has been accused by some of being merely "nuclear gossip". There may be an element of truth in that, yet Jungk's message is too important to be so easily missed.

His final essay on the movement which he calls 'The New International' *must* be read.

Finally, to keep up to date with the rapid flow of events in the anti-nuclear movement worldwide, readers should subscribe to the *SCRAM Energy Bulletin,* a lively bi-monthly news magazine, which reports in detail on the movement. (Obtainable from SCRAM, 2a Ainslie Place, Edinburgh 3. Subscription: £2 for individuals; £6 for institutions. Sample copy: 15p plus p&p).

Dick Tracy

FAT IS A FEMINIST ISSUE
By Susie Orbach
(Hamlyn Paperbacks 95p)

This is an enlightening book. Women, it suggests, are more liable to become fat than men. When they do, it is generally more of a problem for them than for men. Miserable and conflicting feelings provoke them into undertaking punitive dietary 'regimes', which usually break down — whereupon they become fat again, often fatter still. All this invariably triggers off another obsessive and apparently self-defeating regimen.

Orbach's belief is that the 'problem' is a manifestation of the inequality between men and women, and that it represents confusion in the minds of many women about the stereotypical roles of the sexes. Distilled like this, her thesis might seem rather far-fetched. So what distinguishes this book from the many volumes of pop psychology dealing with 'body image'?

It's comparatively well written. The text is a lucid exposition rather than a mish-mash of inconclusive proposals. It insists that analytical psychotherapy is not an end in itself and must be given an political interpretation and application — or else it is futile.

Yet it accommodates the complexities, and stresses the difficulty of the problem. Orbach admits that many women who suffer from eating in a complusive way and who might have a vested interest in her book as a manual will have as much difficulty as those who do not have any eating disorder in recognising that this perpetual preoccupation with food has wider implications.

She describes women who become fat in a defensive-aggressive manner, whose fatness seems to serve the purpose of excusing them from participating in the sexual sweepstakes. She believes that somewhere along the line they have chosen to be disqualified from the race. Distress masks distress. Their true worries and their plights are inadmissable and taboo, hence the tenacity of these fatty defences.

She sees women with anorectic tendencies as more covert yet. In their bizarre rituals of self-starvation is a sort of poisonous acquiescence to a fragile, unattainable ideal. They will collapse into a reprieved exhaustion when their eventual emaciation puts them puts them too out of the running.

And Susie Orbach eventually persuades us that these tortured and hopeless attempts at dealing with fear and confusion about sex will only cease when we come near to what they are. Then we can address ourselves to the dilemma that will remain.

Susan Holland

LIVE!

Pic Pennie Smith

How The Might Of Rock And Roll Unites And Fights

Pete Townshend
Misty
The Ruts
The Pop Group

Rainbow

First night of the RAR/People Unite stand at the Rainbow: Pete Townshend is whacking the daylight out of his fifth guitar of the evening.

The others have retired hurt, not splintered like Skylab from an unscheduled landing but just generally mauled: strings shredded and broken and detuned under the pressure of their owner's nonstop assault.

'Let's see action!' Townshend is roaring, *'Let's see people, let's see freedom everywhere.'*

He's tipping his hat to the new constitution, taking a bow for the new revolution and picking up his guitar to play, just like yesterday.

He careers across the stage, gun arm flailing, one arm flailing among many. Down the front they've berserked out, grooving like madmen on the spectacle of an old-time rock hero who's put his resources — fiscal, musical and personal — on the line for a cause which has united everybody here tonight, from the punko hardcore in the zips, clips and studs through to the kid with the names of all Kiss' albums embroidered on the back of his Levi waistcoat.

'Pete Townshend & Friends' saith the billing; the friends in question being Peter Hope-Evans playing most sweet and salty on a multiplicity of mouth-harps, Rabbit behind the keyboards, Kenny Jones pounding a ridiculous quantity of drums and Tony Butler on bass. The repertoire draws principally on 'Oo 'its, R&B classics and a wee touch of Proper Rock and Roll when Townshend announces that Friday 13th is Steve Gibbons' birthday and said worthy swaggers on in his best *Oh Boy* outfit (including a fluorescent pink tie guaranteed to induce headaches at 50 paces) to plug in his Peavey and sing 'No Spittin' On The Bus' and a Presliac 'Blue Suede Shoes', complete with highly authentic footwork.

From a gutslamming opener with 'Won't Get Fooled Again' through Jimmy Reed's 'Big Boss Man' (socialist R&B with a vengeance, bro') and 'Can You See The Real Me', 'Bargain', 'Drowned', 'Tattoo' and a new song called 'Cats In The Cupboard', Townshend veered between titanic displays of the anarchic power which earned him his pantheon slot as one of rock's patron demons and the kind of worried self-consciousness which almost inevitably sets in when someone's trying to lead a one-off band through a one-off show. His announcements were shy/offhand/defensive/aggressive, as if — at his most worried — he wondered what he was doing there at all.

But that's always the way: no-one doubts Pete Townshend as much as he doubts himself, and for all the flubs and looseness his set was as warm and enjoyable performance as anyone could've wanted.

The evening had commenced with The Pop Group being youthful, sincere, revolutionary, unorthodox and so on, competing for attention with the radical lightshow and slowly but surely winding the audience up to a pitch of absolute apathy. Augmented by the Gang Of Four's Hugo Burnham and a cast of dozens, they twanged, banged and harangued, fronted by an anguished Mark Stewart in a Marlon Brando *Wild One* motorcycle hat.

From where I was sitting (up in the circle, dammit, which is about as intimate as flying over the gig in a 747), their performance carried an air of futile desperation that augered ill for the rest of the evening.

They were followed by Red Sanders in his time-honoured role as a revolutionary ringmaster, who read an excerpt from a *Temporary Hoarding* piece written by David Widgery in his Andy Xerox disguise and brought on Mike Carver, a friend of the late Blair Peach, to sing a song commemorating his murdered pal and demand the disbanding of the SPG.

Alone and spotlit in a corner of the stage, Carver displayed anger and emotion expressed through earnest triteness, but the bright shower of applause that washed over him at the song's conclusion showed that he'd come out ahead of the game.

Sanders returned to bring on The Ruts, who launched themselves full-tilt into a Who-like entry to a set that demonstrated the combination of rough-and-ready audacity, growing musical sophistication, good-humoured realism and exuberant energy that characterises the latest wave of punk bands to reap mass acceptance and made me wish that Keith Richards could see 'em.

Malcolm Owen is an impressive and engaging frontman; should go far.

That left Misty, for whom no introduction would've been either desirable or adequate. In the purest sense, they were exactly what the whole two-day event was about, which made the dampness of the audience's response to them doubly tragic.

Augmented by a host of friends who swelled their ranks to over a dozen, they transmitted an odd blend of the devastating and the lacksadasical. The rhythm section cooked and smouldered, the organist spread soul onto the music like honey on to bread and the frontmen worked the lip of the stage like champs. But the overall impression was one of listlessness, as too many people with nothing much to do wandered around the stage, less a dance of celebration and solidarity or a lap of honour than aimless mooching.

But despite the dynamism of The Ruts, it was Pete's night.

All the great Who numbers have gained rather than diminished in resonances over the years, and when Townshend returned for his encore, muttered, "I'd like to do something really obvious" and slammed into 'My Generation', it was a moment of overwhelming emotional power.

Godammit we are a generation, we're all in Pete's generation from the oldest hippie veteran to the youngest skin, and once again Townshend's ceremonially upraised arm was but one of many all over the hall and for that one moment of melting warmth and solidarity I could

Continues over ▶

Aswad. Pic Syd Shelton.

Townshend. Pic Virginia Turbett.

"Let's see action! Let's see people! Let's see freedom everywhere!"

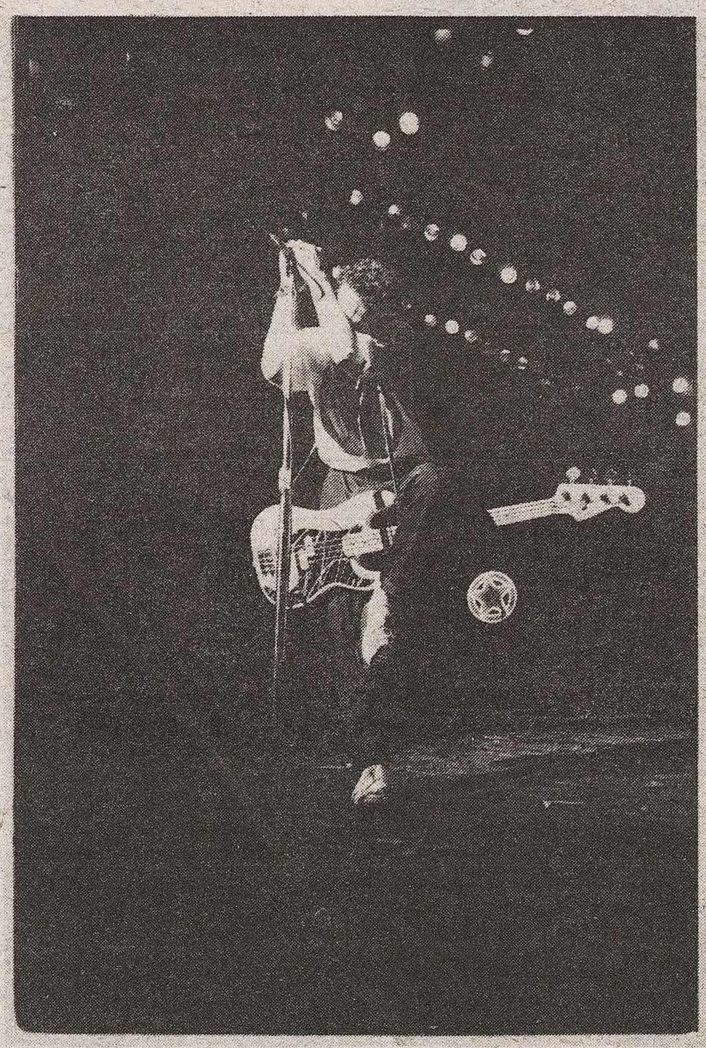
"An' it was just around the corner in the English Civil War"

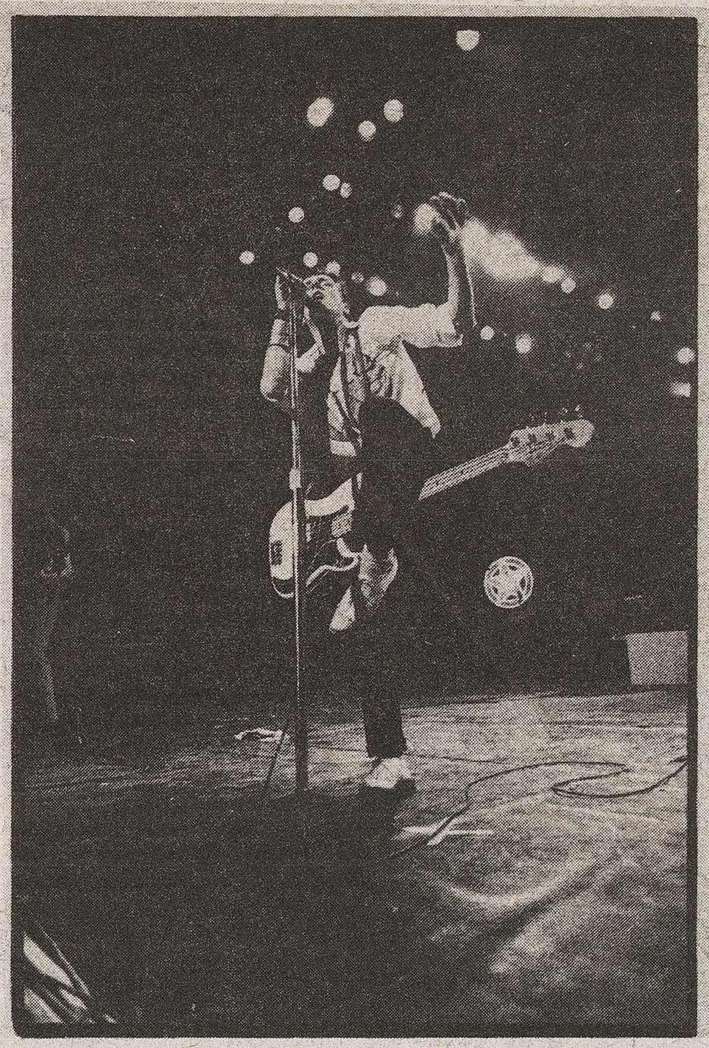
from previous page

get optimistic about the '80s all over again. *They got the coshes but we got the numbers . . .*

Pete, this night you did yourself and us much honour. It wasn't just the free use of the PA and the lights and all those amps, it was the fact that you showed up and played. Don't think we'll forget.

Charles Shaar Murray





Pix Pennie Smith

Clash
Aswad
The Members
Bongo Danny

Rainbow

Clash are alive. The myths and symbols are vaguely echoed; the vulnerability of the attack on the massive obstacles — of everything from falling in love through struggling for survival to wondering what is the 'cause' — is more obvious than it has ever been.

But Clash are alive.

Alive because caught within the flash where most people aren't even able to blow their noses, Clash are willing to blow their lot. Clash's significant resignation is manifested as the ultimate defiance. And that's positive enough and primitive enough to be actually liberating.

Clash are alive because they refuse to congratulate themselves, could never isolate themselves and because their confusion doesn't render them impotent but infuses the whole being with practical resistance and the urge to uncover.

The Clash are dangerous and alive because with quiet industry they've reached a stage where they are something a lot more than simply 'scandalous' within the rock'n'roll network. And they operate with a strange value on the perimeters, avoiding fake pulp publicity, making all sorts of mistakes — showing themselves up and being realistic enough to offer no hope. Because there is no hope.

So who sits back?

Clash are the real sound and fury. They're the first rock'n'roll band you could call 'dangerous' without chuckling at the same time.

Clash explode through everything once they're on stage. They know more than anybody that that's where it matters.

You only have to look.

I used to blindly follow what everybody else whined about The Clash, what they've read into it; about the frills and the poses and the slogans. Now I will decide for myself, and I'm going to be right.

They're a sort of blank screen on which the entire history of rock'n'roll achieves a comprehensive focus; corny, splendid, and, er, *rebellious.* They've got all the cliches and all the soul; all the poses and all the grunts.

When Mick Jones keeps his face and body straight and slashes his right hand across his guitar — *that* is rock'n'roll. And it's not silly. It's great!

Before Clash — sharing the bill and the spontaneous, pained outcry against the Southall debacle and completing a moving union — three acts entertained with that mixture of toughness, tenderness and triviality that makes you glow inside.

Bongo Danny And The Enchanters played that busy, droning drop reggae that can easily bore unless you wander around and chat and occasionally drop inside the rhythms. Part time attention is what you need for this stuff. In the seatless Rainbow that was easily attained; it was a light way to start.

The Members were even better than I hoped for.

You can tell they've been playing a lot lately. Their set was taught and right; pop song after pop song, some verging on the epic, some bumping around an immediately identifiable reggae feel. Nicky Tesco seemed angry and J.C. was in his element. Who needs anything more?

Aswad, despite hints that the event was running well over time, (a deserved Members' encore was apparently out of the question), played a long set.

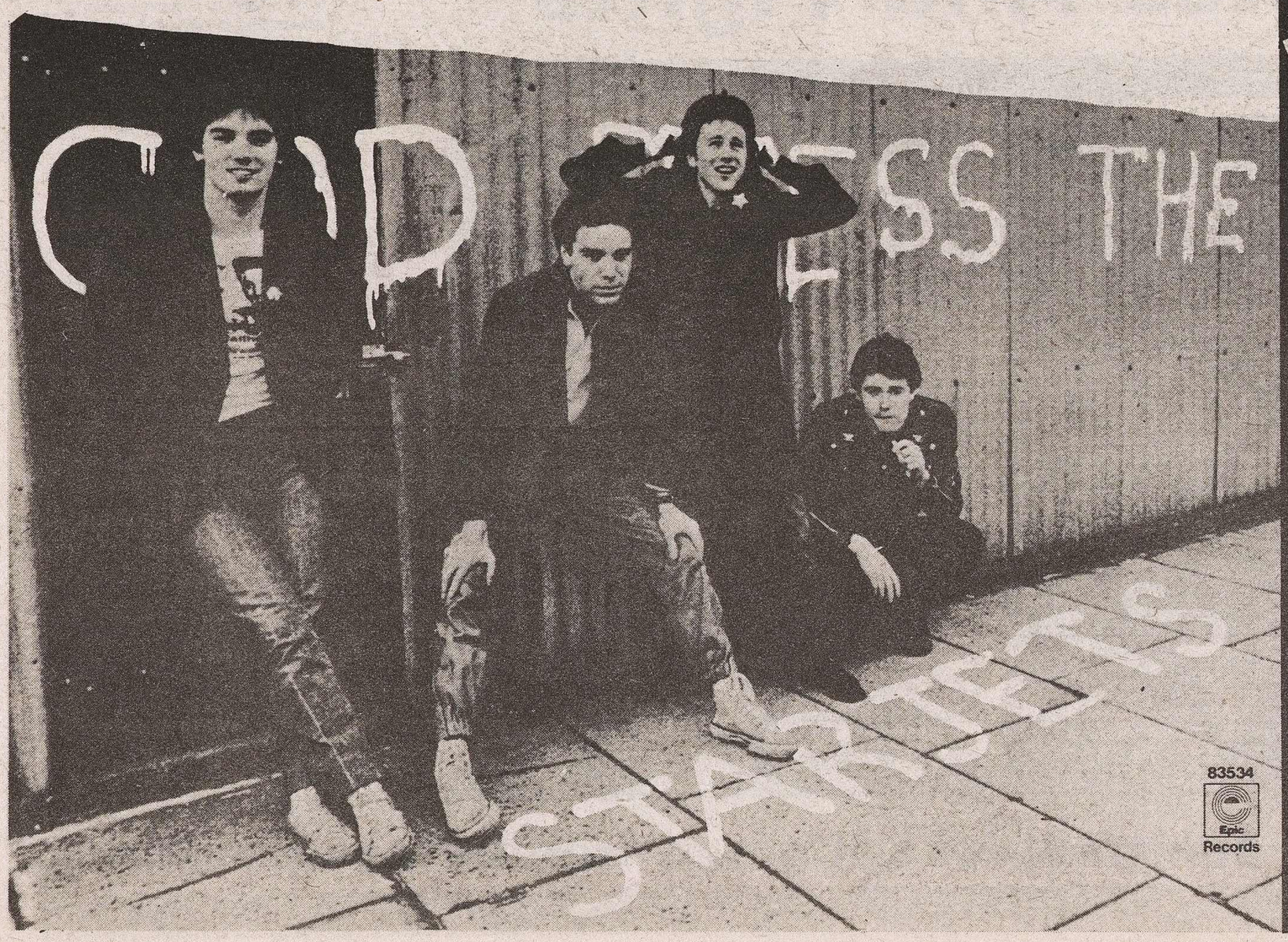
At first I was bored, my mind kept wandering. But then I noticed my right leg was moving and my fingers clicking. So I concentrated: Aswad are not as languid as a casual listen would suggest. There is depth and strength that you might have to move in close for.

Their music drifted into pokey jamming and choppy doodling, floated around a little, but didn't seem out of place. When Aswad finally left, the atmosphere was thick and sticky and just right.

Clash run out onto the stage, towards a mass of multicoloured hair, sweaty faces and pounding fists, and everything is as it should be. Topper is shoved away. Paul Simonon is loose limbed and beautiful. Mick Jones is a red guitar hero. Joe Strummer is a contorted leader.

Clash are a hard rock group, but calling them that — and inadvertently incorporating all the traditions of rock'n'roll

The band STARJETS
The album STARJETS



GOD BLESS STARJETS

that are really irrelevant — it must be said that no one else deserves the title.

Clash are *hard,* but it goes far beyond a mere label, a simple cosy dismissal.

They do what has to be done — thinking about the plectrum, thinking about a clenched nose — and play each moment for all it's worth. You don't know what this really means until you see Joe Strummer inching towards the drum stand, side on, legs twitching, guitar on hip, face wrecked, fingers flurrying.

They thrash time, do it for themselves (which accounts for some of the posing), and push it so that everything threatens to collapse and there are a lot of holes. But the spirit keeps it together as much as needs be.

And faced with an audience whose responses are as mechanical as everyone says The Clash's poses are, they need that spirit.

The Clash are audacious, natural, contrived: everything and nothing. The moment matters, and no more. The moment can hurt. But perhaps only because I wanted it to (and at the moment I'm making the rules).

This was a ragged sort of gig, but I think that it's the totality that is far more important than a single event. It started off like something important, but soon wilted. Perhaps it was because there were lots of new songs, and people just weren't familiar with them.

I thought the new songs sounded like masterpieces, but then you've probably learned not to trust me by now.

The Clash have a long way to go, but they're closer than anyone else that I can think of. No one knows what to do with them these days, but I've made my mind up.

The Clash are alive!

Paul Morley

The fab Ms Hynde. Pic Kevin Cummins.

Let's Pretend The '60s Still Exist

The Pretenders

Sheffield

Duty Now For The Past?

To be honest, all I knew of The Pretenders prior to seeing them was that they were four, were fronted by a girl called Chrissie Hynde, and had a hit of sorts with 'Stop Your Sobbin', a song which provoked little more than a vague pricking-up of the ears alongside of the usual TOTP fare.

Take 'em or leave 'em, really, I'd thought. Nowt special.

Having seen 'em, I think I'll pass up on the "take 'em" option.

It's not so much that they were actively *bad,* as that they didn't seem to want to be more than they *were.*

That accent on the past is no accident. The Pretenders' set partly consisted of '60s covers done dead straight. Now, there's a difference between revamping — the old in the light of the new — and grave-robbing; and they opted for the latter all the time. The effect was rather like being at a young married couples party where the music betrays the paticipants' age and predilection for the past:

"What's next?"

"'A Hard Day's Night'"

"Groovy. And after that?"

"'19th Nervous Breakdown'"

"Quite. Then?"

"'Help!'"

"How apt. Where's the door?"

Not that The Pretenders did any of those, mind. Oh no. Far too well known for their brand of *nostalchic,* which relies partly for its effect on letting people know you were always a bit more into music than the average Joe, that your faves were always somewhat arcane.

Not all their set is oldies, of course. It just sounds that way.

While some bands might slip in the odd cover-version adapted to their style — quite validly — The Pretenders have reversed the process, cleverly adapting their style to fit the covers. Which is rather like burying yourself up to the neck in the sands of time and singing about how great it is to be paralysed.

Pathetic, really.

Appropriately enough, Chrissie Hynde looks like one of the *Liver Birds,* all Carnaby cool and *Fab 208* with a satin hat and jacket in red and purple checks over white strides. Ghastly garish, and have-you-seen-my-photographer-boyfriend?

Mind you, she doesn't look half as bad as the lead guitarist, whose red suit and black shirt match his poncey hair-do to a T; the bassist, at the side of all this tastelessness, opts for a modest variant of outlaw chic, complete with knotted red 'kerchief, and profits by his restraint. Half a dozen songs in, during a note-for-note copy of Sandie Shaw's 'Girl Don't Come', I peer over punters' heads to clock Ms Hynde's footwear. Surprisingly, she's not barefoot, as might be expected, but booted. Missed her chance there, eh?

At one point in the set, she ditches her guitar and takes up a riding crop, swapping her satin bag-hat for a trilby (Tch! *Last* week's thing, dear . . .) Without her Telecaster, she has all the stage presence of a pudding, movements restricted to an aimless wandering and a slight crouching posture which we'll not dwell on too long here.

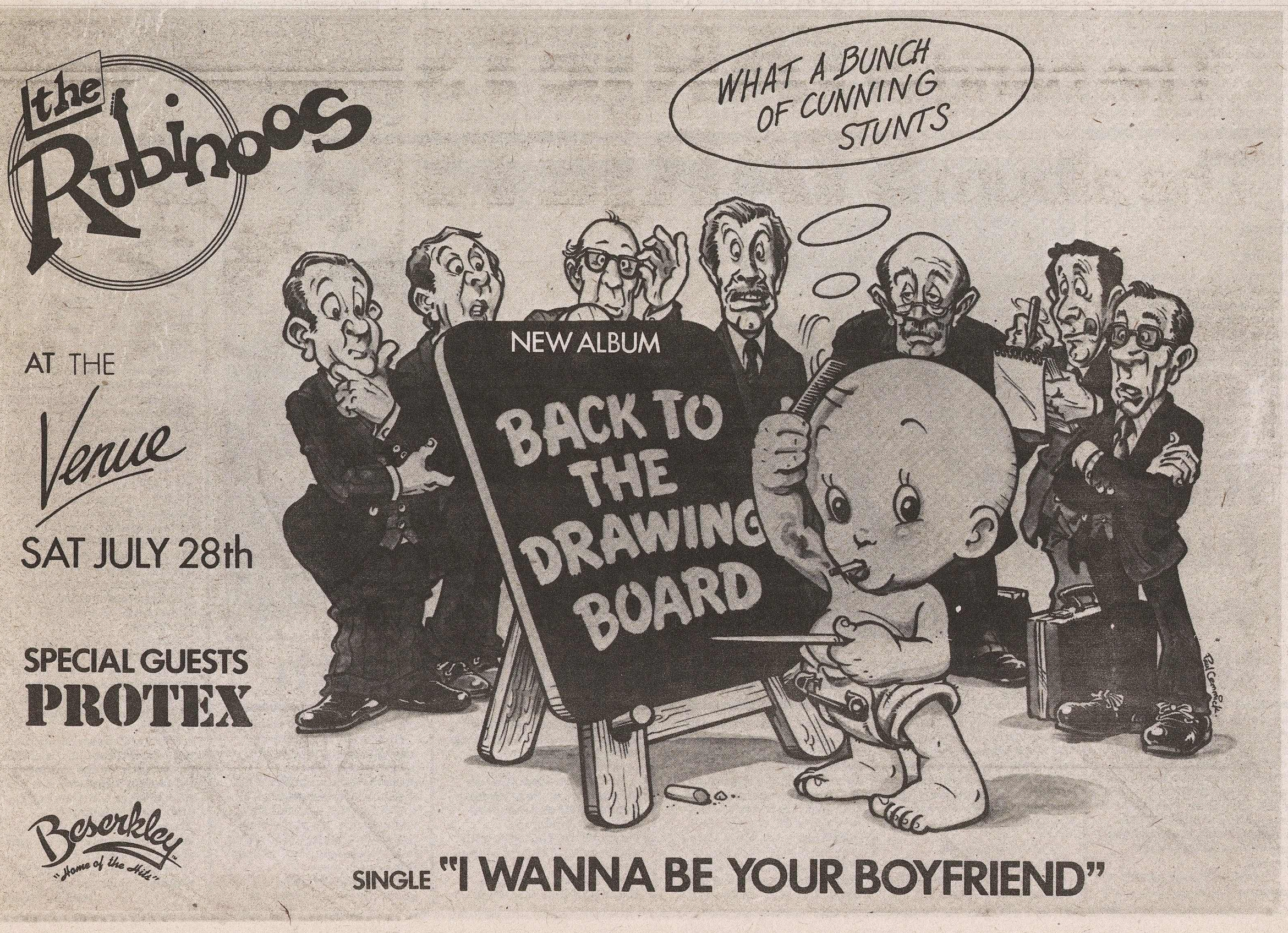
The riding crop sits in her hand like . . . well, like a *prop* really: instead of hitting with the horsey metaphor and saying "Hi! I'm a crop, right?", it can only shrug its little wooden shoulders and mutter embarrassedly "Well, I guess it's pretty obvious I'm a prop, and quite frankly, the sooner I'm back in the basket the better, as far as I'm concerned."

Their best number is a version of Dion's 'The Wanderer'; low choogling stuff with that perennial chunka-chunka stomp. But even that's spoilt by a pretty vapid guitar break. One should be thankful, I suppose, that they manage to hold the rhythmic emphasis in that song; they have the distinction of being the only band I've seen who can make the inexorable Diddley-riff sound hesitant, which is quite a (negative) achievement.

The Pretenders: such an apt name. Their fifteen minutes is, I think, just about up. Back in the memory closet, please.

One of their songs reminded me of the B-52s '52 Girls'. But *that's* another story . . .

Andy Gill



The Specials

Leeds

Reggae Chartbusters Revisited was the name of the game as The Specials let the good times roll and brought it all back to the Fan Club one decade on.

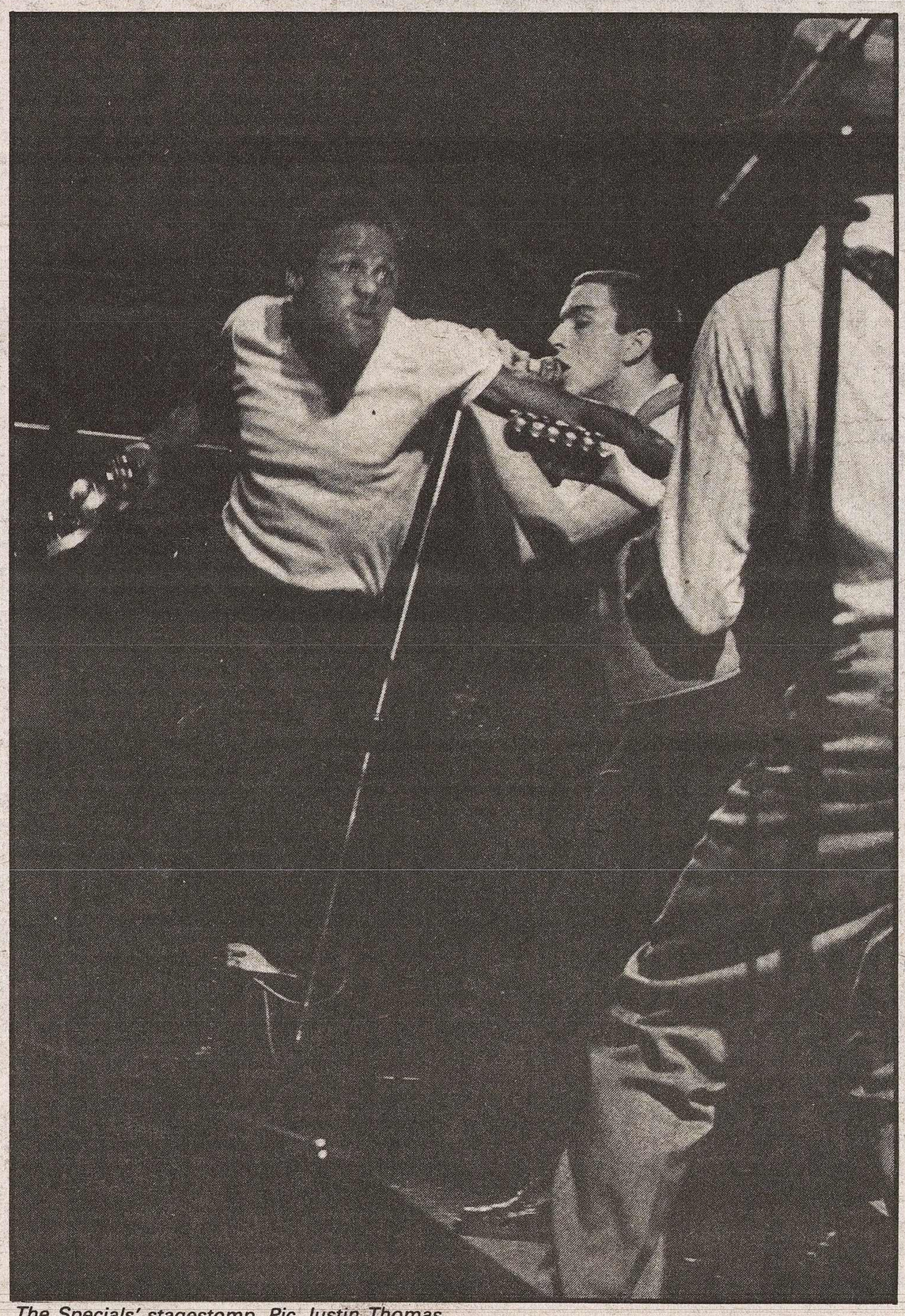
Updated, new and improved, their uptempo ska/bluebeat showed what can be done when ostensibly unaligned cultures clash, ally moth-balled parkas with shredded leather (and attract ultimate punter Elvis Costello up from London into the bargain). It all made Notting Hill look low-key.

Alternating and altercating on two-tone vocals, Terry Hall and Neville Staples contrive the most effective vocal interplay yet produced by a new wave subsidiary, while the others — led by the supremely timed drumming of John Bradbury — meshed in a perfect fusion of intense, staccato rhythm which, almost sadly, made reggae's current superstars sound disgustingly cabaret.

Opening this one with the heavy ska of 'Guns Of Navorone', The Specials got through plenty of Skols, towels and off-beats en route, peaking initially with 'Little Bitch' and 'Stupid Marriage' (which Hall claimed to be self-explanatory, perhaps not taking into consideration Staples' unscrambled accent); while 'Do The Dog' and 'Concrete Jungle', both vehicles of the band's pacific politicism, were impressive tokens of their collective conscientiousness.

"Who's calling me a 'Monkey Man'?" asked Staples, by way of introducing the Toots number, then limbering up to give keyboardist/songwriter Jerry Dammers a piggy-back — doubtless in recognition of (easily overlookable) services rendered. Next it was the turn of Hall to barge his way to the front again, this time to dedicate 'Blank Expression' to the resident punks, with lead guitarist Roddy Radiation delivering one of many slick solos on this one.

With the air-conditioning and one's territorial rights in turn violated, dancing was physically compromising but



The Specials' stagestomp. Pic Justin Thomas

emotionally necessary by the time they reached the trad ska of Prince Buster's 'Too Late' and the frenzied, doubled-up vocal of 'Too Much Too Young'. It became increasingly self-evident that in terms of total synthesis of high energy styles (punk, heavy reggae, whatever), The Specials have few contemporary peers, certainly none outside Jamaica.

Musical communists, their multi-media empathy for — and presentation of — gloriously camped ska, as evidenced on 'Long Shot Kick The Bucket' (Staples here warning of the perils of backing the ponies) and 'Skinhead Moonstomp' are so suss-full that they become technically revolutionary.

The Specials innovate more than they revive.

'Gangsters', the last song, came over as a feather in the collective cap rather than as a 'big number'; and, needless to say, the band were brought back again for Prince Buster's 'Madness', another 'Skinhead Moonstomp' again for 'You're Wandering' and yet again for 'Gangsters' (Reprise).

Apparently, three encores was something of a precedent for The Specials, and it was no put-on.

Elvis Costello, a man who likes his pint as much as the next punter, can vouch for that.

Emma Ruth

Zones

Glasgow

In the tiny performance area Zones Russell Webb abd Willy Gardner regularly risk razored retinas from flailing guitar strings while doing athletic guitar player sort of things.

Meanwhile the audience, confused and edgy from having their body space invaded, have problems with liquid. The air is 90% water and going to the bar, invisible at two feet, is a major expedition which involved recruiting strangers to pass drinks overhead to people they then have to select from hundreds on the most tenuous of information.

Countdown 1-2-3 (a pub) is the size of a largish living room. Zones, a popular Glasgow beat group being groomed for high investment returns by Arista, a record company (a device for manipulating and capitalising on fluctuations in the leisure industry), are playing here as part of their first ever headlining tour (a public relations manoeuvre and advertising gambit). Guitars are constantly detuned by the heat.

It's equivalent of having the entire population of Carlisle in the Marquee.

"Brilliant, wasn't it?" everybody declares later, smiling or smugly assured. "Alright", I mumble, avoiding eye contact, realising that after "But . . ." the rest is intangibles.

Zones have nearly everything going for them: developed ability, experience, professionalism and incongruous modern packaging — all qualities objectively observed; none of the magical abstracts that exist between competent and inspired.

It's not their fault; they think they're being passionate and committed to their music, and, in a way, they probably are. Maybe they're trying too hard in the wrong places. Or perhaps, no longer a raunchy pop group, they're just too glossy. I prefer hidden barbs, quiet violence and private worlds.

In the same way that people who like Queen and Yes wonder why they get such bad press for apparently trivial or incomprehensible reasons, Zones fans don't understand why I feel so detached from their music. It's because most people who read or write for the music press have these ridiculous idealistic standards that they expect everyone to maintain. Standards which nobody has ever maintained indefinitely, which makes me think they didn't really know what they were doing right in the first place.

Anyway, whatever it is, Zones can't do it.

Last year I had trouble avoiding them; they seemed to be supporting everyone I wanted to see, and playing pubs too. I always thought they were reasonably enjoyable; a reliable support band forever. Last time was December when the Cuban Heels blitzed them off the stage.

Now they retain their staid, humourless appearance, but are confident, matured. They have an album safe enough for American success, if it was funkier; a forthcoming single, 'Mourning Star', which will likely be a moderate hit. They will be successful.

The newest wave is, properly, underground and subtly subversive. Dark shadows loom. The professionals are returning. Many may revert all too easily to the old ways.

Mid-encores Willy Gardner, barely even sweating, chooses the raffle winner. Billy McIsaac hams a cabaret 'I Belong To Glasgow'. Willy attempts to lead the community singing without actually knowing any words.

That was the best part

Glenn Gibson

UK Subs
Pure Hell
Vermilion & The Aces

Lyceum

One night, three groups and an awful lot of heat.

To the collective gasp of awe that eighth wonder of the world, the Lyceum's sliding roof, opens wide to let the stars peek in and the sweat steam out.

Group the first: Vermilion And The Aces.

The Aces are the men from Menace, now re-assembled and fronted by a girl known as Vermilion. Opening with 'Angry Young Women', theirs is a set of short and fairly orthodox numbers though more careful attention would seem to suggest that they are attempting something like subtlety inside the narrowish confines of a basic funky format.

Vermilion herself adopts a persona that might be loosely called Runaway/Jailbait/psycleslut as she swaggers the stage's length. For all her hard work however, and that of The Aces, a certain absence of flair on the night finds itself met with indifference from the dance-floor.

And this was to be emphasised all the more by the contrast presented in the closing piece — *sans* Vermilion, The Aces reverted to their old Menace selves for a storming version of their fondly-recollected minor classic 'GLC'. As the crowd's enraptured response proved, they had it in them; it was just a case of bringing it out.

Following that, and all the way from New York City, were characters once billed as the world's finest black punk band. Pure Hell, for so they are called, apparently now prefer the designation "black raunchy heavy metal rock'n'roll band".

And it's true that they do inhabit that godless territory between HM and standard punk, combining the sloppiness of the latter with all the overkill bluster of the former.

All in all it's an unlovely sound, but they carry it off with some degree of style.

Flanked by his lead and bass guitarists, who in this light both showed an un-nerving Hendrix likeness, the singer cartwheeled, somersaulted, walked about on his hands. Up at the back their drummer battered away to produce a din like the Boys Brigade on speed.

If it all worked then I'd guess that was a tribute to Pure Hell's sheer energy rather than to the innate strength of the material or any great originality of character. The one title I caught was 'These Boots Are Made For Walking', a beaten-up version of the old Nancy Sinatra favourite.

Finally and thirdly, those keepers of the true punk faith, The UK Subs, pulling out every stop to justify that headlining position.

They kick off with 'CID', essential Subs music, maybe the number which sums them up the best — short and razor-sharp, no flash, no cleverness, high on danceability and plenty of fun.

***"1-2-3, 4-5-6, We're gonna do a dance and it GOES LIKE THIS! . . ."* and Charlie Harper takes his boys through 'Stranglehold'; Live, it's a vastly more satisfying affair than on record where it doesn't catch the non-stop, punch-drunk power and the spontaneous combustion that characterise the Subs on a good night.**

Alongside Harper there's Nick Garret's abrasive and restless guitar, crashing into the tightly dynamic rhythm section formed by Paul Slack and Pete Davies on bass and drums.

If I've any reservations then they must be about the ability of the Subs' songs to supply the lasting interest which even all their vibrancy can't guarantee indefinitely. 'Tomorrow's Girls', the next single, does show some signs of diversification in its structure, and I hope that's a promise they can fulfil.

Paul Du Noyer

This position is Pure Hell. Pic George Bodnar

Real fun with the keepers of true punk faith

Secret Affair

Marquee

The majority of Mod groups lay the red carpet to their own downfall by carbon-copying definitive and inimitable sounds of the '60s. Watching modern Mods is often like watching a repeat episode of 'Thunderbirds': full of the musk and tinselled shades of the golden past but self-defeating and of minimal significance to the modern groover.

What else could the Affair be but a secret?

Pic Rich Prior

Re-evaluation is the key.

So today's Mods have disowned a number of groups who've simply remodelled and plugged themselves into modern trends. In their place they've opted for bands who haven't diluted punk's energy and have streamlined it with Mod panache; a quick about-face and stand to attention.

Secret Affair are one of these groups.

Whilst others walk a strained tightrope of tailored harmonies and dummy's togs, Secret Affair energise and flex with supple muscle. Vocalist Ian Page, ex New Heart, as is guitarist Dave Cairns, looks like Bill Nelson but he's no Yorkshire rip-off. Foremost he's a buzzing entertainer, swooping from one side of the stage to the other with Transylvanian passion.

It's left to Page to let the Secret out to the slobbering hordes and he does so to the tune of four encores. Reactions in front of stage are monkey-mad, Mods and initiates alike clambering on each others' shoulders.

Mass conversion to Modism? Doubtful, but there'll be enough wanting the return ticket to this lot.

'Shaking Sound' is a step in the wrong direction. Here the band lean perilously into the matt splodge of unappetising heavy metal, as did the Who during the lean years when the funeral procession fell into line behind the mighty Zep. They grind with no bump. Dave Cairn's normally volatile power-chords blur without blazing while structure becomes obscured and finally invisible: an avoidable pitfall.

It's an isolated miscalculation.

'My World' conveys a seamy, timely nostalgia with tangible echoes of The Kinks. It's in 'Time For Action' that Secret Affair state their case firmly and without compromise. 'Let Your Heart Dance' celebrates that proclamation; a sinuous build-up bursting into Cairn's volcanic low-register guitar. There's a lot of soloing on this number and even that remains danceable. And it would be irresponsible not to jiggle your varookas to any song in the Affair's set.

Denis Smith and Seb Shelton (bass and drums respectively) clock an asphyxiating rhythm which slots their sound neatly into the right place right on time. This band's faith ventilates, uplifts and stimulates from head to toe.

Whisper it around; gig of the year . . . for this week anyway.

Pete Archer

Rio Grande Famous Players

Rock Garden

Ties slung over chests and guitars poised, The Famous Players looked as if they'd just graduated from *Junior Showtime.* Weak lyrics and a disorganised act were overpowered by sharp, early Beatles harmonies and Mersey beat pop songs. They have a definite *Oh Boy* image, with far more appeal than any kindred spirit in Child.

A fun pop group with no other pretensions.

They did their job adequately, with little effort from drummer Keith Beardsley and over-the-top gymnastics from vocalist/rhythm guitarist Norman Layne. Most notable were the tight vocals, with bassist Ralph Dunlop and talented lead Gordon Mordon diverting attention from the eventually boring whine of Norman. The three most enjoyable songs not lost in the Pacemakers' drone were 'Angel In Black', 'Sunday Afternoon' and a new one, 'Helena Jones.'

An enthusiastic band with plenty of latent talent, but little spark. Their main fault is that they are still amorphous and in need of a definite image. Good clean fun from a professional bunch hoping to fill the chart slot between Blondie and Dollar.

Rio Grande are an overwhelmingly persistent gang — amazingly eclectic, with a dynamic character and a sleek solidity not seen often enough. Performing a mixture of new wave/jazz/funk, they unfolded a string of varied songs from an initial instrumental which established their worth.

The band have every reason to be professional. The vocalist Dotty Crotchet (aka Rio) comes from the now dispersed Surprise Sisters. Drummer Johnny Down and Keith Sutcliffe on bass are session musicians taken off the studio floor. Written by Dotty and Dean Eugene — their adorable punk lead guitarist — all the songs have intelligent words matched perfectly with experimental vocals and throbbing bass.

My only disappointment was having to leave before the end of the set to catch the last tube. I skipped down the underground stairs with Rio Grande's notes resounding through my head and excited praise ringing in my ears.

Adele-Marie Cherreson

Medium Medium

Sheffield

Formerly called The Press, Nottingham's Medium Medium are quite a pleasant surprise.

Augmenting the usual guitar/bass/drums line-up with alto sax, they tread the thin line between indulgence and accessibility pretty nimbly, only occasionally sticking a steadying foot off the line in either direction. The result is something like a less abandoned version of The Pop Group — tentative stab rather than whole-hearted embrace — whose main failing is its rigidity.

Alan Turton (bass) and Nigel Stone (drums) are neat, concise, and smartly funk-conscious, and vocalist John Lewis' sax contributions, although a little lacking in textural breadth, are adequate and interesting; especially on numbers like 'Polish Pre-War Film' when they're set against Andy Ryder's peculiarly "chopped and channelled" guitar style in extended breaks.

Ryder, for me, is Medium Medium's trump card.

It's fairly obvious he's worked hard and long to develop an individual style free of imitative tendencies, and his willingness to take chances (with unorthodox chording, jagged cross-current harmonic slashes — best exemplified on 'Them Or Me' — and oddly inventive lead runs) gives the band an edge of un-control which helps offset their rigidity.

They still have some way to go, of course; but then, any band that doesn't is dead and going through the motions.

At least Medium Medium are moving in one right direction, which is more than can be said for most "minor league" bands. And if they can loosen up a bit, and hone that edge some more, they're quite capable of producing some formidable music, I'm sure.

Andy Gill

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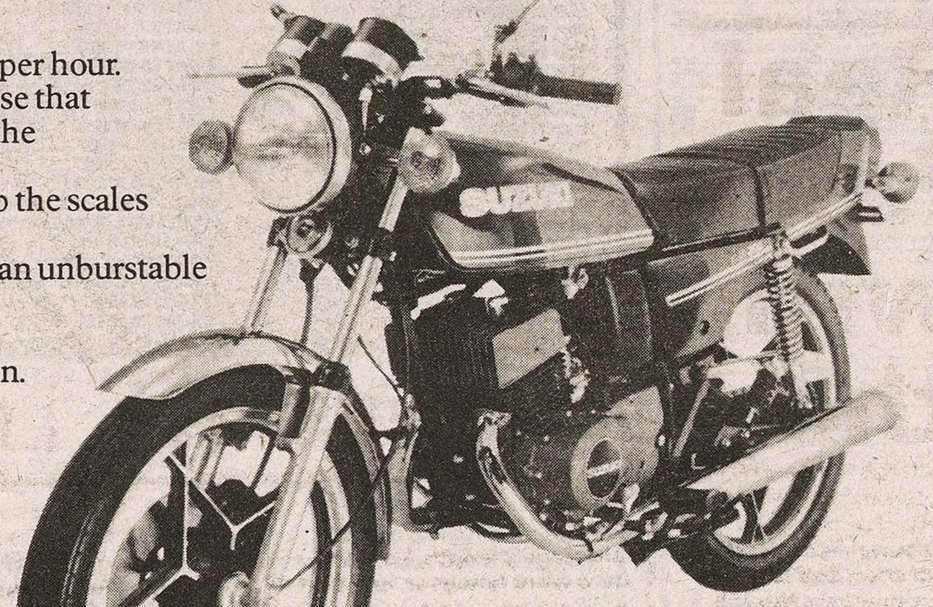

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Sabbath Bloody Sabbath
E.L.P.
Genesis
Judas Priest
Kiss
Status Quo (Hello)
Status Quo (Rockin)
Thin Lizzy (motif)
Thin Lizzy (Live & Dangerous)
Thin Lizzy (Squaw)
Blue Oyster Cult (Name)
Blue Oyster Cult (motif)
Be Bop Deluxe
Bowie (Live)
Pink Floyd
Led Zeppelin (glitter)
Marley Main Man
Boston
Foreigner
Eagles
City Boy
Hawkwind / Hawklords
Camel
Van Halen
Rush (Fly By Night)
Queen
Queen (glitter)
UFO
Yes
Buzzcocks
Boomtown Rats
Clash
Deep Purple
King Costello
Rush (All The Worlds A Stage)
Rush 2112
Rainbow (name)
Rainbow (motif)
Ian Dury (Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll)
Sham 69
Rolling Stones
Shawaddywaddy
10cc
Debbie
P.I.L.
Styx
Nazareth
Kansas
Feelgood
Motorhead
Steve Miller
Meat Loaf
The Who (Glitter)
Black Sabbath
Demon (S)
Blondie (S)
Dire Straits (S)
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Team
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Queen
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ELO
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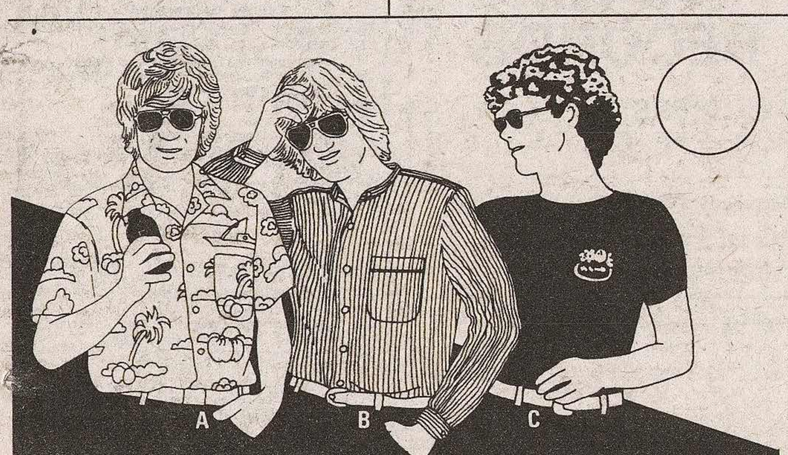

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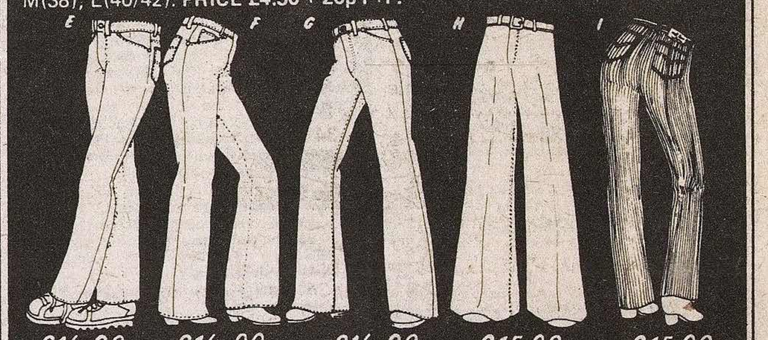

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This week: what is reality?

How wonderful it must be for Paul Morley to be "unable to discard reality so easily" while at a Status Quo concert. Thank goodness the future of rock is in such responsible hands. You self-righteous, pompous fart! Don't you realise that Status Quo are part of reality? So are their audience.

What do Quo fans care about Gay Pride Week or Scritti Politti? How can you justify such a hipper/holier-than-thou attitude to such a subjective concept as 'reality'? Perhaps you don't realise but not everybody has such a magical insight into the m-m-modern world as you like to believe you have. For Quo fans a Quo gig is as real as being mugged, as real as the Boomtown Rats (whom a good proportion of Status Quo fans enjoy).

It seems that you are out of touch with reality too. It's the old mistake of believing that all good working class heroes should have a social conscience to match that of rock critics and musical tastes to match those of the Broad Left. Grow up, Mr Morley, kids aren't interested. Adolescence is to be enjoyed. Your reality and the Quo fans reality are merely part of the whole. Because it exists doesn't mean to say that it shouldn't, that is has no right, no reason to exist (which is what you seem to be suggesting). Reality includes Quo, includes the Rats, includes Yes, includes Tubeway Army, includes Doll By Doll, includes Showaddywaddy, includes Red Noise. Celebrate in its diversity.
ANDY GILL, Leeds. P.S. No relation to the Gang Of Four guitarist or your scribe. It's my real name.
Ah! But what can truly be described as a Real Name? The name "Andy Gill" was assigned to you by a fairly arbitrary process shortly after your arrival in this dimension. Therefore you are — I would say — taking a great deal on trust by assuming that it is any more 'real' than any other name. The fact that the place is crawling with people calling themselves 'Andy Gill' would indicate that discussions about the nature of reality are purely academic. You are in very 'real' danger. — DR. STRANGE.

"I'm just glad I don't find it so easy to discard reality." You mean you just find it easier, Morley, you hypocrite! Although I find Quo boring, I can see that hundreds of thousand of people throughout the world derive great pleasure from them and surely that can't be bad, can it? True their music has little aim to it other than entertainment (i.e. they are not political) but then music is all about entertainment. Would you find sex mindless if you used contraceptives as all that would be achieved was pleasure? (Anyway if they had certain aims then they would be labelled 'pretentious'). As for HM fans being mindless, what about Sham fans or those Lurker fans at the recent UK Subs gig, are they not mindless? Come on Kent, Penman and Morley, leave your little blinkered, naive world and take a look at the *real* world and what's really happening and not what you want to believe is happening.
NIGEL J., Bolton, Lancs.
Another sufferer. Look, bozo, there is no such thing as 'The Real World.' All worlds and all realities are equally real, just as all radio transmissions are real. The one you hear is determined by the frequency to which you are tuned, and Morley is listening to another radio in a different showroom. Wise up! — DR. STRANGE.

I was sickened to read in last week's *NME* that (a) The Ramones will be playing at Reading and they don't deserve to because they're dumb (b) that Queen are not as good as Status Quo because they are and anybody who saw etc. (c) Johnny Rotten . . BBC . . zzz. It certainly is a sad state of affairs . . blah Generation X . . punk crap . . street credibility. Should be strung up by their balls moan fury. I was at that concert and I hated every minute of it; idiots throwing beer glasses and the like. Dad says they ought ot clear the louts up with extermination squads waffle Waffen SS tactics. Blair Peach never got a chance. The state run by imcopetents . . Whitehall etc.

I have bad acne, I'm a virgin, I'm hung up, I like Hendrix, Genesis, The BOF's *Sniffin' Glue*. My great-aunt is a Methodist and she won't let me have a blood transfusion. Next week, the dog's got to be put down. What should I do, I think I've caught VD off a toilet seat. Mother's left home. My girlfriend's a communist who hates plastic construction kits. I wargame a lot.
KEV STEREOTYPE, Scunthorpe, South Humberside.
Interesting case. This chap is currently ensconced in a most unpleasant variant on the standard received notion of reality. I'd suggest that he takes the easy option and becomes a Ramones fan, after which decision everything else will make perfect sense. —THE ANCIENT ONE.

May I be the first to submit selected passages from the great philosophical doctrines of our time?
Hylas: I think, Philonius, that the question is really this: do objects exist external to the mind if they are not perceived by my senses?
Philonus: You mean, I take it, that if I was blindfolded, had the wax in my ears and up my nose, was gagged, and had my sense of touch totally eradicated, would objects such as the table, chairs and TV continue to exist?
All answers (excluding those from Phenomentalists) gratefully received.
THE INEVITABLE BONG, MFD.
Shouldn't that be "Phenomenologists"? — CSM.

Dear Mr Morley, I didn't get where I am today by being confused by the spaces that David Bowie leaves behind (uh?). No, I got where I am today by explaining what I mean and not writing a load of meaningless bilge when faced with reviewing a Bowie single. (Not a very good one admittedly). Also consider yourself well and truly laughed at by The Monochrome Set's laughing bag, as you fell for their ploy of putting the labels on the wrong way round (just thought I'd tell you). Enuff said.
Another know-all from (near) Lancaster.
So where are you today apart from near Lancaster? — CSM.

So. Another Thursday comes around, and I toddle off round the local porn purveyor to purchase the paper-a-la-pap — primissimo pronto, not to say prestissimo (piss off if you think that's pretentious). And the result/ Instant depression, just add water. Having failed miserably to get my trendy Ian Dury & B tickets, the sickening sycophantic review of the aforesaid Ian's Leeds gig fair made the caps fall off my gnashing teeth. "Never mind," I told myself, turning the page, "I've still got those Joe Jackson tickets to console myself with," simultaneously catching sight of a J.J. review that gave a whole new spectrum of meaning to that much maligned phrase 'hatchet job'. Grinding my teeth, I decided to give you one last chance — I'll buy 'Rust Never Sleeps' and if it doesn't embody "a totally new concept in indisposibility" (or whatever it you said), I'll take up swigging Listerine and reading *Threnody Maker*. And you can't get lower than that.

Graphic by PAUL KILLINGER nicked from ***Fantasy Trader****. Yer cheque's in the post Paul — honest!*

Spiggy Tapes and Eclectic Chars.
Oh yes you can. Go on, treat yourself. — CSM.

No misplaced sentiment. Shit, I never even met the guy. However I think it's appropriate to cop a riff from Voltaire: "Had Lowell George not existed it would have been necessary to invent him."
GUNBOAT BILL, Tucumcari, SW11.

Hasn't Jimmy Saville noticed that Sid is dead so he don't need a Brain Bucket?
SPIT FLEM. (Worried Pistols and HM Fan), Sandy, Beds.
Ah, but he wasn't dead at the time, was he? — A LOGICAL POSITIVIST
True enough. — A FAIRLY ORTHODOX EXISTENTIALIST

Whatever happened to Basil Rathbone?
ANDY of the Bashi Bazouks.
Poor Basil, dead as a doornail. — A FAN

So Third World do not eat in any restaurant that is ever contaminated by meat! Personally, I do not eat in any restaurant that is ever contaminated by Third World.
PENNY REEL, Tottenham, London N.17
Why are you telling me this? — CSM

I have just come over from America. My first day here I bought a copy of *New Musical Express*. All I can say is I wish we had a paper in New York as interesting and informative as this one!
JULIE PENNINGTON, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York.
You have, Jools, you have. The same fab groovy *NME* that you find so effectively rockin' and stompin' at your local newstand is also available in trendy locales all over NYC a mere 36 hours after it comes off the press in beautiful downtown Kettering. Armed with this knowledge, you can now return home secure in the knowledge that . . . — CSM
Can we have another letter, you mortal fool? — CTHULHU

Can I be the first to say "Hi! Have a nice day. No Nukes. Rocky Horror!" to all your New York readers?
PENNY FLIPPANT, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. P.S. And "Hello wack!" John Lennon.
Are we twigging something here? — MAYOR BEAME
Any relation to Mayor Baba? — PETE TOWNSHEND

I think a large part of the mod revival has been media inspired. Furthermore, I also reject the theory that Harold Wilson was the first mod.
DAVE 'GODOT', Kettering.
Kettering? — HAROLD WILSON

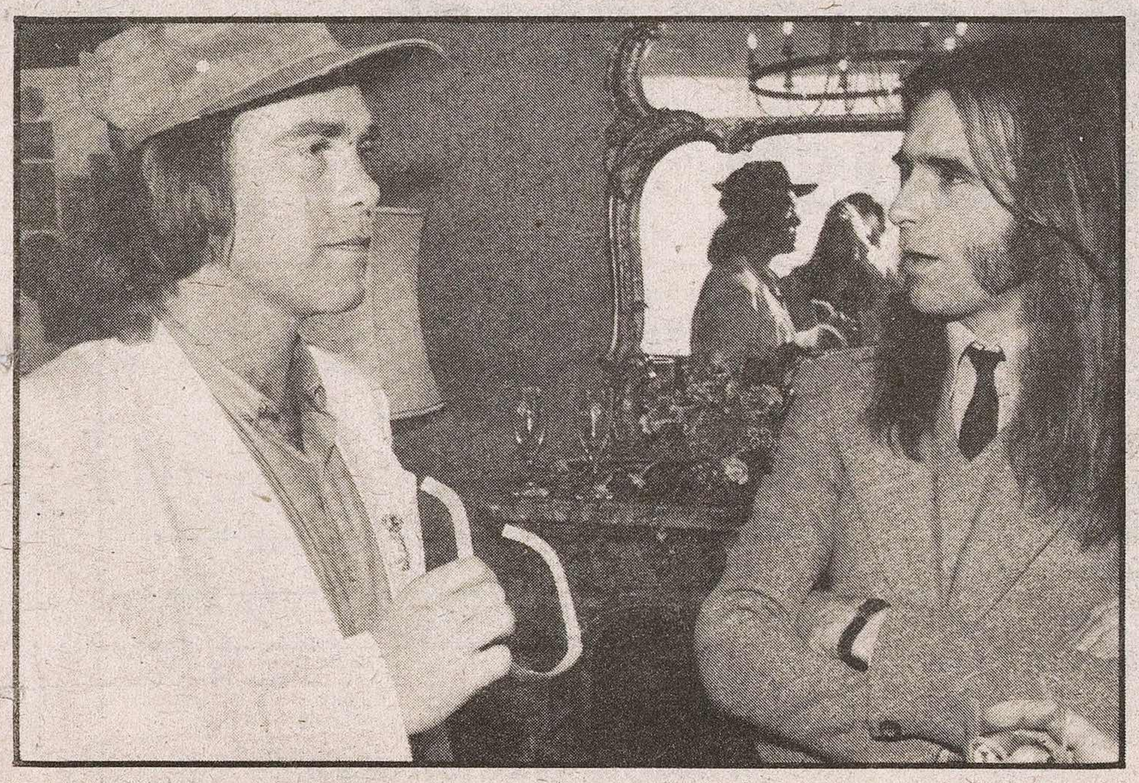
Nick Kent is all-too-eager to put down bands like Van Halen in a way that could all-too-easily be construed as cynical. He is only-too-ready to accuse their audience of being lobotomy donors. Of course he is all-too-right, but his repetition of phrase can get all-too-much.
DICK SHUN.
Only-too-true. — CSM.

I don't believe I'm reading this. Do the BBC only employ micro brains or is this a devilish Right Wing plot to confuse and dismay today's youth? The theory must be that by creating such confusion in our minds they can prevent us from forming subversive groups. The Gang Of Four can't sing about 'packets' but a toking poofter cowboy gets the thumbs up. Could it be that they really didn't catch the words, or is it OK because it's a novelty tune (snigger, snigger)? Did anyone else notice that Creepy Chas and Dozy Dave changed a line in their 'performance' on *TOTP* this week? 'Put' became 'took' and 'up' became 'down' (the club dummies). What *is* going on?
JOHNNY MOREBASS, Cheltenham.
You may well ask, Johnny. I would say that this is a miniscule manifestation of a gigantic conspiracy to piss us about. For further information, ask a policeman. — CSM

Jessica is innocent. Burt did it.
EM, Belfast.
No-one is innocent. We all did it. Vote for the Guilty Party. — YOUR GUILTY PARTY CANDIDATE

I agree with Neil Young, as my Cortina has just failed the MoT.
I SOPON, no address given.
Call RAR and see if Tom Robinson'll do a benefit for you. — A VOLVO FAN

I started writing this letter as an alternative to watching *Crossroads*. Then it finished, so I stopped.
SEYMOUR THE PARROTT.
I started answering your letter as an alternative to listening to The Boomtown Rats' new single. Then it finished. So I stopped. — CSM
I know your game, Murray. The *NME* is prejudiced against The Boomtown Rats just because we're not the bloody Clash an' anudder t'ing . . . — A GELDOF CLONE



"Reality is 12 bars and all of them open." FRANCIS ROSSI puts his case to ELTON JOHN. Pic: RICHARD YOUNG.

Send your phenomenological view of existence to ICSM, GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London, W1V 1PG, UK, Western Bloc, 3rd from the sun, universe, mind of Jah, etc.

T-ZERS

Joe Strummer wreaks havoc upon his favourite Woolworths Top Twenty 'axe' (Not good enough — what sort of guitar does he really play? — Ed.) (Awful — T-Zers Ed.) at the Rainbow Southall Kids benefit. He spent the rest of the time using a bass — though strictly as a prop. Full report P.47/8. Pic: Pennie Smith.

And in the wake of the descent of Skylab, the question that everybody who attended the first of the Southall benefits at the Rainbow is asking is not 'How much money did they make?'. It is not 'Where was John Entwistle?' It is not even 'Who was the girl in the red socks who gamboled so capriciously during **The Pop Group**'s set?' It is — in fact — 'Was that really **Peter Frampton** seen slouched in the wings during Pete Townshend's set and why wouldn't he come on stage when Townshend beckoned him?' We here at *T-Zerz* love a good mystery, and e'en as we speak, all conversation in the *NME* offices is well-nigh drowned out by the excited chirrup of the dots as they debate various aspects of this most significant issue of our times. The only silence came when a very young and junior dot, less wizened and wise than its senior colleague piped up, 'Who is Peter Frampton?' . . .

The general tone of the event can best be summed up as Good Chaps Doing Good Deed, but on the Saturday night **Joe Strummer** was Not Particularly Amused at the continual deluge of hi-velocity saliva that sullied his person, instrument and general environs during **The Clash**'s set. Is there any way we can entice these turkeys into a time machine and send 'em back to '76 where they can go about their strange tribal rites without upsetting sensitive artists?

Some kind of collective scene-stealing award should be presented jointly to **Aswad** (specially good they were), **The Members** and **The Ruts** for giving the headliners a decided run for their money (metaphysically speaking). Could've done without the plainclothesmen, but you can't have everything . . .

And onto more romantic matters, as is appropriate in the summer. If the popular press are actually onto anything in their reportage of the frenzied claims of toothy youth **Andy Gibb** that he is willing to embrace the Mormon faith if this means he can get any closer to knocking off svelte, highly moral **Marie Osmond,** the implications are staggering. If the mighty clans of Osmond and Gibb are linked by nuptials (or anything else, for that matter), this means that the world's steadily dwindling supply of healthy teeth will be under the control of a giant monopolistic conspiracy. Where is **Lemmy** now that we really need him? . . .

Still strictly Osmondwise, a closet Mormophile came out of the closet on Radio 1 on Sunday; Dashing **Dave Edmunds,** a man renowned for his wild, irrational hatred of drink, swearing, drugs and premarital sex, chucked the Osbros' 'Love Me For A Reason' into his personal choice alongside less daring selections like **George Jones** and **Wilson Pickett** . . .

Hey hey my my, old groupies never die: just a few short days after appearing at the opening night of a new New York punk rock disco called Heat on the scrawny arm of formerly-**Dead** - now - presumably - alive - **Boy Stiv Bators, Bebe Buell** telephoned cuddly **Joe Jackson** in his NYC hotel room and informed him that since her romance with **Elvis Costello** was long kaput and Elvis was past it anyway, she'd *rillyrillyrilly* like to get together with jovial Joe and compare navel lint. Joe, ever the gent, listened to these proposals, mouthed the solitary syllable 'No' and then hung up. The unfortunate Bators can console himself with the thought that he's tied for first with the **Leyton Buzzards** on the who's - next - to - be - produced - by - **Steve - Jones** - and - **Paul - Cook** rumour list . . .

Here's another paired set of conflicting rumours: New York punk band **The Idols** are claiming to be set for the support slot on the next **Clash** US tour, while other sources tip blues legend **Willie Dixon,** author of classics like 'Hoochie Coochie Man', 'Spoonful' 'Little Red Rooster' and millions more, as the man to follow in the footsteps of **Bo Diddley,** who did the honours last time around. Oor Wullie told reporters 'I haven't really seen 'em but I've heard 'em. My manager's talked to me about it' . . .

It hasn't exactly been trumpeted from the rooftops that ex-**Big In Japan** drummer **Budgie** is now also an ex-**Slits** drummer. Budgie apparently left of his own accord though Da Goils were more than impressed with his percussive talents, but though a replacement is still being sought, Budgie can still be heard on the forthcoming Slits album, which Island will be rush-releasing some time in September. The album was produced by the ubiquitous **Dennis Bovell,** currently enjoying singles success with **Janet Kay** and **Pam Nestor.** He also produced **The Pop Group**'s album, which may or may not be significant now that Pop Group manager **Dick O'Dell** is doing the business for The Slits . . .

I don't want to be the prisoner: **Suicide** came all the way from New York to Paris to play Bastille Day alongside electronic person **Jean-Michel Jarre,** but **Chris Spedding** couldn't care less about that since he's now — ahem — working with ex-**Eraser Jody Beach,** last seen in an extremely shortlived band called **Voodoo Shoes** . . .

Is this tasteless or what: the producers of *Kentucky Fried Movie* are currently filming *Airplane* (a parody of the *Airport* movies) with **Jose Feliciano** starring as a pilot. **Stevie Wonder** and **Ray Charles** are also appearing, but we're not sure if they're playing pilots as well . . .

Has the fact that **Carole King** has just signed up with some born-again Christian cult got anything at all to do with the fact that her daughter **Lois Goffin** is now performing with a (gulp) punk rock band and including the **Pistols'** 'Problems' in her set? Not likely! Far more likely is . . .

Squeeze played two sold out nights at Hurrahs punk disco in New York and that **Nick Lowe, Dave Edmunds** and **Blondie** all showed up to clap and yell 'Wow'. The selfsame Blondie brought on **Ian** 'You're never alone with Mick Ronson' **Hunter** to jam on the opening night of their latest tour, and some extremely youthful person asked Mister 'Unter if he was **Peter Frampton.** Ian's reply was not quoted to us, but we're sure that it was something incredibly funny . . .

Times is 'ard in t'avant-garde: **Scritti Politti** suffered for their art at a recent RAR gig in Hitchin Technical College when a bunch of skins, enraged by the fact that they couldn't find **Jimmy Pursey** anywhere, commenced large-scale widespread trashing manoeuvres around all and sundry. The Scrits just about made it through their set, augmented by **Lol Coxhill** and **Kevin Fitzgerald** on sax and guitar respectively, and then celebrated by having someone drive a Volvo into their van, inflicting sundry cuts and bruises and writing off the van . . .

In these days of petrol shortage panic, it has occurred to the dots that some of you anguished motorists out there might be losing sleep on account of worrying about whether **Joltin' John Denver,** the Wild Man Of Rock, has got enough petrol to see him through the lean times. Well, fret not, pop kids! John has a lovely hoard of no less than 10,000 gallons stashed away in those Rocky Mountains like the ecologically conscious little chap he is. The dots are murmuring darkly about charter flights to Aspen Colorado and the exceedingly reasonable price of Zippo lighters . . .

Fine series from locquacious, articulate **Billy Idol** in the *Daily Express* (where someone recently saw a nipple): "I am not a standard punk. I am an individualist" was quite good, but the dots' heartiest chuckles went to: "At first I didn't look like an idol. I looked like rubbish like the kids I write and sing about in 'Friday's Angels' " **(Gen X's** dynamic new single). "But with experience the dream figure I imagined in the mirror became a reality." All together now: IS THIS MAN A PRAT??????? Incidentally, almost as much of a reality as the figure in Billy's mirror is the figure Gen X owe their record company: a wee trifle of £70,000 . . .

Silly Squeezers Glenn Tilbrook and Jools Holland living up to their "childish schoolboy humour" image by pogoing behind jerkoid Peter Powell whilst the Tony Blackburn clone announces the next fab disc on Top of The Pops. They were severely reprimanded by the director and kept in for detention after the programme. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

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1	Rock Against Thatcher	(1)
2	Special A.K.A.	(2)
3	Clash/Police	(4)
4	Ruts	(3)
5	Jam/Tube Station	(5)
6	S.L.F.	(10)
7	Alternative	(—)
8	All Mod Cons	(7)
9	My Way	(—)
10	Highly Inflammable	(—)

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